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THE
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THE
CABINET GALLERY
OF
PICTURES
BY
THE FIRST MASTERS
OF
THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOLS,
IN
SEVENTY-THREE LINE ENGRAVINGS;
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL DISSERTATIONS
BY
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
GEORGE AND WILLIAM NICOL, 51, PALL MALL, AND
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The determined *aim* of the projector of this Work has been that of producing a *faithful transcript of the peculiar style and manner of each Painter*, and from the great *variety of talent* employed, it has been so arranged that each Engraver should have an opportunity, free from the disadvantage of haste, of emulating the best examples of the *genuine English School*, as established by a *Strange*, a *Woollett*, and

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TO THE
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THE PATRON,
THE PRESIDENT, THE DEPUTY PRESIDENT,
AND
THE GOVERNORS,
OF
THE BRITISH INSTITUTION
FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
THIS WORK,
INTENDED BY ITS CHEAPNESS, AS WELL AS ITS EXECUTION, TO ASSIST
IN DIFFUSING A GENUINE TASTE FOR THE STYLE OF PAINTING AND
ENGRAVING EXHIBITED BY THE GREAT MASTERS OF EITHER ART,
IS,
WITH THE CONFIDENCE OF ITS DESERVING THEIR
DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE,
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THEIR OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANTS,
THE PUBLISHERS.

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India

THE ACCUSATIONS AND ARRANGEMENT

W. H. Worthington

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TITIAN.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

WORKS of genius are liable to as many vicissitudes as empires : the historical marbles of Athens are in a British Museum ; the brazen horses of Venice seem ever to have heard and obeyed the sound of the victor's trumpet ; the Colossus of Rhodes, since borne away by the camels of the Arabians, has been reproduced in many shapes, elegant probably or barbarous ; the Apollo is now in the keeping of a christian priest, who it is likely honors it as much as the heathen priests of old, and the Bacchus and Ariadne, one of the masterpieces of Titian, has undergone, in the brief space of three hundred years, a strange variety of fortune. It was painted about the year 1514 for Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara ; on the decline of his house it passed into the hands of the Pope ; English taste and money united in bringing it from the Villa Aldobrandini into the collection of Lord Kinnaird, at whose sale, some two-and-twenty years ago, the hammer of Harry Phillips consigned it to Mr. Hamlet ; and now, at the cost we hear of four thousand pounds, it is become the property of Government, and is at present in the National Gallery. The moderate dimen-

sions of six feet two inches long, by five feet eight inches high, render it portable and easy to be placed in a good light, while the wonderful splendour of the colouring, and the classic and well told story, make it a favourite with all visitors.

The Bacchus and Ariadne is one of the first pictures of true genius which we had the pleasure of seeing; it was then in the collection of Lord Kinnaird, and the almost miraculous beauty of its colouring acted upon us like a spell. But, though we felt ourselves in the presence of a work of art immeasurably superior to aught we had before seen, the bright and harmonious variety of its colours did not conceal from us that the figures were less accurate in their proportion, and less true in their drawing, than might have been looked for from the hands of so great a master. The Ariadne, though inclining to the heavy in its form is nevertheless a figure of great beauty and matchless ease. The composition is in conception nearly blameless. Bacchus during an excursion, for the double purpose it would appear, of hunting and drinking, arrives at the wild sea-shore, with woods at hand and temples in the distance, and with light enough from the stars and moon, to observe, not only the loveliness of the scene, but also the beauty of Ariadne, who, on hearing of the approach of "Bacchus and his revellers," announced as it was by cymbal and tambourine, and probably song, throws down her mantle and pitcher, and flies,

plucking higher a part of her lower dress as she runs, and showing a shapely leg—

“ While one kind glance at her pursuer flies,
So much at variance are her feet and eyes.”

Her hurrying motion, and head half turned round, give a fine winding line to her figure ; but though in full flight it cannot be concealed that she is running rather into the way of her pursuer than from him, and as we all know the result, we may imagine that the artist put no more life and mettle into her heels, nor bestowed more presence of mind, than a young woman would wish for in running away from a very handsome god. We are perhaps supported in our notions by the posture of the little strutting faun, who is dragging a calf's head along the ground. This arch personage is drawing up his little body to its fullest height, and putting on looks of great loftiness and allurements, in order to seem something in the eyes of a lady whom he cannot chuse but see is extremely beautiful. The companions of Bacchus seem all inspired with a sort of tipsy jollity, save old Silenus, who keeps moving on in drunken gravity, sensible only to the charms of wine ; nor has any thing like envy of the superior beauty of Ariadne made its way among the nymphs ; they continue to clank the cymbals and strike the tambourine as if rejoicing in the joy of the god. The nymph with the cymbals, indeed, is almost a rival in beauty to Ariadne, and may be thought to feel

as much, as she seems showing legs with her ; while the sly Cupid-looking faun, who but barely reaches the waist of the lady, appears to be making a comparison favourable to the charms of his companion. On the whole the picture is almost unequalled in the gorgeous lustre of its colouring, in the cleverness of its characters, and in the elegance of the landscape.

Other faults than those of imperfect drawing, and heaviness of shape, have been found with this performance. The ingenious Mr. Ottley says, “ though the figure of Bacchus throwing himself out of his chariot is exceedingly bold in the conception, the head is somewhat too large, and the rest of the figure is not very well drawn. Besides this, it may be questioned how far it was judicious in the artist to represent that figure suspended, as it appears to be in the air, midway between the top of the chariot and the ground, and that not from any apparent lightness inherent in the figure itself, or other power of supporting itself as that of flying, but merely because the instant of time which intervenes between his quitting the top of the chariot and his reaching the ground is not supposed to be yet completed. Titian, indeed, appears to have been somewhat aware of this last objection, and therefore to have added the large mantle floating over this figure of Bacchus, in order to help to sustain it.” We suspect that the critic has imagined the fault which he censures. The god, so far from throwing himself

out of his car, is leaping out, and any one who looks carefully at the picture will see that Bacchus is not so tipsy as not to calculate that his right foot will light on the projecting nave of the chariot wheel, and thus not only keep him from falling on his face, but give him a fresh starting point for the renewal of his spring. The whole frame of the god seems as it were conscious of this, and his foot actually appears on the feel for the nave.

The lustrous colouring of the picture has never been questioned by either artists or critics. It is executed in what we believe is called the second style of Titian, which he acquired from Giorgione on escaping from the dry and less flexible style of Bellini. The gay character of the subject accords with this voluptuous outlay of colour; yet nothing can be more natural, and we have heard accomplished painters add scientific, than the way in which the artist has employed his glowing, his warm, and his cold colours. The cold blue of the sky, the deep green of the trees, the yellow, the red and the blue draperies of the figures, with the varied hues of the nymphs, the fauns and the god, changing from the almost bronze like colour of Silenus, and one or more of his comrades, up to the rose-and-lily lustre of Ariadne herself, all blend into one grand and harmonious whole, exhibiting an almost mathematical-like skill of combination. Though all this seems to have been dashed out by the artist in a few happy hours of lucky workmanship, we are satisfied

that he has extended his care to the most minute things. The head of the ass, looking demurely from among the nymphs; the dog, evidently the suppliant follower of Ariadne; the leopards harnessed to the car; nay, even the weeds and flowers, scattered as it were in the careless luxury of nature about the foreground, are all represented with that correctness of eye, fidelity of touch, and minute observance of truth, noticed by almost all critics as belonging to the works of the painter. "Thus, when in emulation of Albert Durer," says Fuseli; "Titian painted at Ferrara the Christ to whom a Pharisee shows the tribute money, he outstript in subtlety of touch even that hero of minuteness; the hairs of the heads and hands may be counted, the pores of the skin discriminated, and the surrounding objects seen reflected in the pupils of the eyes; yet the effect of the whole is not impaired by this extreme finish, it increases it at a distance, which effaces the fac-similisms of Albert, and assists the beauties of imitation with which that work abounds to a degree seldom attained, and never excelled by the master himself, who has left it indeed as a single monument, for it has no companion to attest his power of combining the extremes of finish and effect."

In days when classic allusions were more common in verse than they are now, when no song was reckoned beautiful unless it dealt in gods and goddesses, and invoked Venus or Apollo, Dibdin,

wrought with considerable skill something of this adventure of Ariadne into a song in honour of wine ; the following lines still linger in our memory :—

“ When Theseus on the naked shore
Fair Ariadne left,
D’ye think she did her fate deplore,
Or her fair locks or bosom tore
Like one of hope bereft ?
Not she, indeed—her fleeting love
From mortal turned divine,
And love that was before a toy
Became the source of mortal joy ;
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless levelled clowns and kings ;
Such power has mighty wine,
Such power has mighty wine.

Of the birth, studies, and history of Titian, little need be said ; his paintings are known to the uttermost ends of the earth, and the story of his fame and fortunes has accompanied them. He was born at the Castle of Cador, in Friuli, in 1480 ; his education is said to have been learned, and his masters in Latin and Greek have been named ; but this imaginary scholarship is ill supported by the fact that he studied in the painting school of Bellini at Venice in his tenth year, and distinguished himself too in early life as an artist to have been “ far seen in Greek.” If he was taught by Bellini he was inspired by Giorgione, but inspired in a nobler way

than his master, and he soon forsook all imitation and invented a style of his own, which in truth and force of colour has never yet been equalled. He lived to a great age, was a firm and a modest man, and avoided the heart-burnings and bickerings which have but too much distinguished artists at all periods. He was patronized by Charles the Fifth, by the Cardinal Farnese, and by the Pope; he was the friend of Michael Angelo, and was intimate with almost all the men of genius of his time.





GUERCINO.

CHRIST IN THE SEPULCHRE.

THIS fine cabinet picture, by Guercino, is in the British Gallery and came from the Borghese Palace; it is painted on a plate of copper, and, though only one foot five inches and a half long and one foot two inches and a half high, it contains almost as much beauty as can be well put into such small compass. The subject was, during the best times of art, a favourite with the great painters of Italy; they have shewn us their notions of our Saviour in youth and in manhood; they have limned him living, dying, and dead; descending into hell, ascending into heaven, or sitting in "bright collateral glory" beside the superior angels. Yet, inspired as these artists were with a sense of dignity and beauty above all painters before or since, we cannot help feeling that they have been less successful with this subject than with almost any other. We have not had the fortune to see either on the original canvass, or through the medium of the graver, any figure of our Saviour which, in divine majesty of spirit, and meek beauty of person, we could recognize as personifying what the Scripture has so simply described. The christian artists have failed to do for the divine head

of their church what the heathen artists accomplished for their mythology; the Apollo is yet unmatched in beauty of form, and in that something still diviner—that sentiment which connects it with the gods. It is true that the personal beauty of Christ is not, that we remember of, insisted upon in Scripture: loveliness of mind is alone claimed for him, nevertheless we look for a heavenly mind in a heavenly habitation, and we cannot think of Jesus Christ otherwise than as fair in person as he was pure in spirit. The Christ of Guercino we are afraid is no exception to these remarks; it is true that Ottley says “the naked figure of our Saviour is easy and natural in the attitude, and drawn with great boldness of outline.” In this we cordially concur, but we cannot hide from ourselves that the hands and feet are inclining to be large and coarse; an elegant handling of the extremities seems not to have been thought as necessary by Guercino as it was by the ancient sculptors, who expended upon hands and feet all their skill and power of finish.

The angels are, however, of great beauty; there is a mournful resignation of look about them—a submission to the will of God—a sense of the divine atonement which has been offered up for man. It was scarcely necessary in the artist to add wings, since their celestial origin is well enough expressed in their looks. Painters have been, we think, much more fortunate in the representation of angels than in their pictures of Christ; though some are more

clumsy than seems proper for spirits of the upper air, yet they are in general remarkable for the celestial serenity of their looks and the elegance of their forms. Some of these are evidently copied from Nature; others are creatures of the artist's imagination; our English painters have not been more than happy in such delineations; though Fuseli, in one of his pictures, vowed he would make his angel rise without wings, and communicated a certain buoyant expression to the figure which he considered equivalent to that inflammable air which raises a balloon, yet the eye is scarcely reconciled to the sight of a being with two legs and two arms, and a heavy head, ascending into the heaven, or sailing along the bosom of the air.

Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, the painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitter in a conversation concerning the sublime in art. "We hear much," said Phillips, "of the grandeur of Michael Angelo; from the engravings, I should say he has been over-rated; he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael." "He has not been over-rated, Sir," said Blake, "and he could paint an angel better than Raphael." "Well, but" said the other, "you never saw any of the paintings of

Michael Angelo ; and perhaps speak from the opinions of others ; your friends may have deceived you." " I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo," replied Blake, " but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken." " A valuable friend truly," said Phillips, " and who may he be I pray?" " The arch-angel Gabriel, Sir," answered Blake. " A good authority surely, but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones ; and this may have been done to mislead you." " Well now, Sir," said Blake " this is really singular ; such were my own suspicions ; but they were soon removed—I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's Night Thoughts, and when I came to that passage which asks ' who can paint an angel,' I closed the book and cried, " Aye! who can paint an angel?" A voice in the room answered, " Michael Angelo could." " And how do *you* know," I said, looking round me, but I saw nothing save a greater light than usual. " I *know*," said the voice, " for I sat to him : I am the arch-angel Gabriel." " Oho!" I answered, " you are, are you : I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice ; you may be an evil spirit—there are such in the land." " You shall have good assurance," said the voice, " can an evil spirit do this?" " I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more : he waved his hands ; the roof of

my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have *done that*—it was the arch-angel Gabriel.” The painter marvelled much at this wild story; but he caught from Blake’s looks, as he related it, that rapt poetic expression which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English school.

The character of the works of Guercino may be read in this little picture: he considered that he could not imitate Nature forcibly without the aid of strong light and shade, and to obtain this, he painted with what artists call a top-light which in some degree exaggerates all seen under its influence. Like Titian, he is more admired for the lucid brilliancy of his colouring, and for his mastery in light and shade, than for his elegance of outline and splendour of conception. It is said of him that he defended his broad and powerful masses of light and darkness by saying “few can perceive or feel the true dignity of a composition—few have souls capable of comprehending grandeur or sublimity—but almost all can discern the force and beauty of colouring.” There is too much truth in this: but we may take the opinion of the painter as no incorrect estimate of his own powers; he has been charged, and not unjustly, with a deficiency of elevation and elegance, where neither would have injured, but aided the richness of his colouring. He was born at Cento, a village near Bologna, in the

year 1490 ; studied under Benedetto Gennari, and completed his knowledge in the school of the Carracci. One of his noblest works, is “ The Hagar and Ishmael,” which has such surprizing brilliancy, that all other pictures which come near it seem feeble in effect ; another fine one is the history of St. Petronilla in St. Peters at Rome. The painter died, aged 76.



J. H. B. R. 1808

J. Robinson

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

GAINSBOROUGH.

THE MARKET CART.

FROM the poetic conceptions of Titian and Guercino, one replete with heathen elegance, the other with christian beauty, we come to the homely nature and rustic truth of Gainsborough. And yet all is not so imaginative in the two former, or so literal and fac-simile like in the latter as some may suppose; in the conceptions of the eminent Italians, we have no doubt that much of the living beauty of their times mingled, and that they owed their nymphs and their angels as much to literal flesh and blood before them as they did to fancy: in the “Market Cart” of the Englishman we may see something of the same use made of nature: it is seldom indeed that a natural scene is worthy of being expressly copied, and we may suppose that the painter found somewhere a leading feature or two of his picture, and invented, or transposed the rest. Be that as it may, the picture before us is one of singular truth, airiness and beauty; all is home-bred about it—the stamp of Old England is impressed upon it every where—the trees are in their rough unpruned leafiness; the children have an air of freedom and vigour; the dogs seem surly

and attached ; the uncombed and unwisped strength of the horse ; the quiet splendour of the little patch of water with its flags and rushes ; nay, even the light struggling through the glades and lapses of the luxuriant forest are all touched with the hue and character of this land. We may add to this, too, that unlike many other landscapes in which there are at most

“ vacant shepherds piping in the dale,”

and a variety of other listless personages, we have here a double picture of industry—the hands which have collected the fruits of the earth, and placed them in the cart, are carrying them to the market. Gainsborough seldom painted a picture exhibiting barren splendour alone : he peopled his landscapes with peasants following their occupations, and sometimes stamped a stern severity upon them by contrasting their “ looped and windowed raggedness ” with the glorious woods, fertile fields, and far-seen spires and domes of the houses of the rich and the powerful.

The Market Cart was presented to the National Gallery by the Members of the British Institution : it is painted on canvass, and measures six feet one inch and a half high by five feet wide, and is looked upon by men of taste as one of Gainsborough’s gayest pictures. The name tells in a great measure the story ; two girls, part of whose dress is laid aside, from the warmth of the sun, are seated on the top of a cart loaded with carrots, turnips, and

other such homely vegetables; two boys, whose coats are thrown into the cart, walk by its side, along with a careful dog; the way they have come seems to have been hot; the horse, allured by a little quiet sheet of water, proceeds into it, either to cool his hoofs or drink, while two wayfarers, in the shadow of the forest, seem so overcome by the burning sun beneath which they have marched, that they lie and enjoy the luxury regardless of what is passing. Through the shafts and branches of the trees the sun, evidently in his summer strength, has forced his way and throws lines of straggling and ineffectual light on the water and on the banks. Such is the best description which we can give of this fine picture; those who know the original, cannot be unaware that no words can express the vigour of its light and shade, or place, as the painting does a living scene, fresh and sunny before you. "The picture" says Ottley "is richly and harmoniously coloured, and has otherwise great beauties: but in respect of execution, it is not, we think, exempt from the vice of manner."

Of Thomas Gainsborough, much has been said, and much has been written; yet it is wonderful to think how little is known respecting him on which we can place full reliance. He did not live in days when all the doings of men of genius are noticed and noted down in a book; he differed too with Reynolds, and had not therefore the notoriety which clung long to those who belonged to his coterie;

besides, he was a bold, free-spirited man, very independent, and not a little eccentric, and never sought to gain friends by fine words, or by smoothness of demeanour. "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party," was his dying exclamation, and in these words we may read the enthusiastic character of the man; Napoleon died giving out orders of battle; Gainsborough, in forming a party of Artists so select as only to admit one portrait painter to salvation. The ruling feeling of life is strong in death; he had been annoyed by the opposition of Reynolds whom he would never consider otherwise than as a mere portrait painter, and, excelling too in that line himself, he had been a good deal touched in spirit from the preference which the world gave, and sometimes, we think, hastily, to the likenesses of his rival. There are few men who can despise misrepresentation or neglect during life from a feeling that justice will be done to their genius in death; a cold ear is lent we are afraid to praise which is poured over the grave, and there can be little doubt, whatever men of talent may aver, that they would willingly hear the voice of admiration in life at the risk of having it deducted from the gross amount of their after fame. Gainsborough felt that he had no rival in landscape save Wilson, who was oppressed with poverty and underrated, and he, therefore, made head against the President, with the knowledge, that in case of failure, he had his landscapes to fall back upon as a sure line

of defence. We consider the fame of Gainsborough to be established in nature, to be founded on such subjects as will have an enduring interest, and in this respect he stands on surer ground than if he had acquired alone the reputation for portraits which he longed for. The world will perhaps continue to admire a scene in which the wild woods, the deep sea, the flowers of the field, the sun, the air, and the sky together with the living creatures which inhabit the whole, the two-footed, the four-footed, and the winged, are all wrought up into one magnificent picture; but we are not so certain that such admiration will long follow

“ The unlettered nameless faces ”

which a portrait painter sends from his easel.

Gainsborough is in every thing English : he was, in some measure, his own instructor ; his academy was nature ; he imitated no one either in his conceptions, or his style of colouring. As he had never studied out of the island, he had not that fame which clings to those who have studied in the eternal city ; but his reputation was all the better for this ; it came from an original source ; there is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy, “ Go, my lads, go, and remember that you cross the Alps to *steal*.” The English disciples of art generally lose their own island originality in gazing upon the splendid works of Michael Angelo and Raphael ;

they come home bringing with them all that is weak and leaving all that is strong ; they cannot heir the genius which inspired those magnificent works, and they have never fully succeeded in mastering the skill of drawing and lucid depth of colour visible in all that is Italian. Of the manners and conversation of this eminent person, the hostility of Philip Thicknesse, and the good natured friendship of Mr. Jackson of Exeter, have given us some information ; but the descriptions of the former must be taken with much abatement, for he was a changeable and fickle man, and the remarks of the latter are chiefly directed to musical matters of which the painter to his cost was passionately fond. He bestowed a favourite daughter upon a musician, who lived to misrepresent both the artist and his wife, and he presented a favourite picture to another of the craft, who played him a tune of which he was particularly fond. He was moreover a purchaser of harps, sackbuts, psalterys, dulcimers, flutes, fiddles, and all manner of instruments of music, and he often endeavoured to extract sounds from them which Jackson declares were grating to the ear. He was in truth a whimsical but a worthy man ; he abounded in odd notions, but he was nearly mad in all that regarded music and painting ; he took up his brush as he laid aside his fiddle, and he threw away the brush to take up the flute, the theorbo, or the harp ; with him a fine artist was the first of men, but a first-rate musician was as a

god. "First Giardini," says Jackson, "enchanted him with the violin; he imagined the music lay in the fiddle, and wondered when he purchased it that the music remained with Giardini. He had scarcely recovered from the shock, when Abel, with the Viol di Gamba, bewitched him; the violin was hung on the willows—Viol di Gamba was purchased: many an adagio and minuet were begun, but none completed; this the artist thought wonderful, as Abel's own instrument ought to have produced Abel's own music. He heard a harper at Bath, Giardini and Abel were forgotten; and there was nothing like chords and arpeggios. He stuck to the harp till he learned to play several airs with variations, but a visit from Abel brought him back to the Viol di Gamba." Such are the words of Jackson, but all men, save musicians, allowed that the artist had not only fine taste in music, but could play well on several instruments. Gainsborough was born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727, and died in London, August 2, 1788.

WILKIE.

THE BLIND FIDDLER

WAS painted in the year 1806, and is one of the earliest works of Wilkie. Sir George Beaumont, one of the first to encourage, as well as to perceive genius, added "The Blind Fiddler" to his collection, and bequeathed it to the National Gallery, where it now holds a place worthily among the finished productions of the genius of many nations. It measures in length thirty-one inches, and in height twenty-two.

This picture is of a class truly British. In unity of purpose it is perhaps one of the best works of the painter, and in variety of character and force of delineation, the second. In simplicity it cannot well be matched. It relates its story as plainly as if the actors spoke; the very name of the work is unnecessary, for no one can look upon the living creatures by whom the canvas is peopled without sharing their emotions, and perceiving what they are about and what they are thinking. It is a cold winter day, we guess by the close hooded mother, and her poor boy warming his hands. A blind and wandering fiddler, with his wife and two children has sought shelter or rest in a shoemaker's cottage, and as a requital for such hospitality, has taken his fiddle from the case, screwed the pegs with a careful hand, slanted his left cheek over the

instrument like a man who loves his craft, and is treating the family to one of his favourite tunes. The shoemaker's wife, pleased with the music, but still more so with her youngest child, is dandling it on her knee in unison to her husband's thumbs ; he is cracking them in quick time, for the tune is a lively one. Two children, a little in advance of their mother, are standing gazing with wondering eyes, marvelling, no doubt, how one so old and blind produces such pleasing sounds ; the youngest, a boy, has stopt his go-cart lest the sound of the wheels should hurt the harmony. Their elder brother, a sort of cottage Puck, just old enough to have shed two of his front teeth, is mimicking with some skill the motions of the musician ; his fiddle is a pair of old bellows, his bow the poker, and his glee all his own. Behind him a servant girl, not a very lovely personage, has left her spinning-wheel, and is anxiously listening ; with the sound perhaps her fancy has gone far away to some merry scene, where she danced to the tune with a lad to her liking. The fiddler's wife listens like one accustomed to such sounds ; and the shoemaker's father, who had given his seat to the musician, stands like a grave gray-headed man, listening but not joyful. All in the picture seems in keeping save the fiddler's wife ; she is a coarse cummer, good enough, the painter may say, for a blind man, yet surely too old in her looks to be a "suckling mother."



J. Madsen del.

THE PASTORAL LANDSCAPE

CLAUDE LORRAINE.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL OF ISAAC AND REBECCA.

ON this fine Landscape is written by the hand that painted it, "Claudio Gel. inv. Roma : 1648." and it is supposed by some men wise in such matters to be a repetition of that celebrated picture in Prince Doria's Gallery, at Rome, known by the name of "La Molina," or the Mill. I know not how this may be, but I have heard those who know both say that enough of difference exists to entitle them to be considered as almost separate works. The leading features are much the same, and there is a mill in both ; but the mill in the picture in the National Gallery is far from forming the main attraction of the scene, nor in truth can the marriage feast be regarded as the crowning beauty of the whole. The broad and lake-like river lying calm in the sunshine ; the grand masses of pillared ruins rising on either side, and telling of the waste of war or of time ; and the hill

" Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky,"
towering lofty and blue in the distance ; and cano-

pied with one of those glorious firmaments which Claude alone knew how to produce, unite and form a harmonious combination, which renders secondary all other parts of the picture. When we have gazed our fill on the river, the ruins, the hills, and the sun diffusing a subdued splendour over all, we turn our eyes to more subordinate but still beautiful things. We then observe a small stream flung in foaming lines from the summit of a rugged and precipitous rock ; it first descends in an almost unbroken sheet of water, then it is seen leaping down from cliff to crag, or flashing like gleams of silvery light among the branches of the trees, which grow there to reclaim the scene from a certain savage grandeur not in strict keeping with the rest of the composition. Far below, and close on the river, a busy mill-wheel is seen scattering a sort of luminous spray from its buckets ; a tall tower is beside it to chasten the mechanical look of the mill ; while nearer a herd of cows, chaced by the burning sun from their pastures, are hurrying into a shady pool for the twofold purpose of drinking and cooling their hoofs. Nor should the trees in the foreground be left unnoticed, for they are in truth exceedingly beautiful, and the painter has employed them in giving shade to the groups of wedding guests, and in narrowing the prospect near to the eye that he might open it up in boundless splendour in the distance.

We now come to the gathered and gathering

groups which give the present name to the picture. Under the shade of the trees, on the right hand, the party of the bride are met; some are seated on the ground, others stretched on the grass, a few are standing or walking about; while to cheer them, and maintain a look of joy, a girl and a youth dance merrily on the green to the sound of their own music. Nor have they come empty handed, cups, beakers, and well filled baskets, are heaped on the ground, and boats seem ready on the river to add an excursion on the water to the other pleasures of the bridal day. They are evidently waiting for something, and on looking to the left we soon see what it is—the bridegroom and his train come on horseback down one of the glades of the forest; some are hastening onwards, but the leader is holding his hand above his brow that he may see more clearly the loveliness of the landscape, or rather the party of the bride making merry amongst the neighbouring trees. There is a variety of objects in this picture. The wide wear, or dam across the river, which breaks the monotonous expanse of surface and adds a waterfall, and the distant bridge with its long succession of arches, may be named as secondary yet beautiful things. There are some objects however which seem little akin to the ruling character of the whole; of these the mill is the most objectionable, but the objection lies chiefly in the name; the painter, with that poetic tact which distinguishes all his works, has

concealed in trees, or in fine ruins, all that is vulgar or mechanical; we see little else than the wheel dim among the spray and thick droppings, and the stream which turns it falling in foaming lines from the buckets. A high and antique tower beside it leads the eye from "La Molina," and induces the spectator to think of days when a banner was on its summit and lights were in the windows.

I cannot help imagining that either the historical costume of this picture is incorrect, or that some mistake has been made in naming it. The character of the work speaks of a later day than that of Isaac and Rebecca; if we admit that the patriarch lived sumptuously, though he dwelt in tents and had his vessels of silver and gold, we cannot so readily allow that he held his wedding festival among ruins of cities and temples in the Grecian style of architecture, or that the bridal train rode over Roman bridges. The lofty porticoes, far-extending colonades, and the bridge with its many semi-circular arches, bring our thoughts down rather to the days of Constantine than carry them up to the primitive times of the patriarchs. Schlegel speaks of a painter who in a picture from Homer made Priam follow the body of Hector into a Gothic church. The present picture is not so far out of harmony with history, but if the name be right and what the painter meant, it would have been as well had the architecture been more eastern in its looks;

the scene has the look rather of Italy than of Judea ; in truth I suspect that the true name is lost, and that the present one is a sort of antiquarian guess, and none of the happiest.

I shall have another opportunity of speaking of the character of Claude as a man and an artist ; an engraving from one of his loveliest pictures in the collection of His Majesty will grace a future Number ; I may content myself with briefly stating that no one ever felt or expressed better the poetry of a landscape. He made it his study to be acquainted with the varying aspects of nature ; the changing hues of the sky in sunshine or in storm ; the shifting colours of a field of grass as the wind sweeps over and dishevels it ; the light and shade of the forest, nay, the hues of the individual trees which compose it ; and the fleeting beauty of the evening clouds, when

“ They turn their silver linings on the night,”

were all matters to him of curious thought. But though an ardent admirer of nature, he had the fine sense to perceive that even in her fairest pictures there is much that cannot come within the range of poetic composition ; he therefore took what he saw rather as materials to work upon, beautify, and combine, than as scenes to copy as they stood, and to this we owe so many truly harmonious landscapes. I look upon him as a sort of Spenser in paint ; the exquisite sense and feeling of the follow-

ing verses are in poetry what Claude is in composition and harmony of colours :

The joyous birds shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet,
The angelical soft-trembling voices made
To the instruments divine response meet.
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall ;
The water-fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The present picture was painted, it is said, for the Duke de Bouillon ; it belonged to the collection of Angerstein, and is now in the National Gallery. In length it is six feet seven inches, and in height four feet eleven inches.



T. H. W. 1840

W. H. Worthington

REYNOLDS.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

THIS is one of those pictures which originated in Sir Joshua's admiration of the great Italian painters ; if he has not surpassed their divinity of air, he has at least rivalled their beauty and repose. The subject has been often handled by artists; we have Holy Families from almost all painters of all countries. The theme has great attractions—it is connected with our faith, and a mother and an infant or two are lovely things, and awaken images of household tenderness common to all bosoms. But in treating the subject, maternal affection and infant beauty require to be subordinate—a something above the earth—an air celestial and a hue diviner are demanded ; the Virgin mother must be little lower than the angels, and the young Saviour should have at least the dawn of that divinity which marked his maturer years. Few artists have poetic grandeur of soul enough to conceive such a group, and fewer still have that happy knowledge of eye and hand to embody it in true purity of form, and heavenly splendour of colour. We have many Families, but very few Holy ones ; we have probably all that can be

given as of this world, but little or nothing of that sublime beauty of person and expression which we may imagine, with the poets, that Eve wore when she came first from the hands of her creator, and carried as it were the finger marks of divinity upon her. That Reynolds has done what other painters failed to do cannot be asserted, yet he has succeeded in a great degree where we think no one has had full success.

“ This picture presents,” says Ottley, “ a pretty tranquil group, with an agreeable back ground, and is well engraved by Sharpe (he may now add by Worthington.) The figures of the Madonna and the two infants are richly coloured, but the head and hands of Joseph appear to be somewhat faded, a misfortune too often to be lamented in the works of this great painter.” The artist in the conception of his picture has I fear made the Jesus and the St. John much too youthful for the consciousness which he has expressed in their looks, the latter is more fit for his nurse’s knee than the task of crying in the wilderness and carrying the cross; Joseph, on the other hand, is an old grey bearded man, and quite unsuitable for a companion to one so fresh and blooming as Mary. Nor is this all, the scene is not marked by aught which speaks of Judea; the group may be taken as representing a repose during the flight into Egypt, yet they are scarcely in a wilderness, and though the high and abrupt hill in the distance may be imagined to stand for

Carmel, we cannot help wishing that the painter had settled the matter by giving us a more decided image of the land. The quiet beauty of the mother and child, and the splendour of the colouring, unite in making this a popular picture. The subject is a favourite one ; Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, Michael Angelo, and others, all painted or carved Holy Families. I happened to ask a clever traveller what he thought of the merits of their works as compared with the one by Sir Joshua. " All," said he, " may be called good, but the one which moved me most was a Madonna and Child by Correggio at Naples : in the others, one and all, I thought of the fine colours ; this one was finely coloured, but the sentiment was better still—the child lay asleep on the Madonna's knees, the lips were parted ; I thought I heard them breathe and saw them move. Over this vision of loveliness hung the Virgin mother, with such a look of maternal affection and entranced love as I never saw elsewhere. What was remarkable too it was some time before I saw a white rabbit much subdued in colour which came out upon the scene, giving, as I was told, an air of repose, but as I thought, an air of innocence and divinity—for the timid creature could not but see that the looks of the group were love."

The faded colouring of this picture has given much, it is believed, of the air of old age to Joseph of which I have spoken ; the decay of the splendid colours of Sir Joshua is much to be deplored, his

chief excellence lay in colour and character ; the outline, in which he was no great master, lay obscure and undecided amid a thousand beauties which sufficed for the spectator. These stratagems in outline always appeared to me as a serious defect ; had the bounding line been visible the decay of the colours would have seemed but as a change of dress to a well made lady. He was constantly seeking after the secret of the fixed and unfading colours of Titian ; every fresh picture of his he imagined was a proof that he had mastered the mystery ; time however has tried sorely the value of his discoveries ; many of his pictures are now

“ of faded lustre wan”

compared to what they looked when they came from his easel. Fuseli laughed, or affected to laugh, at the rich and glowing colours of the President : “ he will rue it, he will rue it,” said Sir Joshua hastily—feeling perhaps, as many have felt, that the want of such colouring in the pictures of the other was a sore drawback upon their merits. This picture of the Holy Family is six feet five inches high, by five feet nine inches and a half wide ; and the painter’s price for it was five hundred pounds. It was presented to the National Gallery by the Governors of the British Institution.



REYNOLDS.

PUCK.

THE elfish expression and rainbow colours of this little wondrous picture contrast strangely with the quiet grace and solemn repose of the Holy Family. In the latter the painter had to contend for mastery with some of the chiefs of his calling, and their genius lay like a spell upon him ; in the former he had no rivalry, Fuseli had but just turned his fancy upon elves and fairies ; the tricksy Puck had sat to no artist ; Shakspeare, though he describes his pranks leaves his person to the imagination, and Reynolds had all the honour of success to himself. It is evident he could take little from the poet ; these are his words,

“ Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow : are you not he ?
That fright the maidens of the villag'ry ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn ;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm ;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm ?

Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck."

The Puck of this passage resembles in a great degree the character of the Brownie, the drudging elf of Scottish superstition; he seems a sort of Will-o'-wisp, and is akin to the Lubber-fiend of Milton, who thrashed the corn with a shadowy flail, and when weary

" stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Bask'd at the fire his hairy strength."

To picture forth a creature at once perverse and obedient, malicious and kind, a thing compounded of earth and air, with power to do much good or great evil, was no easy task. To create on canvas a spirit, which like Ariel, could put a girdle round the globe in fifteen minutes, and other feats equally perilous;

" To tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost,"

required singular fancy and felicity of hand, and neither seem to have been wanting in this work. Puck is seated in a kind of merry majesty on the top of a mushroom, and all around him are proofs of his powers of amusing mischief. The honest Weaver, with the ass's head on, is perhaps enjoying the luxury of a thistle, unconscious of the neighbourhood of the gentle Titania, and fairies may be

supposed sporting among the trees like squirrels in the nut season. Nothing perhaps can surpass the expression of the elf's face, but the marvellous colouring in which the whole is embodied, and which seems to shed a sort of supernatural light over the scene, in perfect keeping with his mischievous drollery of look. This merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character: when Alderman Boydell saw it he said, "Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my Shakespeare Gallery, I will give you an hundred guineas for it." The President smiled, and said little, as was his custom: a few hours happy labour made the picture what we see it. The knowledge of this caused the critics to say that Puck was too much like a chubby child, and resembled more a creature requiring a nurse than a malicious elf who could, like Ariel,

"Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Or lead me like a firebrand in the dark."

All this is matter of imagination, it is hard to say how he should be painted; the fairies of the Scottish mythology are described as "fair haired children;" the Brownie seems of a forbidding look, and we have no better light than what fancy affords to aid in the delineation. Northcote admired the beauty of the work, and was not unaware of the objections urged against it. "Puck," said he, "in

point of expression and animation is unparalleled, and one of the happiest efforts of Sir Joshua's pencil, though it had been said by some cold critics not to be perfectly characteristic of the merry wanderer of Shakspeare." When the pictures of the Shakspeare Gallery were dispersed it was purchased by Samuel Rogers, Esq. whose taste in painting almost equals his genius in poetry; on which occasion it is said West exclaimed, "O! the Poet has the sense to buy nought but the finest things."

Of the character of Sir Joshua as a man, and his genius as an artist, much has been written and more said; respecting the first, it is enough to observe that his friends thought him an indulgent companion and an accomplished gentleman, while to some who looked perhaps too closely, he appeared more narrow and economical than became his station and fortune. With regard to the second, time has only sanctioned the applause of his contemporaries, and extended and confirmed his fame. Of all the eminent portrait painters who have flourished since his day, none have surpassed him in truth and freedom of character, and none have equalled him in glowing vigour of colour, and in the harmony of light and shade. To say as one of the most eminent of his brethren said, that he "united the local colouring of Titian with the chiaro 'scuro of Rembrandt," would be to proclaim a truth which none but those who are well acquainted with the best works of these artists can understand. "In taste," says

Burke, who always wrote to be understood, “ in grace, and facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them ; for he communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches which even those who professed them in a superior manner did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere ; his paintings illustrate his lessons and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.” Such were the words written by an eloquent friend when the corpse of the painter was scarcely cold, and had the comparison been confined to the portraits of his native contemporaries, I should have adopted the eulogium as at once elegant and accurate. But the portraits of Titian and of Vandyke are recalled to our fancy by the description of Burke, and few I think will contend that in poetic conception, in manly dignity, or in deep harmonious colouring they have been excelled by our eminent countryman. The best pictures of Vandyke seem to me to have a freedom of posture and a loftiness of sentiment which Reynolds has oftener approached than reached ; it is true that the short cut locks,

and the ridiculous taste in dress, which prevailed in Sir Joshua's time, are less poetic and picturesque than the masses of ringlets and the flowing mantles of the times of Sir Anthony ; but it is not of that alone I speak—I allude to the soul and mind visible in eye and brow.

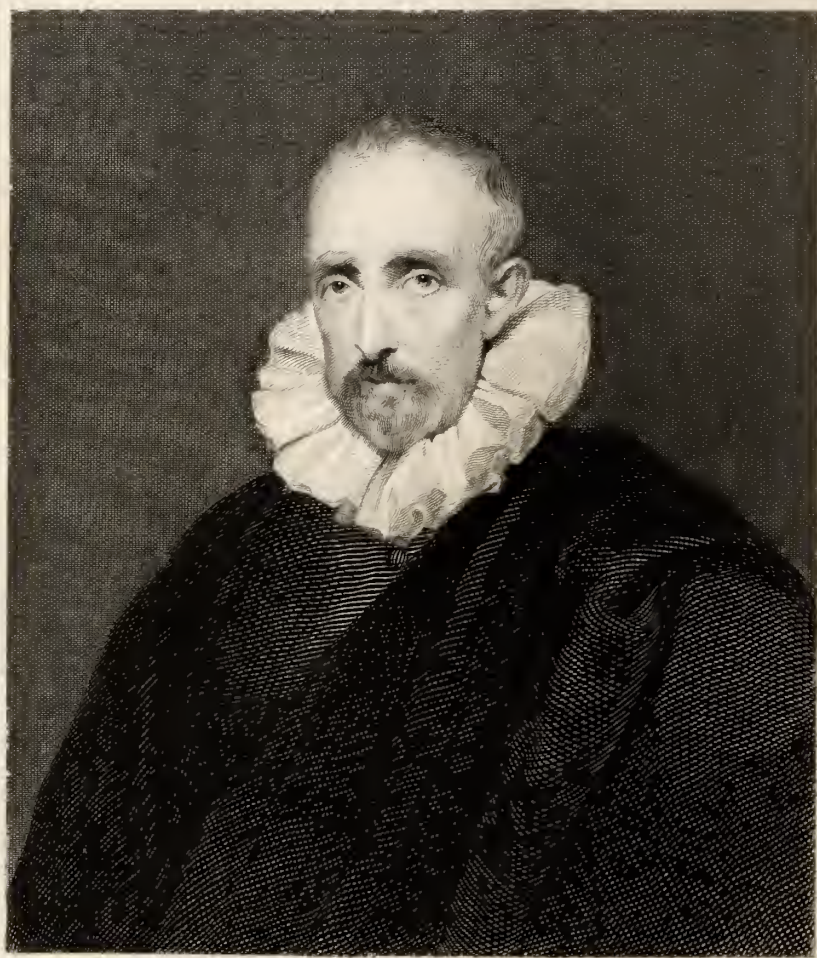
If Reynolds had to obey fashion in his large portraits, and be ruled by the taste of sitters who chose postures not always natural or according to character, he was left to the freedom of his own will in his inimitable pictures of children. These I have always looked upon as the most graceful and unaffected creations of his pencil ; they are part portrait and part fancy, and form the connecting link between reality and fiction. Sometimes they are made to assume the characters of poetry, and charm us as boy-Mercuries, Ariels, and Pucks ; again, it is the pleasure of the painter to mimic history ; a lord on his nurse's knee takes upon him one of the tasks of the infant Hercules ; a baby earl enacts Moses in the bulrushes ; a marquis, nine years old, lays his hand on a sword, and swears as a Hannibal ; and a duke in swaddling bands assumes the port of a child-Jupiter. Nor do I like him less, but rather better, when he retires from heroics and Mount Olympus, and makes his lisping sitters be content to figure as the rustic offspring of the cottage ; his shepherd-boys, his beggar-imps, and his whole progeny of children busied in domestic things, are full of truth and nature and elegance.

His historical works are much less to my liking, he could see but not conceive character ; some of his pictures of that kind want blood and life, the dead refused to rise from their graves at the call of his fancy. Friends however have not been wanting to describe his historic pictures as unequalled by all other efforts of his pencil. “ My own opinion of the Macbeth is,” says Northcote, “ that the visionary and awful effect produced both in the conception and execution of the back-ground is certainly without a parallel in the world ; its novelty and its excellence bid defiance at all future attempts at rivalry.”

The dignity of the personal character of Reynolds, the eminence of such friends as Johnson and Burke, and the unquestioned beauty and truth of his numeroas portraits, united to render his name and influence great in the land, but the example of his personal character terminated with his life ; the lips of some of his most eloquent friends were closed nearly as soon or sooner than his own, and of all those on whose looks he laid out his skill none survive to say how little labour it cost him to paint heads, and with what happy readiness of hand he spread out the fascination of his colours. With painters the fame of Reynolds arises from the general view which they take of his works ; they see high merit in heads which are without any other recommendation than what the pencil has bestowed ; the public take a more limited view, they look only at

the portraits of his men of note and genius, and at his graceful women, and his lovely children ; at the men, because they are images of the form and mind of the chief heirs of fame ; and at the others, not as portraits, but as delineations of beauty and loveliness.

He was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, 16th July, 1723, and died in London, 23rd February, 1792.



VANDYKE.

GASPAR GEVARTIUS.

ANTHONY VANDYKE was born at Antwerp, 22 March, 1599; his father was a merchant, some say a worker in stained glass, and his mother excelled in flower painting and embroidery. He studied with Van Balen, and was admitted to the gallery of Rubens, whose jealousy he is idly said to have excited by the elegance of his outlines and the harmony of his light and shade. He left his native place in his twenty-first year, and on a horse of his great master's giving, departed for Rome; he fell in love, it seems, by the way, and setting up his easel at Brussels, painted his mistress, and at her request made an altar-piece for a church; and then, but not without a friendly remonstrance from Rubens, continued his journey. In Rome he astonished the artists, of even those palmy days for painters, by the magnificence of his mode of living, and at Venice he raised the wonder of the brethren by his skill in imitating, and that with no servile hand, the hitherto matchless colouring of Titian. His fame reached Charles the first, almost the only British King that has shewn a true taste for art, who persuaded him

to settle in London, where he painted the chief men of his day, received the honour of knighthood, and obtained to wife Mary Ruthven, grand-daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Gowrie, and one of the maids of honour to the Queen. By this lady, whose portrait he has left us, he had one child, a daughter, whose descendant was Stepney, called by the courtesy of criticism, a poet. Vandyke died in the forty-second year of his age, and was buried in old St. Paul's.

Three artists of different countries stand undisputed masters in portrait painting: Titian for force of colouring, Vandyke for elegance, and Reynolds for freedom, are as yet without rivals. If Vandyke is surpassed by the Venetian in light and shade, and by the Englishman in natural ease, he excels them both in heroic elegance and dignity of soul. It is true that Walpole charges him with unfruitfulness of fancy, Fuseli with imitating Titian, and Hazlitt, a better authority in painting than in poetry, accuses him of "a somewhat effeminate cast of colour and expression," and with "wearing an air of faded gentility." I believe the opinion of the world differs from the sentiments of the first and last of these critics. Occasionally indeed a deficiency in natural vigour may be observed; nor has he always contrived to conceal the labour which his compositions cost him: a want too of unconscious loveliness and grace may be urged as a defect in many of his female heads. But all this is nothing compared with

the manly elegance and the heroic dignity of his best works; in this he has surpassed all other artists, he has no violent attitudes nor postures which require explanation; he is all energy and motion, but then it is less the energy of body than of mind; and when it is his pleasure to put his sitter in a somewhat startling position, he brings his work back to nature and beauty by the wondrous freedom of his pencil, and the command which he has over all the movements of the human frame.

It is said by Dryden that Shakspeare never ventured but once to paint a true gentleman; Vandyke could delineate nothing else; his Dutch artists and Burgo-masters look equal to the founding of academies and the establishment of empires; and the splendid file of nobles and warriors whom he painted during the days of Charles the first seem to have been extinguished in the great civil war, for our painters can seldom find such heads to limn in these later days. There are some two hundred and odd portraits in this country from the pencil of Vandyke: it would be well to select the finest of these, and exhibit them along with a hundred or so of the best works of Reynolds for the use and admonition of some of the face-painters of our own day, whose likenesses are frequently tame both in posture and expression. The true way to estimate the great merit of Vandyke is to take up Clarendon, and while we read the historian's characters of the chiefs of his time, compare them with the heads of the

painter ; there is a singular resemblance between them, which shews that the artist had something more than outward shape in his mind when he painted portraits. The heads of King Charles, Laud, Villiers, Strafford, Newcastle, Pembroke, Percy, Hay, Cottington, Richmond, Arundel, Derby, Goring, Rupert, Maurice, Digby, Hamilton, Montrose, Falkland, Lindsay, Warwick and others will be found to correspond in no small degree with the notions awakened by Clarendon in his all but living descriptions.

Though we have written Gevartius at the head of this brief notice of the artist and his productions, we must not conceal from our readers that the portrait has other names. It is not the least amusing part of the history of this work to learn that Gaspar Gevartius, or Gevaerts, is as little likely to be the true name as that of Vander-Giest, though the antiquarians of Antwerp assert the one, and Dallaway, in Major's splendid edition of Walpole, contends learnedly for the other. This wish to find a name shews how much the world expects one in a portrait, and the readiness with which names have been found warn us to put little faith in all that are doubtful. It is much to the honour of the painter that a portrait under the disgrace of an alias continues to rank with the finest of his productions. It is painted on wood, and was originally little more than the head with some indications of the shoulders ; additions, we know not by what hand, have

been made, and the bust part is completely cloaked up, not so much in strict keeping with the head as to make it correspond with the character of "learned civilian and town-clerk of Antwerp," which the foreign authorities contend for. Hazlitt says, "it is not the best specimen of the painter; it has," he observes, "too many streaks of blood colour, too many marks of the pencil to convey an exact idea of Vandyke's characteristic excellence; his most striking portraits are those which just look like a gentleman or lady seen in a looking-glass—and neither more nor less." This is no unfair account of this fine portrait; but the critic has not been so correct in his general estimate of the works of Vandyke. Ottley dissents from his brother critic; "the picture before us," says he, "is painted in Vandyke's most studied and finished manner: the face being admirably drawn and full of character: the eyes having all the liquid lustre of reality, and the carnations possessing the softness, the transparency and the animated glow of nature itself." It was the aim of that great master to paint more than what he saw—to represent the qualities of mind; moreover he considered it necessary to tamper with living forms; he looked on them with a scientific eye; he lessened without hurting the character of a large mouth or nose; he refused to perpetuate what he considered the excesses of nature, and sought to preserve individual likeness, while he brought it closer to the rules of science. Had the

heads of Vandyke been confronted with the living originals the compasses of mechanical criticism might have shewn them incorrect as to exact quantity, while true judgment would have felt the truth and force of the mental expression. Many artists will consider these remarks as flat heresy ; they are true nevertheless ; and the finest heads in modern painting and sculpture are executed on these principles. We shall touch on this topic again in a succeeding number, when we intend to introduce one of Vandyke's most graceful female portraits from a picture which has never till now been engraved. The *Gevartius* was sold by auction in 1796 for two hundred and thirty guineas ; was purchased two years afterwards at the sale of Bryan's collection for three hundred and forty guineas ; and finally came into Angerstein's keeping for five hundred guineas. It is now at rest in the National Gallery.



COPLEY.

DEATH OF CHATHAM.

THE scene of this picture reminds us of the brightest names in English history ; here our greatest princes presided, our ablest orators harangued, and our wisest judges sat in judgment ; before us is the throne of our Edwards and Henrys, on either side are represented the naval triumphs of our Howards, our Drakes, and Raleighs, while the Thames flows closely past unchanged in breadth and beauty where all else is changed. Nor has the artist relied for success on such associations alone—he has chosen a momentous period of our annals, brought the most eminent of our statesmen upon the scene, and shewn him dying at the close of that brilliant harangue in which he warned Britain against the crime of shedding the blood of her children. Perhaps in the choice of subject the painter's thoughts wandered to his own native America ; at all events he obtained the praise of the illustrious Washington. “ This work,” said he, “ highly valuable in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eye when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it.” Nor is it uninteresting to reflect, that the son of the painter has in our own day filled

the seat of Lord High Chancellor with honour to himself and advantage to his country.

The death of Lord Chatham made a deep impression on the public mind—something of a superstitious fear came upon many people; they heard in his last speech a prophetic admonition to Britain, and looked on his fate as an omen to be explained in blood. He had risen to reply to those who dissented from his opening speech, 7th April, 1778, when his voice faltered, a tremor came upon him, he fell back in a faint, and was conveyed to his own house, where he languished and died. To embody this moving scene was the task which Copley undertook—that he has not succeeded no one can say; there is perhaps no other picture extant containing such a multitude of portraits, where one deep and absorbing interest is imprest on almost all faces. Some indeed must bear the reproach of carelessness or inattention, and it is more than likely that among the spectators one or two might look on without emotion. There is an earnestness stamped on the performance which gives additional effect to the portraitures. The painter has told the story of Chatham's death much in the same way that it happened; he is thrown back on the benches; the Duke of Cumberland supports his left side, Lord Mahon is at his feet, whilst his relatives hasten to afford their ineffectual aid. Near him is the Duke of Portland, with Shelburne and Temple, and there is considerable bustle on the woolsack

and among the bench of bishops. Though Copley exhibits the divines more under the influence of reason and religion than to be much excited at the departure of a fellow worm, he thought it was necessary that they should do something ; he accordingly makes the Bishop of Peterborough slap his breast, and Markham, Archbishop of York, whisper in the ear of Chief Baron Skinner a text probably of resignation and submission. On the right, in the foreground are Richmond, Rockingham, Spencer, Fitzwilliam, and Besborough ; beside the woolsack, Bathurst and Mansfield, and behind it Thurlow and Wedderburn ; while moving towards the dying Earl come Dudley and Ward, Dartmouth, Amherst, Sandwich, and Gower. The whole has been painted with what artists call a firm pencil ; the drawing has been praised, so has the grouping, nor is the light and shade without merit. The chief fault is the too literal likenesses of the characters.

We consider that this work occupies a middle place between mere portrait and historical painting. It is a succession of portraits put into motion, and endowed with sentiment—or in other words, an accurate representation of the actual event, the postures and employments of the actors, modified according to the taste and judgment of the artist. Now, some painters consider this work to be truly historic ; they say, can history be better enacted than by the real persons who live in it ? Our answer is, that all the best historical pictures are conceived in

another way and executed on a different principle. It is true that some of the persons who distinguish themselves in history are both in shape and look sufficiently dignified for the highest purposes of art, but this cannot be said of the three-fourths of mankind. True historic painting is true heroic or poetic painting. The eye must be pleased as well as the mind, it tolerates nothing that is not noble in shape; a warrior on the field of battle may be diminutive, nay, mishapen, for having the spirit of a hero is enough for the working day; but without the port and proportions of the heroic he is unsuitable for historic painting. A mishapen statue is not, let its looks be what they may, of the heroic class; there must be poetry, there must be science, and there must be geometrical combination, else we shall have a work literal, and like, and common, but not such as elevates our minds and excites noble sentiments. We have always considered that one sentence in the *Defence of Poesie* is well worth all Fuseli's lecture on the Ideal. Sir Philip Sidney, in speaking of different classes of poets, "whether they be poets or no," says he, "let grammarians dispute, and let us go to the right poets of whom chiefly this question ariseth, betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eyes to see,

as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia when she punished in herself another's fault ; wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue."

Of John Singleton Copley the little that is known may be found in *The Lives of the British Painters*. He stands high in the second rank of our artists, and has left works which the world seems willing to remember. He was of British parents, and born at Boston in America, 3d July, 1737. At an early age a love of art came on him ; he had neither models nor instructors, but the best education is that which genius gives to itself. He began to paint portraits and domestic groups, and on sending them to the London exhibition they were both noticed and praised. A painting of a boy and squirrel established his fame ; it was remarkable for its nature and truth, and a vivid depth of colour. In 1767 he came to England ; he had sounded West, and corresponded with Captain Bruce about his chance of success in London ; their cold answers did not daunt him, he made the venture for himself and succeeded. He became a member of the Royal Academy, and painted a series of national works, of which the death of Major Pierson, a young hero, who fell in repulsing the French from Jersey, and the death of Chatham, were the best. He lived till he was seventy-eight years old, nor did he lay aside the pencil till admonished by

the success of some of his more youthful brethren. His outlines were reckoned correct, his conceptions natural, and his early colouring deep and harmonious. He has been accused of a certain coldness of fancy ; a companion of his has represented him as difficult to please and snappish in conversation, but this might be said of the best natured were their impatient sallies noted down. The Death of Chatham is ten feet long and seven feet six inches high ; the painter refused fifteen hundred guineas for it ; it was purchased, we know not at what price, by the late Earl of Liverpool, who used to say that such a work ought not to be in his possession, but in that of the public : these words were not heard in vain by the present Earl, who munificently presented it to the National Gallery.



WILSON.

LANDSCAPE.

THIS is one of those fine scenes of fancy in which Wilson excelled. He was none of the literal copyists of nature who, unless it please the earth, sea and air, to unite into one splendid landscape, and appear before them really and truly, have no chance of ever being heard of. He was one of the most poetic painters of inanimate things that ever lived; he had the rare faculty of extracting whatever was lovely or grand from the aspect of nature, of uniting the beautiful of what he saw with the beautiful of what he imagined, and forming the whole into one magnificent picture, in which all that was fair on earth was blended with all that was sublime in heaven. Nothing was to Wilson so depressing as a common scene, nothing so elevating as a poetic one; in this he resembled our greatest poets. A landscape of his reminds us as much, as the harmony of colours can, of the scenes in the Seasons of Thomson; all with him was poetic, he admitted nothing amusing or ordinary upon his canvas. He went out to the valleys and to the mountains, not so much to look at them as to hold conversation with them; with him romantic glens lived, picturesque hills breathed, haunted rivers spoke, and the assembled clouds of heaven edged with sunshine, or touched with lightning, were as something spiritual which exalted his

mind and communicated supernatural brilliancy to his fancy. Yet if he is never wholly on the earth, he is never altogether in the clouds ; his most fanciful scenes are linked to our feelings by a thousand ties of nature, poetry or history real or fabulous. If his clouds seem ever overcharged with their burthens, figures of angry gods are seen dimly in them discharging arrows at the sinning sons of men ; if the scene threatens a barren magnificence, he brings it back to our sympathy by the shepherd hurrying his flock over it, or by the figure of some traveller bewildered in the splendour of hills heaped upon hills, and Alps on Alps ; or, if he chooses to depict some quiet and lonely lake, with the heron on its winding margin, and the shadows of lambs on its bosom, he connects it with sterner times by the rough outline of some castle or keep, standing like a sentinel by the silent water, or with some now neglected temple for worship, where gods of wood or stone had niches and altars.

Of the latter kind of landscape the scene attached to these pages is an example ; the quiet poetic beauty which Wilson occasionally loved is there : there are cattle on shore, anglers watching with their rods, water lilies lying white on the lake, while overlooking the whole a dark peaked mountain, with a ruined fortress at its base, connects history with natural grandeur. To interrupt the long extent of mountain, and give life to the slumbering lake, the painter has dashed in a bold abrupt headland, rough with rocks, fringed to the waters edge

with trees and shrubs, and crowned with an ivied ruin, evidently the reliques of a feudal tower, which in times of strife and commotion afforded shelter and protection to the lords of the land. There are few of Wilson's landscapes without water, he had a sort of island love for the element, and no one has painted it with more truth and beauty. Indeed, he would have backed a waterfall against a king's coronation at any time ; he loved whatever was immutable and undying.

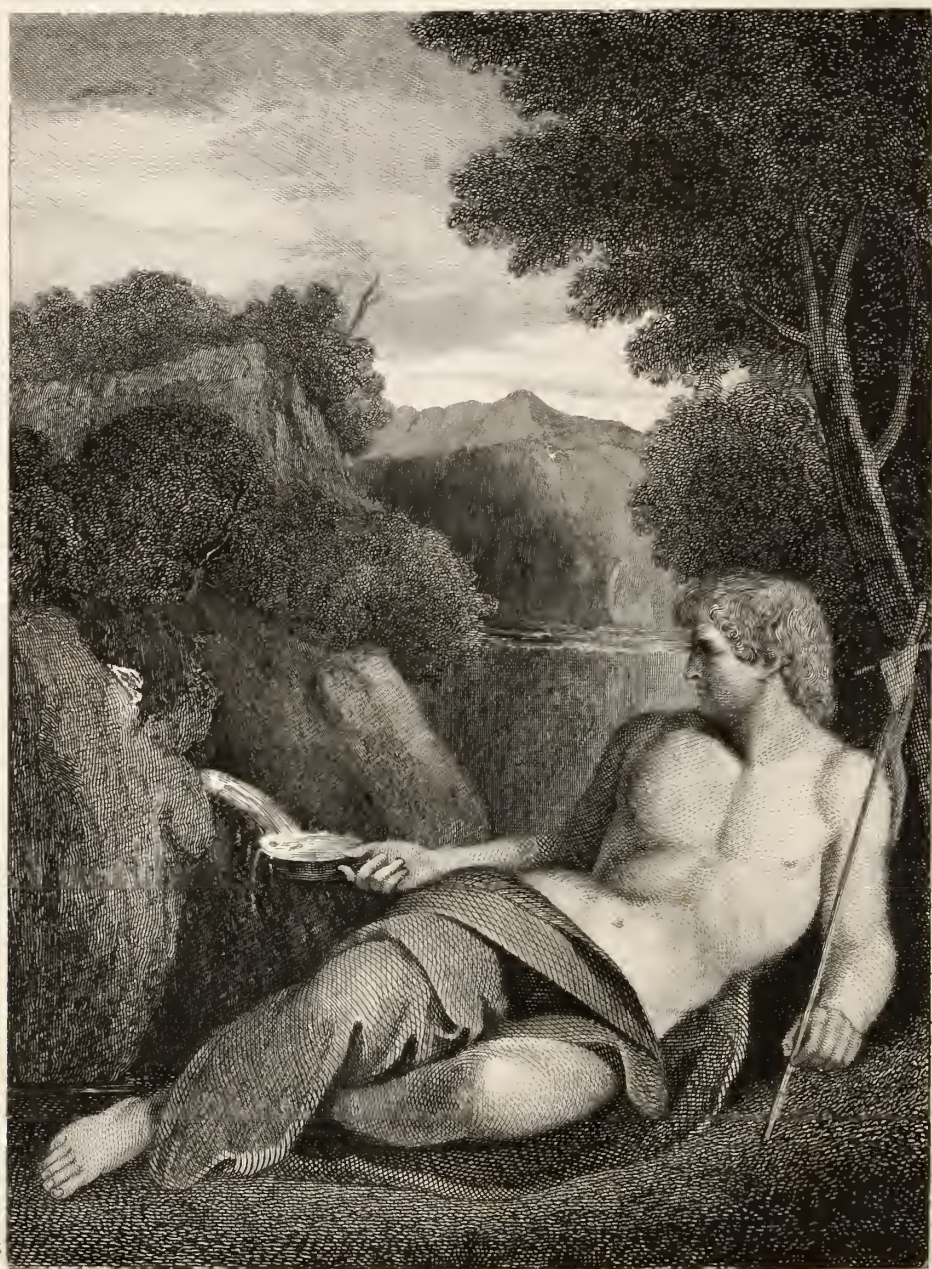
“ The bright unchanging glory of the eternal hills”

he reckoned as something worth living for, while men were but dust in the balance. It was this enthusiastic feeling which enabled him to triumph in the race of future, not immediate fame, over all opponents.

How little Sir Joshua Reynolds felt the excellence of the works of his contemporary Wilson may be gathered from those three depreciating pages in his fourteenth discourse, written and spoken when the great landscape painter's head was in the dust ; he is speaking of the mixture of common nature and classic ideality, which he imagined he saw in his landscapes. “ To manage,” says Reynolds, “ a subject of this kind a peculiar style of art is required, and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adapt the character of the landscape, and that too in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation. This is a very difficult adventure, and it requires a mind thrown

back two thousand years, and as it were naturalized into antiquity, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it." Now, these are very just observations, but more applicable to any other painter than to Wilson; his clouds and hills and ruins are all of the poetic stamp which the President required; there is nothing every day or common place in his compositions; Reynolds must have shut his eyes against the character of those magnificent landscapes, for one cannot well accuse him of laying down rules so profound that he could not perceive when they were fulfilled. The critic wonders at seeing Apollo in clouds, which he says have not the appearance of being able to support him, and are besides deficient in the romantic character appropriate to such a subject. We marvel what kind of clouds are the most suitable to support gods upon, and moreover we would be glad to see a cloud of a romantic character. It is not easy to account for the hostility of Sir Joshua to the memory of a man who died neglected, old, and poor. The fame of Wilson is however quite safe, and what is better it is on the ascent rather than on the fall; of his life and works we shall yet find many occasions to speak.

The original of this landscape is in the collection of T. E. Earle, Esq. of Holten Park, Oxfordshire; late the property of T. Biscoe, Esq. of the same place, who permitted Mr. Havell to copy it for engraving.



ANNIBALE CARACCI.

ST. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

FIVE of the name of Caracci rose to eminence in art : viz. Ludovico, Agostino, Antonio, Francesco and Annibale : they were kinsmen and flourished about the same period : the first obtained distinction both at home and abroad ; Agostino was a poet of no mean powers ; but Annibale, though not the oldest, is placed from superiority of genius, at the head of the family. He was born at Bologna in the year 1560, received a liberal education and studied painting under his cousin Ludovico Caracci, who was one of the disciples of the Bologna school. Annibale however did not confine his views to the masters of painting in his native place : he made himself acquainted with the works of Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto, Paulo Veronese and other skilful artists, and in copying them endeavoured to preserve his own original feeling and taste. He was naturally desirous of distinction, and came to an early resolution to measure his strength against those great masters with whom the world was familiar ; nor did he want powers to fit him for the task ; he had a fine imagination, much boldness of conception and a taste for the wild and the daring. The fame of his works reached

Rome, and the Cardinal Farnese invited him to employ his pencil on that Gallery which bears his own unworthy name ; the reputation of the antique statues, those masterpieces of science and genius, had fired his fancy before, and made him the more willing to comply with the wish of the Cardinal,—on his arrival in the Eternal City, the first step he took was to the gallery which contained the reliques of Grecian art. The sight and study of those performances had an immediate effect upon his style of drawing ; the severe dignity of the antique rebuked the flightiness of his imagination ; he became more scientific, more correct ; but what he gained in purity he lost in vigour, and in taming down his fancy he is accused of quenching some of its fire. His kinsmen charged him with deserting the manner of his native school, and with creating a sort of medium style, which had a portion of all schools, and belonged rightly to none.

The paintings in the Farnese Palace were the work of ten years ; men from all quarters, the tasteful and the titled, flocked to see them ; and the painter hoped to stand equal in fame, with Angelo and Raphael. That he executed his vast task in a way worthy of his reputation, and showed singular boldness of thought and readiness of imagination, has been allowed by almost all critics ; he seems not however to have satisfied his patron, who, influenced it is said by the sordid advice of his favourite dependant, Don Gio, presented the painter

with five hundred crowns for a work which merited more than as many thousands. Injustice regarding this splended work has not been confined to the Cardinal ; Fuseli, who only allowed one or two painters to be great in poetic imagination, has recorded his opinion in these injurious terms. “ The work on which Annibale rests his fame is the Gallery of the Farnese Palace, a work whose uniform vigour of execution nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of conception. If impropriety of ornament were to be fixed by definition, the subjects of the Farnese Gallery might be quoted as the most decisive instances. Criticism has attempted to dismiss Paulo Veronese and Tintoretto from the province of legitimate history with the contemptuous appellation of ornament painters ; if this be just, where shall we class him, who with the Capella Sistina and the Vatican before his eyes, fills the mansion of religious austerity and episcopal dignity with a chaotic series of trite fable and bacchanalian revelry, without allegory, void of allusion, merely to gratify the puerile ostentation of dauntless execution and academic vigour. If the praise given to a work be not always transferable to its master ; if, as Milton says, ‘ the work some praise and some the architect,’ let us admire the splendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers displayed in the Farnese Gallery, whilst we lament their misapplication by Annibale Caracci.”

Censure such as this from a painter whose chief

fault was extravagance, may seem conclusive as to the merits of Caracci's great work ; but Fuseli's opinions require to be considered before they are adopted ; he spoke and decided too much by momentary impulse to be a safe guide, and hazarded strong sayings for the sake of their wit or their oddity. Caracci's classic groups were the offspring of learning and the age in which he painted. The heathen mythology continued for a century after his time to infest our literature, it is not yet wholly removed from our art. Nor was it a church for which he imagined those groups of bacchanalian revellers, nor yet the " mansion of religious austerity," it was the dwelling of a Cardinal, nowise desirous of having his walls painted with comments upon scripture, and who was not averse to joyous company, and the presence of heathen divinities. Agostino, in one of his sonnets, indicates the character which his cousin Annibale sought to impress on his works—he imagined that by selecting the beauties and correcting the faults of each school, he might form a perfect system, such as would excite the wonder of the world. " Take," says he, " Roman design ; Venetian motion and shade ; Lombardy's fine tone of colour ; the terrible manner of Michael Angelo ; the just symmetry of Raphael ; the truth and nature of Titian ; the sovereign purity of Correggio ; the duration and solidity of Tibaldi ; the learned invention of Primaticcio ; and a little of Parmigiano's grace—or, to save study and labour, imitate the

works which our dear Nicolo has left." That Annibale attempted all this no one has said; it is true, however, that in his latter works the severe coldness of the Greek sculpture was more than visible, and that in becoming more scientific, he grew more dry and less natural both in invention and colour.

The work before us may be said to have been conceived in Bologna and painted in Rome. There is something of the wild daring of Caracci's youthful imagination in it; and not a little of that severe truth and scientific accuracy of outline which he affected after removing to the capital. The savage grandeur of the wilderness is stamped on the background, where rock piled on rock, shagged with trees and bushes, and moistened by a rivulet which glimmers among the natural basins of the glen, form a retreat suiting with St. John's melancholy grandeur of soul. The picture tells its story at once, and cannot well be looked on without being understood. In this work the painter is imagined to have had Correggio in his mind, who was fond of placing beauty in a desert. None of the superabundance of embellishment for which Fuseli censures his Farnese Gallery, has found its way into the design; all is barren and savage; the seat of the Saint is on the ground, his body is but partly covered; the cross is in his left hand, and a wooden cup in his right, with which he is procuring water from the rock. Nor does he seem to be

seeking the water to quench his thirst, the cup is about flowing over, and he may be considered as moralizing upon the element running to waste. "The figure," says Ottley, "is drawn and executed with great academic power; and the back-ground, a wild picturesque landscape, is painted in Annibale's boldest manner." Hazlitt, in his *Sketches*, had nearly overlooked this picture. "I forgot to notice," said he, "a *St. John in the Wilderness*, by Annibale Caracci, which has much of the autumnal tone, the sear and yellow leaf of Titian's landscape compositions."

It is from the Orleans Collection, measures five feet five inches high by four feet one inch wide, and belongs to the National Gallery



FERDINAND BOL.

DUTCH LADY WITH FRUIT.

THE best works of the Dutch masters are much esteemed by the world, though it must be confessed that most artists, who follow the grand or historic style, look upon them as productions unworthy of ranking with efforts of true genius. Fuseli sees no merit among the painters of the States save in Rembrandt alone. "If ever he had a master," says the professor of painting, "he had no followers: Holland was not made to comprehend his power. The succeeding school of colourists were content to tip the cottage, the hamlet, the boor, the ale-pot, the shambles and the haze of winter with orient hues, or the glow of setting summer suns." Notwithstanding this wild fulmination, the artists of that country have interested the hearts of all ranks and of all lands by their fine natural delineations of domestic life, and by their lively images of household comfort and fireside love. They have offended Fuseli and other teachers of the grand style, not only by embalming in exquisite and lasting colours common and unpoetic pursuits, but by their neglect of the scientific principles of historic art—the bounding line of the human figure, and

the harmonious union of all its parts. Those who dislike the masters of the Dutch school must mean that they are averse to any representation of ordinary nature, for they cannot surely desire to see the academic rules of beauty employed on those homelier subjects which their brethren have so frequently embodied. The followers of Rembrandt seem to have imitated him less than they did common life. Though not ignorant of scientific rules of beauty and proportion, they went out with their pallettes among the hamlets and cottages of the land and took nature as they found it. A cottage in which an old woman sat spinning ; or trimmed her evening fire ; or prepared her frugal meal, was to them at once a subject and an academy ; and the limit of their ambition was to transfer it to canvass in perfect reality and truth. That they were right no one can doubt who knows how wide the range of art is ; for painting, like poetry, has many classes, all capable of seizing the feelings of mankind. So far then from insulting, like Fuseli, the painters of domestic happiness and household thrift, we ought to be pleased that artists are found who turn to such themes from matters stern and tragic, and produce humble but not unlovely things to please such hearts as care not to be moved alone by poetic grandeur, or dazzled by historic magnificence.

Those who look carefully at the works of the masters of the Dutch school, will see the peculiar character and manners of the people stamped on

every picture. Their portraits are not merely well-dressed images of the listless and the idle, nor their household groups bevy of men and women sitting in attitude, all looking carefully towards the point of light, like people anxious about their portraits :— they are always employed ; every one is doing something that requires to be done, and doing it neatly and gracefully. A Dutch painter would feel as much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or their embroidery. Hence in all the pictures of the States there is no idleness ; the women are busied generally in some becoming office, and the men are either at work or the wine cup ; they keep moving. They have no men sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our island portraits ; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their costliest silks and rarest fashions.

The picture of the Dutch Lady with fruit, which has led us into this way of thinking, forms no exception to our remarks. The whole has the image of honest and thrifty Holland upon it : she is fair and comely ; her dress is neat, with some small leaning towards display ; she moves with ease, like one at her own threshold, and bears a rich basket full of ripe fruit, which she probably intends to place before her husband and some honoured guests. At all events the lady is well to do in the world,

nor unconscious that neatness and elegance are acceptable things even to a husband. Her rich head gear and party-coloured gown fastened with embroidered bands, speak of argosies, and her looks full of good nature and affection are assurances of domestic love and fireside happiness. This we think a very good way of painting portraits, and we ought to thank Holland for the example. The likenesses of many of our ladies in the exhibitions seem, like the dame in Hogarth, as much inclined to sport with the marriage ring as to busy themselves with thrift and economy.

Of Ferdinand Bol, who painted this young Dutch matron, not much is known in this country. “He was born,” says Pilkington, “at Dort in 1611; educated at Amsterdam, and placed as a disciple in the school of Rembrandt.” There he soon distinguished himself in history and portrait; and more particularly for works which, like the one before us, embodied something of domestic character. He studied Rembrandt’s style, and imitated it with success; but his genius was of a milder mood than that of his great master, and his affections dwelt much with the sweet and the graceful. “He painted his portraits,” continues the same authority, “in a free, bold, manner, but not with that clearness of flesh and remarkable relieve by which his master was rendered deservedly famous: his colouring had frequently too great a tinge of brown in the carnations; though notwithstanding that particularity,

his portraits had a great look of life and nature." The way he employed his characters gave much of the look of life and nature, which his biographer perceived. Though his colouring was nothing like so vivid as that of Rembrandt, this is less seen in engraving—which obscures defects of that nature, while it preserves sentiment and expression.

In Bol's historic compositions, the defects of his school are sufficiently visible : he had truth, nature and expression for the humbler incidents of life, but he was deficient in grandeur of style and accuracy of outline. In the Council Chamber of Dort there is a large picture by him, of which the subject is the Appointment of the Seventy Elders in the Camp of the Israelites ; also one of Moses breaking the Tables of Stone ; both well designed and well executed ; likewise in the Chamber of the Burgomasters there is a picture of his representing Fabricius in the presence of Pyrrhus, which is much admired. " In some of his designs," says Pilkington, " we see a great deal of correctness, with easy and natural attitudes ; but in others—perhaps from negligence—the outline of his figures is defective, and the air is not delicate." In truth he had little academic elegance or feeling for the heroic order of beauty about him ; his eye never passed the limits of Holland ; he took nature as he found her, and loved her in spite of her Dutch dress and provincial manners ; nor did he seem to desire greater fame than the successful delineation of her

charms brought him. Nature exalted by poetry and refined by science he did not appear to know or to care about. He lived in his native land to the age of seventy years, and died respected for his talents and probity.

This fine domestic picture is in the keeping of Robert Ludgate, Esq., from whose collection we have the promise of other rare works of equal or superior beauty. It is our wish to show what varied treasures of art our country possesses, we give engravings of a large size and of a quality which the age demands, and all from the best works of the best masters.



GAINSBOROUGH.

LANDSCAPE.

THE fine landscape from which our engraving is made, belongs to Robert Vernon, Esq. who kindly allowed it to be copied for the Cabinet Gallery of Pictures ; those who wish to see with what success the graver has done his task should look at the original, now in the winter exhibition in the Suffolk Street Gallery, where, amid many noble works of the English masters, it sustains the high character of Gainsborough.

The scene, like all the works of the painter, is truly English, and is said to belong to Suffolk ; the season seems to be summer, and the time of the day nigh sunset. Some peasants who have been at market with the produce of their farm, are on their way home with the empty waggon, drawn by four horses. They are evidently hurrying back, and have all three been riding, though one of them is now on foot guiding the horses ; and on looking at the spot where the halt has taken place, we cannot but feel that his precaution is necessary. The road in which they are journeying descends suddenly in a sort of abrupt and winding line into a deep and wooded dell, down which a clear broad

brook seems scarcely moving, while over the stream a bridge has been constructed by rustic hands for foot passengers. The horses, weary and warm with their sultry journey, gladly halt in the ford to drink ; the waggoner leans over the rail of the bridge, and with suspended whip seems to admonish his horses, the foremost of which turns its head up the brook and drinks of the purest, while the second, glad to get water on any terms, takes it where it is readiest ; the other horses stand impatient to be in the stream. The waggoner's watchful attitude shows that it requires care to prevent an upset, for the bank is precipitous and the way difficult.

Such are the central features of the scene ; elsewhere the landscape is remarkably picturesque. On the left the ground rises rugged and abrupt, with trees growing down to the side of the stream ; while on the right the reliques of a majestic oak hang gnarled and hollow over the road, which passes on to the ford. This old desolate tree is a sight well worth going into Suffolk to look at. It had grown up to immense size, watered at the root by a deep stream, and seeking its sustenance far and wide in the loamy bank ; beneath its boughs wild deer in other days had ran, when the outlaw drew his arrow, but now hollow and branchless, it is but the ruin of of what it was, and the sun going down behind it holds it out to our contemplation as a subject whereon to moralize. What we have described would in the opinion of almost any other painter

have formed landscape enough ; but Gainsborough felt that he had still another attraction to lend to the scene—one indeed which it required. The upper part of the wood is tenanted by a horde of gypsies ; their asses are grazing among the glades ; the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguished smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene ; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night ; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves—they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions. All that we have to add to this imperfect description of a very fine landscape is, that it is an example of the vigour of conception and harmony of colouring, as well as of the natural truth and splendor, which distinguish the best paintings of this favourite master.

Fuseli, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, indulges in some ironical remarks on the fame which Gainsborough acquired, and on the character which the biographer bestowed on his compositions. But with all his genius, the

Swiss had a very peculiar and limited taste—it took in the grand and the sublime, and admitted little else ; for pictures embodying humble scenes from life or nature he had no sympathy ; of the lights of heaven he admired but the sun, and of the flowers of the garden he loved but the rose. There are other lights worthy of our admiration, and other flowers deserving to be loved ; and the man who can only bestow his affection on what is lofty or noble, has not all the taste which belongs to true genius—he resembles Touchstone's egg, which was roasted but on one side. Reynolds, in his discourses, did the justice to Gainsborough which he refused to Wilson : it is likely that he did not feel the poetic sublimity of the latter. At all events he was fully sensible of the natural grace, the great force of colour and fine harmonies of the other. “ His excellence,” he said, “ was his own ; the result of his particular observation and taste. For this he was certainly not indebted to the Flemish school, nor indeed to any school ; for his grace was not academical or antique, but selected by himself from the great school of nature ; and there are yet a thousand modes of grace which are neither theirs nor his, but lie open in the multiplied scenes and figures of life to be brought out by skilful and faithful observers. The peculiarity of his manner, or style, or we may call it the language in which he expressed his ideas, has been considered by many as his greatest defect. But without alto-

gether wishing to enter into the discussion whether this peculiarity was a defect or not, intermixed as it was with great beauties, of some of which it was probably the cause, it becomes a proper subject of criticism and enquiry to a painter. It is certain that all those odd scratches and marks, which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design—this chaos—this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence."

The landscapes of Gainsborough obtained merited fame in the days of the artist, and in this he was happier than his great cotemporary Wilson. For this reasons may readily be given. His pictures unite the lower with the higher qualities of landscape, and speak to common, as well as to uncommon, minds. They have great natural force and truth, and are doubly interesting by the human life with which he has inspired them. In this union of man with the land which belonged to him, lay the strong charm of Gainsborough. By these means he endowed the still and barren landscape with a spirit, and gave it a tongue with which it addressed the spectator, and moved his heart while he pleased his eye. There are groups in the land-

scapes of this painter which have all the tenderness and pathos of Burns. On his young children he has impressed health and joyousness amid all their rags and privations ; but when he paints a cottage girl or boy sixteen years old or so, he considers that their eyes are opened to the hard lot which is their inheritance, and he stamps a gathering sadness on their brows which accords with the rude cottage, the scanty flocks and the marks of privation around. To Wilson, human beings were as nothing ; with Gainsborough every thing.





WILLIAM VANDERVELDE.

A BRISK GALE.

Four painters of the name of Vandervelde rose to distinction among the artists of Holland. Adrian painted landscape, animals, and history; Esaias, battle-pieces and landscape; William, the elder, sea scenes and sea fights; and his son, William, the younger, storms, calms, and battles. To the latter we owe, among many noble pieces, the "Brisk Gale," of which we give a very clever engraving. William, the younger, was born at Amsterdam in the year 1633; and as his father was patronized in England by the two last of the Stuarts, he came over to try his fortune as a marine painter among the best maritime warriors, and the worst maritime artists, in the world. Nature had united with study to ensure his success in this line; he had a fine eye for the picturesque, a ready power of combination, and a taste which was inherited rather than acquired. His instruction too in his art had commenced early; his father directed for a time his eye and his hand, and Simon de Vleiger, a painter skilful in the representation of shipping and shores, impressed upon him the beauty, as well as necessity, of accuracy and neatness. Besides all this, he studied a little

in a school of his own. It was his practice, we are informed, to roam about the shores of Holland, watching the going or returning sails of vessels of war or merchandize : nay, he oftentimes made excursions in sloops or in boats, sketching all the while the changing aspect of the sea under the influence of the sun or the wind. This mode of study enabled him to communicate that natural hue and look of reality to his works, which all works must have that are intended for hereafter.

This last of the Vanderveldes had risen to eminence as an artist in his native country before he removed to England; here his genius was not only admired, but rarer still, rewarded. The beauty and truth, and harmonious unity of his maritime pictures, were felt at once. So naturally did he agitate the water, and so gracefully did he construct and move his ships, that he obtained the immediate patronage of King Charles, the Duke of York, and the chief nobility. It must however be remembered, that Charles was a naval architect of great talent; that James was one of our ablest admirals; and that our nobility at that period had a love for maritime adventures, which has subsided in their descendants. Though all this was in favour of marine painting, it was also in favour of the truth and beauty of the delineations, for none but a skilful and accomplished artist might hope for success in the sight of men who were judges of naval architecture, and acquainted with the looks of the sea, and of ships

under sail. To such eminence did Vandervelde rise in England, that his pictures painted before he left Holland were eagerly sought after by Englishmen, and purchased at large prices ; this accounts for the rarity of his compositions in his native land and their abundance here. One of his pictures, representing a calm, and another a ship of war encountered by a fire ship, are accounted master-pieces. He was skilful in all maritime matters ; his ships are looked upon as models of beauty, and the ease with which they glide through the water has been remarked by mariners. It seems alike to him to delineate the sea in a sort of slumbering tranquillity ; or when

“ The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
Uplashed by angry gusts, fills all the air.”

In depicting the fleets of rival nations contending for naval empire on the sea, he was still at his ease and ever natural, animated and elegant. “ The paintings of this master,” says Pilkington, “ have in every respect such a degree of perfection as is not to be discovered in the productions of any other artist. And whether we consider the beauty of his design, the correctness of his drawing, the graceful figures and positions of his vessels, the elegance of his disposition, the lightness of his clouds, the clearness and variety of his serene skies, as well as the gloomy horror of those that are stormy, the liveliness and transparency of his

colouring, the look of genuine nature that appears in his agitated or still waters, and the lovely gradation of his distances, as well as their perspective truth, we know not what principally to admire; they are all executed with equal nature, judgment, and genius—they all are worthy of our highest commendation—they are truly inimitable.” He died in 1707, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The picture from which our engraving is copied, under the care of Mr. Hoffland, is the property of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. and is valued by the skilful in such compositions at five hundred guineas.

Since the days of the younger Vandervelde our island school has produced many noble maritime paintings by artists, dead and living; but though we have pictures uniting sea and land of surpassing beauty, we have few or none which show the evolutions of ships of war, or the agitation or vicissitudes of battle in a way much to our liking. Few or none of our painters are well acquainted with maritime affairs, or at least they have not gone down to the sea when the contest was fierce and bloody, as the elder Vandervelde did, when he made his sketches of the mémorable fight of three days duration between Monk and de Ruyter. The naval battles which we fight on canvas are generally failures; a cloud of rolling smoke, with a few sharp sticks rising through it, a tattered flag hanging overboard, and a seaman or two drowning, are the usual materials of such compositions. The real battle

forms a sterner and nobler picture. Though some of the most heroic and daring actions in the history of the world have been performed by Blake, Monk, Nelson, and other of our mariners, and though painters, with and without name, have laboured to communicate to canvas a lively image of their deeds, we have obtained nothing worthy of our fame as a nation. Poets have sung and Chroniclers have told of our actions at sea in inspired and picturesque language ; Campbell in verse and Southey in prose, have commemorated, in words not likely to be forgotten, the fortunes of Nelson and his comrades ; but in painting, though nobles have desired and kings commanded, we are still sadly deficient. There is probably something in the monotony of groves of masts, volcanoes of smoke, tiers of volleying guns, and far extended expanses of water, which alarms or deadens the fancy of artists, and interposes between them and that freedom of distribution and handling allowed in works of genius. We know not how this may be, but we know that no one has delineated any of our late maritime victories in a way either natural or poetic. The “untillable and barren deep” has itself been painted, and that with fine effect ; but no one has shown in truth and in beauty Britannia in all her glory,—when

“ Her march is o’er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.”

Our naval pictures seem more the offspring of

other pictures than of original remark and conception ; as there are artists who sit in London and delineate mountains and towers and streams in Circassia and Cœlo-Syria, so there are others who behold only in fancy “ the wonders of the Lord on the deep,” or are content to see through the eyes of their elder brethren of art ; and hence all this coldness and tameness in our national pictures of battles fought for the dominion of the sea.





ANNE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN

By Sir Godfrey Kneller

VANDYKE.

HENRIETTA, QUEEN OF CHARLES I.

“VANDYKE,” says Walpole, “imbibed so deeply the tints of Titian, that he is allowed to approach nearer to the carnations of that master even than Rubens. Sir Anthony had more delicacy than the latter ; but like him never reached the grace and the dignity of the antique. He seldom or ever arrived at beauty ; his Madonnas are homely ; his ladies so little flattered that one is surprized he had so much custom ; he has left us to wonder that the famous Countess of Carlisle could be thought so charming ; and had not Waller been a better painter, Sacharissa would make little impression now.” The truth of his delineations, mental and bodily, was one of the many charms of Vandyke ; he considered it his duty perhaps to represent woman as he found her, and was satisfied with showing Sacharissa in her natural lineaments and unaffected hues, without seeking to paint up to the splendid flatteries of Waller. As true beauty cannot be encreased any more than the lily can be dyed in fairer hues, all the ladies who had loveliness on their side were safe with the painter, they ap-

peared on the canvas as they looked in life,—while those inferior in beauty could hope no supplemental charms from a pencil which either would not or could not flatter. We may consider the fine portrait, of which the engraving is a faithful copy, as a true record of the looks and air of a queen whose charms exercised perhaps too much influence over a monarch, whom all lovers of art and literature must admire for his taste and liberality.

When this portrait was painted Henrietta was young, her beauty and her levity brought around her the thoughtless and the giddy; her foreign manners and influence with Charles displeased the sedate and the wise; while her open fondness for the Catholic religion alarmed the Puritans, then a brave and a numerous sect. In spite however of all the private levities of the palace, it cannot be denied that the external decorum and outward decencies of life were maintained at court. The King had fine taste both in painting and in poetry, and loved to converse with learned men, or to walk in his magnificent galleries and look on the works of genius, now for the first time collected under the roof of an English prince. The Queen too, at times, attended by her trains of ladies, would follow the King, and look at some new Rubens or Raphael, or in her own apartments listen to the music of voice and instrument, or sit an hour for one of those many portraits which we owe to the pencil of Vandyke. The time soon came when all those

pageantries were to be dissolved like the visions of a morning dream ; the Commons asked much, the King would concede little, and that war commenced which promised more for liberty than it performed. When this portrait was taken neither sorrow nor suspicion had stained her looks or her name, and it must be confessed that she seems beautiful and blameless. Her dark tresses, and her bright and pure face, form one of those fine contrasts frequent in nature yet difficult to paint ; while her blue silken dress and her snowy bosom are redeemed from a charge of coldness by the ease and truth with which both are represented ; contrasts which are not chilly in nature will not look freezing in painting, if the artist has the skill to manage his colours wisely. Nature abounds in, nay, loves such violent contrasts ; the bright white bloom and the dark green leaf on a blossomed pear-tree are in the truest harmony ; so are the clear piercing stars in the dark blue firmament ; in truth, the varied hues of universal nature unite in one harmonious combination though the colours are strong and even violent in their opposition.

Female portrait painting in England cannot be said to have improved much since the days of Vandyke. The ladies of Reynolds are cold and clever ; those of Lawrence have too much of fashion and too little of simplicity. As men feel so do they paint ; Sir Joshua looked on woman not as a matter to reverence and to love, but as a commodity

with strong light and shade, on which he could lay out his colours so as to surprize and astonish ; Sir Thomas regarded her as something which he had to endow with all the attractions fit to captivate in a ball-room or a court ; he heightened the hues, he corrected the bounding lines, and communicated to the eyes that eloquence bestowed by the girdle of the Goddess,

Which from the wisest wins their best resolves.

Reynolds acted upon the precept of Mudge, that beauty is a medium ; his women are splendid works of art ; we admire their exquisite colour and true harmony of parts. Lawrence imagined that women should always look as if music and poetry had united to give a diviner colour to their cheeks and more captivating light to their eyes.

The portrait which has called forth these remarks is a very masterly one, and the property of Robert Vernon, Esq. who has kindly allowed it to be engraved for this work.



TENIERS.

THE FARM YARD.

THE Farm Yard of Teniers is one of those pictures which never fail to recall images of rustic industry and rural comfort to the most careless observer. The economy of the stackyard, the management of the barn, the care which cows require, and the stable demands ; together with the management of sheep, pigs and poultry, and various other matters on which the heads and hands of an opulent farmer's establishment employ themselves from light to dark, are all of that kind on which fashion has little influence, for they are of nature, and cannot be changed. It is that which makes most of the pictures of this eminent artist look like creations of yesterday. The work of a farmer goes hand in hand with nature ; changing but with the change of seasons, it is therefore ever the same, or seemingly so : in truth the scene before us, though painted two hundred years ago, looks as English or as Scotch as a painting can look ; and were it not for some slight nationality in the costume of the cowherd and the sheepboy, it might pass with the multitude for an image all our own. The whole is in perfect keeping—all is farm-like. Here are houses for the

accommodation of the farmer and the protection of his cattle : a maiden has filled her pitcher, and is looking round to a boy—her master's son, perhaps,—who, weary and thirsty with bringing his little flock of sheep from their distant pasture, desires to taste the water, which, as the length of the line in her hand indicates, has been drawn out of a deep well. She is looking complacently on the boy, and it is plain she will indulge him, though pots and porringers are there requiring her purifying hand. The cows—three very fine ones—have just been brought home by a careful herdsman : beside one of them a milkmaid has taken her seat, and whilst baring her hands for their task the cowherd leans over his staff beside her, and seems to be telling her on what fine grassy banks his herd have fed, and how pleased they must be to yield their milk to the agreeable pressure of her long white fingers. His dog looks the same way with its master, as all trained dogs do : a hind makes his appearance with a wicker hamper, containing perhaps the evening meal of the cows, and the whole establishment seems in the full enjoyment of the hour of sunset, when the latest note of the bird is in the air and the dews begin to fall.

A little cottage with its quota of peasants at the door stands on the other side of a quiet stream : the spire of the parish church rises among the distant trees, while the lofty gable of a peel or fortalice close to the farmer's hall, speaks of protection

afforded not lately, but of old ; at least so we interpret the absence of smoke from the chimney head, and the bare and snaggy top of a dead tree, showing like the horns of a deer, between the houses of the husbandman and warrior. The quiet beauty and rustic composure about the whole scene indicate happiness and plenty. The original is in the possession of Mrs. West, and was lately under the eye of the public at the British Institution.

Of the eminent artist who painted it much is known, for he lived near our own times, and was so acceptable to the world in his works, that his pictures found their way into almost every gallery in Europe. It is true that some artists, and Lawrence amongst them, excluded his sketches from their collections, and refused to rank him with those distinguished men whom academies consented to call " The Masters." But, as Pope said of his Homer in comparison to that of Tickell, if he had not the court he had the mob on his side. The honours withheld from him by professors had no influence on the world, and his name stands deservedly high with all who admire original talent and variety of character. He may be safely classed with those who have contributed largely to the amusement, nay, the happiness of mankind.

David Teniers was born at Antwerp in the year 1610, and received instructions in drawing and colouring from his father, an artist of some note, who is said to have invented that natural and

vigorous style of painting in which his son afterwards excelled. He studied also under Adrian Brouwer, and had the advantage of the precepts and example of Rubens. His style was new ; his conceptions were opposed to those ideas called historical, and it was so long before his merit was regarded, that he had to travel to Brussels to dispose of his works among judges who know no rule but nature's, and had the mortification to see the works of artists now forgotten, purchased with avidity, and at high prices. It happened that the Archduke Leopold saw one of his pictures ; he requested to see more, and was so struck with the originality every where visible, that he not only promoted the interests of the painter in all matters connected with art, but made him gentleman of his bed-chamber, and bestowed upon him the care of his fine gallery of paintings.

The fame of his works soon flew over Europe ; the King of Spain admired them so much that he invited Teniers into his service, employed him for several years, and ordered a gallery to be built expressly for the purpose of exhibiting his paintings. Don John, of Austria, likewise patronized him ; nor were his merits unfelt by Christina, Queen of Sweden, who gave him, among other marks of favour, a chain of gold, with her portrait set in diamonds. This lavish patronage arose from the originality, truth, and vigour, of his performances ; and from the subjects which he selected being fami-

liar to all ages, and adapted to the comprehension of all capacities. "He studied nature," says Pilkington, "in every shape, with a most curious and critical observation ; and as he generally composed his subjects from persons in low stations, he accustomed himself to frequent their meetings at feasts, sports, and pastimes ; and by that means had an opportunity of remarking the simplicity of their manners, and the various actions, attitudes, characters, and passions of every age or sex." From the lowest and most barren topics he could extract the richest materials for his productions ; and in scenes where other artists saw nothing but vulgar riot and coarse debauchery, he perceived unlimited humour, boundless fun, and inextinguishable merriment.

His study was mankind, and his scene of action the world around him. He sometimes more than approached the gross ; he loved indeed to delineate the tipsy termination of a wedding or a fair, in a manner free and vivid ; his pictures of drunken gravity, intoxicated fury, boisterous merriment, or social and sedate glee, are all to the life, and quite unequalled in their way. He has been accused of making his figures short and clumsy ; he cared little for the elegance of his figures ; in truth, much of the character which he desired to depict lay in the squat shapes and ludicrous proportions of his rustics ; academic forms, and the graces of outline, would have been wasted on such clods of the

valley—nay, would have lessened the jollity and rustic conviviality of his groups. Had he changed his Dutch-built boors into tipsy Adonises, he would have quenched all mirth, and extinguished all humour.

“ Teniers,” says Pilkington, “ had a ready and lively invention, and was full as ready to execute as to invent ; he made nature his model perpetually, and imitated it with astonishing exactness and truth. His pencil is free and delicate ; the touching of his trees is light and firm ; his skies are admirable ; and though not very much varied, are clear and brilliant. His pictures are generally clear in all their parts, with a beautiful transparence, and it is observed of him that he possessed the art of relieving his lights by other lights without employing deep shadows, and yet produced the unlimited effect in a surprising manner.” He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age ; and his works are in all British collections save the National Gallery.



SALVATOR ROSA.

LANDSCAPE.

THE merits of Salvator Rosa are of a high order ; his works have all a bold, free, and poetic character ; they are original, and shew among ordinary landscapes like thistles in beds of lilies, or a ruined tower in the midst of a flower-knot. He is like no one, and no one is like him ; few have the poetic elevation of soul to equal

“ What savage Rosa dashed ; ”

and our professors usually warn their pupils against imitating one whose works they hardly consider as ranking with the more regular and scientific compositions of the academies. His history is brief and instructive. He was born at Naples in 1614, and received instructions in drawing and colour from his kinsman, Francesco Francanzano. The too early death of his father exposed him when young to many hardships ; to obtain subsistence he was obliged to make sketches on paper, and sell them, it is said, in the public streets, to such purchasers as charity or accident sent. Some of these designs, together with a picture of Hagar and Ishmael, so

affected Lanfranc the painter, that he sought Salvatore out, encouraged and aided him, and procured his admission to study in the school of Spagnoletto. The works of that eminent master, together with the battle scenes of Falcone, had some influence upon his mode of grouping and style of handling. His mind expanded with his fortune ; he soon distinguished himself by daring conceptions, bold freedom of hand, and gloomy splendour of colouring. His soul naturally delighted in scenes of savage magnificence and ruined grandeur ; his spirit loved to stray in lonely glens, and gaze on mouldering castles. The bloom of summer, the ripe abundance of autumn, or the cheerful fires and merry pastimes of winter had no charms for him ; he kindled his summer clouds with lightning, he sent firebrands and whirlwinds among the standing corn, and brought winter famished and gaunt from the north, scattering snow and hail among the shivering children of man.

It is in this light that Lanzi views him when he says “ savage scenery, Alps, broken rocks and caves, wild thickets, and desert plains, are the kind of landscapes in which he chiefly delighted ; his trees are shattered, torn, and dishevelled, and in the atmosphere itself he seldom introduced a cheerful hue, except occasionally a solitary sun-beam. He observed the same manner too in his sea views. His style was original, and may be said to have been conducted on a principle of savage beauty, as

the palate of some persons is gratified with austere wines. His pictures too were rendered more acceptable from the small figures of shepherds, mariners, or banditti, which he has introduced in almost all his compositions, and he was reproached by his rivals with having continually repeated the same ideas, and in a manner copied himself." That Rosa was accused of imitating himself is less to be wondered at, than at the charge which has been urged against him, that he borrowed most of his excellence from Spagnoletto and Caravaggio. An artist so decidedly original in conception, and handling, could only be compared with himself,

"None but himself could be his parallel."

And with respect to his imitation of other masters, there is no doubt that he profited by contemplating the strong natural style and dark colouring of his predecessors; but his ideas are all of a different order, and his scenes are his own. To a man of his strong genius imitation was far more difficult than original composition; his spirit was too buoyant to work in fetters. His genius was indeed comprehensive, and perhaps more strictly poetic than that of most painters. In contemplating a scene he seemed to see only those strong and leading points which a poet would select for song. His pictures are perhaps less difficult to describe than any other works of art; there is an allusion or a story in all he touches upon; the stormy beauties of his land-

scapes are generally united with human actions ; for the wildest scenes he finds deeds equally wild ; the storm in the sky is matched by the tempest of human passion on the earth ; the roughest rock he delineates is scarcely more rugged than its rude inhabitant, who, with pistols in his belt, his hand on a sword, and his ears open to all sounds, stands ready for deeds of violence.

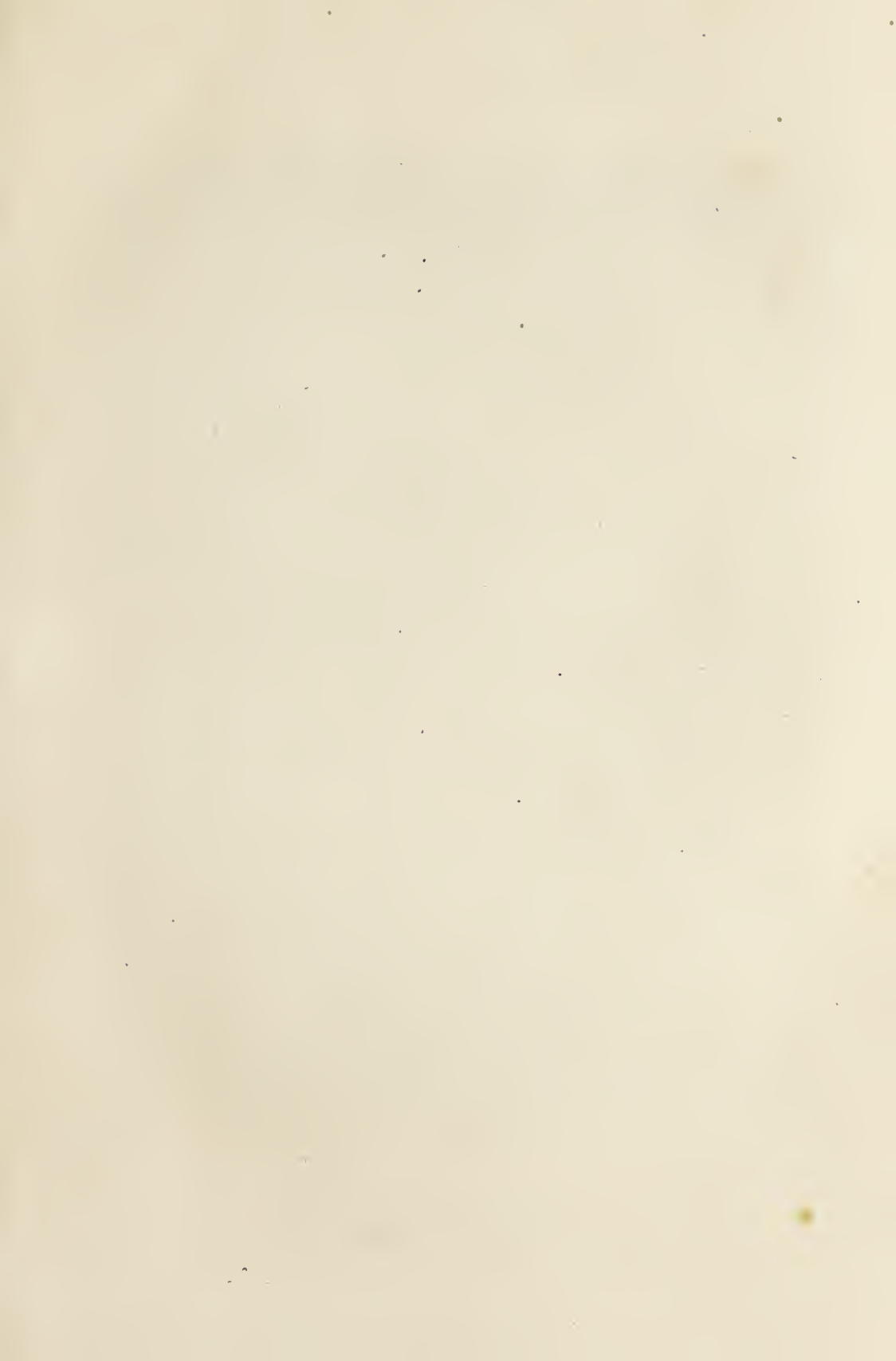
The genuine works of this great master are exceedingly rare, and of course valuable. A few of them are in the galleries of our British nobility ; the fine picture from which the landscape before us is engraved is in the very select collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq. and like all the other productions of Salvator, it mingles human action with the stern magnificence of nature. At the base of hills, rising rugged, abrupt, and blue, to a great height, lies a smooth quiet lake, on the bosom of which the sun throws the outline of the neighbouring hills, and the shadows of a group of men and women, who are enjoying the secluded beauty of the scene, or preparing to bathe. On the other side two figures are seated on the ground, one old, the other young, and their image is expressed in the two trees behind them—one green and luxuriant, the other faded, decayed, and broken. The ruins of a castle intimate that the vale was once permanently peopled, while the presence of travellers in the distance marks it as an object of curiosity. The colouring is what Byron calls “ darkly bright,” and the whole scene

strikes the fancy—a merit which distinguishes in a great degree all the works of this master.

Though Rosa chiefly painted landscape, he was equally eminent for battle scenes and storms at sea; he knew the passions and feelings of human nature, and loved to introduce them in his compositions. He did not look upon inanimate nature, however magnificent, as all that was worthy of his pencil; earth he was aware had its inhabitants, and he accordingly peopled the rock and the ruin, the wilderness and the cavern. “He composed all his subjects,” says Pilkington, “in a grand taste, and was singularly correct in his design; but he principally delighted in landscape, which he always enriched with elegant figures, representing some memorable incident related by the Roman, Grecian, or fabulous historians. The style in which he painted was formed by his own elevated genius, nor was he indebted to any preceding artist for any of his ideas, or for any traces of the manner which he always follows.” Among his chief compositions we may mention the *Regulus*, in the *Colonna* palace; *Saul and the Witch of Endor*, at Versailles; a *Martyrdom of Saints*, at Rome; the *Purgatory*, in Milan; and the *Cataline*, in Florence.

He left his native Naples in the twentieth year, and established himself at Rome, where he lived to the age of sixty. “His remains,” says Lanzi, “were placed in the church degli Angeli, with his portrait and eulogy; and another portrait of him

is to be seen in the Chigi Gallery, which does not seem to have been recognized by Pascoli ; the picture represents a savage scene ; a poet appears in a sitting attitude, the features are those of Salvator." Though another interpreter says this is the god Pan inspiring the poet Pindar, we must not rashly allow an ingenious solution to overturn the testimony of Lanzi, or to rob the painter of the honour of the allusion. He had a right to appear in the character of a poet, for he was a sharp satirist and writer of songs, which he took pleasure in singing. He was likewise a musician, a humourist, a dealer in those dubious sort of jokes called practical, and such an admirer of liberty, that he declined serving any of the princes of the earth. In painting he has had many followers abroad ; the most successful of his imitators here was Mortimer, who, with much of his master's peculiar wildness of fancy, wanted his command of colour to give force and brilliancy to his conceptions.





N. POUSSIN.

CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

WE have already endeavoured to describe

“ What savage Rosa dashed,”

we must now try to delineate what

“ Learned Poussin drew.”

But the pen is an imperfect interpreter of the heavenly hues and divine forms of the painter; in truth, art is employed in accomplishing what words cannot perform. Poussin is a learned artist; his knowledge comes frequently to the aid of his designs, and he loves so much the gods and goddesses of Greece, that he has been accused of oppressing his landscapes with mythology. Without denying that he is more learned sometimes than what seems necessary, we may, without much fear of contradiction assert, that his genius triumphs over his knowledge, and that in all his best pictures nature is the ruling power. We remember his picture of Polyphemus piping on a mountain to his flocks, scattered along the acclivity; the blind giant is seated on the summit; the sound of his pipe seems to soothe him; his herds are not unconscious of the melody, and the whole scene is at once mournful and pleasant. Other men paint

ogres, Poussin alone has painted a giant ; there is no vulgar exaggeration, all is elegant and beautiful. He was indeed a great master ; his imagination equalled his other powers.

The *Cephalus and Aurora* is a good specimen of this accomplished artist. It is small in dimensions, and was bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Cholmondeley. Other painters have delineated on ceilings *Aurora* carrying her lover through the air ; Poussin desired to add sentiment, and pictured them on the ground, awakened by the morning light. Reflection appears to have come to *Cephalus* with the dawn ; thoughts of *Procris* rush upon his fancy ; he turns from the goddess, who with arms around him endeavours by gentle force, and probably pleasant words, to hinder his departure. He regards neither her looks, which diffuse gladness and light on all things else, nor the sly industry of an intriguing cupid, who is spreading the couch for *Aurora* ; but fixes his eyes ruefully on the portrait of his wife, held up to him by an urchin god, who may be supposed to represent domestic love. The winged steed of the morning is at hand ; a fountain deity slumbers over his urn unconscious of what is doing beside him, and a nymph starts from her couch, and gazes dazzled on the brightening sky. The atmosphere is glistening and dewy ; and the sides of the figures and trees which stand towards the east are touched with the hues of day.

“ The colouring of this picture,” Ottley says, “ is

feeble, nor is it in other respects in the artist's best manner. Still there are parts of it of considerable merit, especially the head of Aurora, which is very beautiful. We wish the old freezing river god had been placed farther from the principal group, or entirely omitted." The river god we think aids the imagination, and carries the mind back to the days of the legend ; we are not at all disposed to dispute the taste of Aurora in spreading her couch by the side of a romantic stream. The chief blemish in the composition is the conceit of the cupid shewing Cephalus the portrait of his wife in order to recall him to his allegiance. The contrivance is an awkward one, and can only be justified on the principle that the painter intended the image of Procris to be presented to the mind rather than the eye. He is however looking stedfastly upon it, and more than seems disposed to go. Hazlitt perceived "life of mind and great dexterity of invention" in all the works of Poussin.

It was the practice of painters, English as well as Italian, to indulge in mythology ; and the walls and ceilings of our principal mansions and palaces still glow with the acts and deeds of the old dwellers on Olympus. The fine genius and equally fine colours of Titian, were employed in recording the amours of the gods ; some of the best of these compositions may be seen at Blenheim ; taste is now alike pleased and offended in contemplating them, but the taste of his times was tolerant ; the Italian patrons of the

muse of art desired to see flesh and blood in preference to satin and velvet. It is one of the charges which foreign nations bring against us that we have no conception what the austere majesty of naked beauty is, and are weak enough to fear for virtue if our statues are undressed, and the figures in our historic pictures without cloak or mantle. We are perhaps a little too rigid in this matter ; but we cannot help feeling that our countrymen are right to a certain extent. The Apollo is naked, yet few are ashamed to look on that most god-like of all statues ; the feeling would be different, we believe, were the naked statue of any of our heroes of the last Gazette to be set up in a public place ; the divinity of the first raises it out of the low region of qualms and scruples—looking on him we think of heaven ; looking on the statue of a mere man, we think of earth and become fastidious, as if we dreaded to be seen in fallible company. The decorum of dress is generally well maintained by Poussin ; he takes the medium course, and pleases many and offends few.



REYNOLDS.

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE.

THIS picture is one of the best of those numerous compositions which unite the dignity of the historic style with the visible truth and individual accuracy of living life. In the production of such a work imagination must unite with skill in portraiture ; a natural grace of form and fitness of expression are required in the person whom art has thus to raise into the regions of fancy ; and no one ever united those qualities more happily than did Mrs. Siddons : her majestic person and grandeur of soul may be hoped for again on the stage, or in painters' studies, but cannot surely be expected. Of the same character as this noble picture, is the Kemble as Hamlet, by Lawrence ; we must not however shut our eyes to the circumstance that the eminent sister and brother having forms and looks of the heroic order, their painters had little more to do than make a fine transcript of what they saw before them. The success of the artist, therefore, depended mainly on the fine looks and dignified expression of his sitters ; with a less noble countenance Reynolds would not have had the like luck ; half of the fame of the picture belongs of right to the actress ; nor can it on that

account ever have the high reputation it would have enjoyed had it sprung wholly from fancy and been called simply the Tragic Muse.

It is however in this class of half imaginary and half portrait pictures that some of the finest works of the English school are to be found. In this way Romney produced his *Cassandras*, *Circes*, and *Mirandas*; Lawrence too made history borrow looks from living life; but no one equalled Sir Joshua himself in managing and modifying the countenances of the young and the beautiful, so as to pass for *Mercurys*, *Pucks*, *Hebes*, and *Muses*, tragic or comic. This circumstance of itself betokens a deficiency of poetic power among the painters of England; the truth is, that no artist of a very high order of imagination has yet been produced in our schools; they have too little of that almost divine faculty of shaping their pictures in air, and commanding the splendid visions to abide till they invest them with form and colour. We have poetic landscapes of a high order; pictures of domestic life, equal or superior to those of any other nation; portraits, particularly those by Reynolds, of great excellence, and works of the same rank as the Tragic Muse worth a prince's ransom; but we have few pictures of the high historic class worthy of the name; we have no *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, *Shakspeares*, or *Miltons*, in art.

The Tragic Muse, with all its merit, must be regarded therefore as only a better sort of portrait.

Barry scarcely knows in what light to look upon it. "Sir Joshua's portrait," said he, "of Mrs. Siddons, is both for the ideal and the executive the finest picture of the kind perhaps in the world. Indeed, it is something more than a portrait, and may serve to give an excellent idea of what an enthusiastic mind is apt to conceive of those pictures of confined history, for which Apelles was so celebrated by the ancient writers; but this picture of Mrs. Siddons, or the Tragic Muse, was painted not long since, when much of his attention had been turned to history." It was of historic studies that Reynolds complained when he said they cost him too much; his imagination was not so ready in producing shapes and looks as the polite world; and a man who had many young countesses to paint was not likely to put his fancy to the pain of calling up ideal forms. We cannot help thinking that the picture would be improved by the omission of the dark attendants, who seem so ready with the dagger and the bowl. The look of the Tragic Muse is so intensely—so loftily mournful, that the sentiment is rather caricatured than strengthened by the presence of those ministers. We may imagine that "the Tragic Muse" is really waited upon by two such despairing damsels; but we cannot exert the same stretch of fancy for Mrs. Siddons; flesh and blood never keeps company with airy abstractions.

This noble picture was painted in the year 1784, the great actress was then in the prime of youth and

power ; when it was finished Reynolds wrought his name in the border of the robe, subduing it down at the same time, so that it might seem at a distance a mere piece of ornamental embroidery. He valued it, we are informed by Northcote, at a thousand guineas, yet sold it, according to Hazlitt, “ for two or three hundred pounds, to a Mr. Calonne.” From the first proprietor, who was a large purchaser of British pictures, it passed to Mr. Desenfans, then into the hands of Mr. William Smith, Member of Parliament for Norwich, and finally, found a resting place in the Grosvenor Gallery, at an expense of £1760. It has been five times sold, and always at an advance of price. “ While it was in the possession of Mr. Desenfans,” says Hazlitt, “ a copy was taken of it by a pupil of Sir Joshua’s, of the name of Score, which is now in the Dulwich Gallery, and which we always took for an original. The size of the original is larger than the copy. There was a dead child painted at the bottom of it, which Sir Joshua afterwards disliked, and he had the canvas doubled upon the frame to hide it. It has been let out again, but we did not observe whether the child was there ; we think it had better not be seen.” The critic whom we have quoted was no great admirer of the works of Reynolds, whom he charged with want of imagination and loftiness of sentiment. He says nothing in praise of this truly noble work, and seems insensible to the breadth of style and vigorous harmony of the colouring.

When the admirers of Reynolds talk of his equality with Michael Angelo—and this has been done by Northcote, Lawrence, and others, the Tragic Muse is one of the pictures which they instance as an example. That the eminent Englishman had singular breadth of style and great force of colouring all must acknowledge, but he wanted that strength of imagination which lifts the illustrious Florentine so high into the regions of poetry. The conceptions of Reynolds are almost exclusively allied to portraiture, and when we look on the noblest of his men and the loveliest of his women, we never regard them as other than creatures of flesh and blood, with whom we may converse and associate; the creations of Michael Angelo are of another order; his men and women seem to belong to a higher race of beings than the present inhabitants of the earth; they have the lineaments of the gods, and looks which belong to Olympus. To all this Northcote resolutely shut his eyes when he pronounced the ancient masters “beasts” compared to Sir Joshua; nor was Lawrence less than wilfully blind when he ranked him with the Angelos, the Correggios, and the Raphaels. The former in his admiration remembered his friend and master, and the latter, in extolling the first President of the Academy for his power in portrait, supported his own dignity and productions. Posterity will make a large abatement in such overstrained praise, and yet

leave Sir Joshua at the head of the British school of portrait painting.

We have no desire to lower Reynolds as an artist ; we believe these remarks are more in accordance with the sentiments of the country at large than many artists believe. Professional men are apt to entertain opinions regarding the importance of their own pursuits and the collective talent of the brotherhood, in which the world refuses to share ; nor was Sir Joshua himself free from the reproach of spreading delusions when he said “ I am now clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention.” To men of ordinary minds this may apply, but not surely to those who have any imagination or sensibility.



A DUTCH VILLAGE.

London: Published by Messrs. J. & J. G. Smith, 1853. By John May, 1854. By J. & J. G. Smith, 1855.

JACOB RUYSDAAL.

DUTCH VILLAGE.

Two of the name of Ruysdaal hold places in the history of art; they were Dutchmen and brothers, and painters of landscape. The compositions of Solomon, the elder brother, are cold and dry; his hills and dales want the graceful undulation—his rivers the serpent-like motion, and his atmospheres the mingled airiness and sunshine common to the landscapes of the best masters. The pictures of Jacob Ruysdaal are free from these faults—his scenes are all life and nature; he has sometimes no little grandeur in his delineations, and he is never without a singular transparency of colour.

He was born at Haerlem in the year 1636; his instructor in art is not named, yet it is affirmed by his biographers that before he was twelve years old his productions surprised, by their force and truth, the ablest painters of his native land. He became in his youth intimate with Berchem, and it has been alleged that he caught not a little of his friend's spirit by contemplating his compositions. There is no doubt that the works of the one distinguished painter had an influence on those of the other; good judges

have traced a resemblance not only in their styles, but in their mode of drawing and colouring ; at the same time they claim for Ruysdaal a truth and a vigour all his own, and also a certain grandeur which he inherited from nature—a quality far from common in what is called the Dutch school.

Writers are not wanting who account for the varied beauty of Ruysdaal's landscapes—they send him to complete his studies in Italy ; in his solemn woods and groves, his romantic hills, foaming cascades, and winding and wooded river banks, they imagine they perceive the presence of Italian scenery. Others give him nature alone for his guide and instructress, and refuse to share the merits of his compositions with any other country than his own. His scenes—the trees, skies, and rivers, of which they are composed, seem all taken from nature ; and are said to have been sketched on the spot. The painter loved to wander by the wild wood and the foaming river, and note down the varied aspects of the landscape under the influence of sunshine or rain, according to the character of the season. Laying the foundation of his compositions in the nature around him, he had only to make use of his taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, in giving harmony and elevation to his materials, and this is probably what his biographers have mistaken for Italian study. It was not necessary to travel to Rome to do all this ; in truth, his pilgrimage to the Eternal City has no better support than the suspicion that

his ideas of grand and elegant nature could have been found nowhere else, and least of all about Haerlem.

If we look to the picture before us for some of the leading excellencies of Ruysdaal, we shall not be disappointed ; truth is the groundwork of all his compositions. His country, after a war in which she triumphed over the most warlike nation in Europe, established her independence, and the States of Holland, from a battle field covered with unburied bones, were become a garden ; their ports were filled with ships of war or merchandize, their cities, to use the words of their native writers, were paved with silver, and their walls hung with velvet and cloth of gold, and their husbandmen were happy, industrious and wealthy. The domestic comfort, and fireside happiness of the people, are the chief themes on which the masters of the Dutch school lay out their colours ; weddings, fairs, merry-makings, and feasts in public and private, abound ; all this is nothing more than a sort of silent rejoicing and dumb thankfulness for their condition among nations.

The “ Dutch village ” as exhibited by the painter, is a perfect image of repose ; the rising sun is calling the humble inmates from their beds ; smoke is already rising into the air from the chimneys ; doors are opened and opening, and a villager is on his way with his faithful dog to some distant field, where he has a flock to watch or a plough to hold. The houses are scattered about at random—dropt in nature’s careless haste, like the poet’s knolls ; and

though all is rustic and lowly, there is nothing squalid or mean ; it is just such a place as one would desire to halt at for a week during a journey, to get acquainted with the wise old men of the land, and see how much worth and virtue can be concealed in such rude abodes.

To the faithfulness of his delineations, and the cheering as well as elevating pictures which he gave of his own country, must be imputed the public esteem and admiration bestowed during his lifetime on Ruysdaal. The blameless life too which the painter led had some share in this ; for Holland in those days was of strict morals, and looked for purity and devotion in all her children. In England he is admired for the diversified grounds of his landscapes, the clearness of his skies, and the delicate handling of his trees ; every leaf has a distinct touch, and what is equally necessary, the shape and hue of the particular species have not been unattended to. “ He shews,” says Pilkington, “ that he perfectly understood the principles of the chiaro-scuro, and also of perspective ; for his distances have always a fine effect, and his masses of light and shadow are distributed with such judgment, and contrasted with such harmony, that the eye and imagination are equally delighted. His works are distinguished by a natural and pleasing tone of colour ; by a free, light, firm, and spirited pencil, and also by a very agreeable choice of situations. His general subjects were views of the banks of rivers ;

hilly ground, with natural cascades ; a country interspersed with cottages and huts ; solemn scenes of woods and groves, with roads through them ; and water-mills ; but he rarely painted any subject without a river, brook, or pool of water, which he expressed with all possible truth and transparency. He likewise particularly excelled in representing torrents and impetuous falls of water, in which subjects the foam in one part, and the splendid appearance of the water in another, were described with force and grandeur, and afforded a true image of beautiful nature." All foreign writers who have seen the chief works of the painter speak in similar terms of his compositions.

Something of the same defect which we observe in our own Wilson and Turner, may be perceived in the compositions of Ruysdaal ; he could lay down the inanimated landscape with all its hills, and trees, and streams, but he was unequal to the task of peopling it when flesh and blood were required. Wilson, originally a portrait painter, had acquired little mastery over human character ; and though Turner often gives us groups and single figures, the poetic beauty of his landscapes proves too strong for the common forms and features which he bestows on men and women. The grandeur of his conceptions in still nature is not supported by his delineations of living nature. Ruysdaal was aware of his own deficiency, and often called in the aid of Ostade, Adrian Vandervelde, and Wouvermans. The contributions

of these distinguished painters have added much to the charm which has not yet departed from his works—indeed, his pictures are in most of the British collections, and much esteemed; they are likewise to be found in Italy; the cabinet of the Grand Duke at Florence contains some of his best landscapes.

The picture which has called forth this brief and imperfect account of the painter and his labours, is in the fine collection of Sir Abraham Hume. The engraver has striven to communicate to his work the peculiar tone and character of the original; the aim of the proprietor of the Cabinet Gallery is to give a fac-simile of the manner as well as the matter of each painting; and this is the secret of some of the faults which have been found with the prints. Engraving a picture is like translating a poem, the style and peculiarities of the poet must be preserved, and so should those of the painter.





ST. MARTIN RESCUING THE COAT

RUBENS.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK.

ST. MARTIN as a military saint may be allowed a horse, armour and weapons ; nor is there particular elegance of action required perhaps, in dividing his cloak with a public beggar ; we consider it however as necessary to nature and truth, that he should look at what his sword is doing, instead of which, he is looking on the group of half clad mendicants, who, with faces practised in expressing woe and dolour, have beset his path. He could not well choose to do otherwise, for the group is in all respects a remarkable one. The beggar, seated on the ground, enacting the part of a cripple, has a back like Hercules, powerful and sinewy, and seems altogether a sort of person likely to procure alms by force which refused to come through supplication ; the other kneeling, with his head bandaged to cover wounds, real or pretended, might do for a portrait of the ancient mendicant, Irus, who contested with Ulysses, on the threshold of his own palace, for the crumbs which fell from the table of the suitors ; but the woman seems in sincerity, her woes are not artificial and assumed, her naked children, haggard looks and

dishevelled hair, cannot fail to direct the Saint's hand to his pocket as soon as he has disposed of the moiety of his cloak. The flush of colour, the fine freedom of handling, wonderful breadth of manner, and vigorous character of the original picture, have been admired by many : it is in His Majesty's collection.

Subjects of this nature are common to the earlier painters, they were labourers in the cause of the church, gave form and colour to her creed, and explained her legends and her miracles in a manner so beautiful and noble, as to obtain the admiration of the world. They were believers too in the wonders which they embodied ; the miracles of the Catholic Church had not been publicly questioned ; belief in divine influences and interpositions had not been abated by knowledge and scepticism, and there can be no doubt, that this, aided in the inspiration and helped to confer on those productions a shape and a hue all but divine. The first converts to Christianity among the barbarians were made by mystic signs and relics, nor were these laid aside when the missionaries acquired the language of their proselytes. Paintings and Statues and Crosses, the offspring of the relics and emblems, became as scripture to the church, and were seen by all, while the Bible and Testament were kept shut. Knowledge which followed printing, opened the scriptures to all nations : the sentiments and stories which painting and sculpture told, were no longer

regarded; the people desired to see what God had written, with their own eyes, and refused all further aid from science and fancy. It is to this we must ascribe the decreasing love for scripture pieces all over the world. No such works are necessary now

“ To justify the ways of God to man.”

One of the chief apostles for scripture pictures in this country, was Northcote the painter; he executed many altar-pieces, and wrote and spoke much in favour of an art, in which he believed he excelled. He however set down our coldness regarding such productions to the declining taste for historic painting, and the encreasing love of the land for portraiture. Haydon too imputes our apathy to our defective taste; he will not see that the artist is not wanted; we know as much of the word of God or of his Apostles, as the ablest painter is likely to teach us, and we care not for either his interpretations or his glosses. Had we been dwelling in dark ignorance, we would have been thankful for any hand to let in light; but now we have light in abundance. There are other difficulties in the way—artists seem not sufficiently aware, how doubtful a task it is

“ To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give colour, strength and motion.”

Mere picturesque groups will not give us what we want; we must have at least, something as divine

as aught that Raphael drew, and where is the artist whose genius is of such quality.

The scripture pieces of even the accomplished Rubens, are deficient in that divinity of sentiment and majesty of conception, which the subject demands. With all his wonderful power in character, vigorous freedom of hand, and almost miraculous glow of colour, he has failed in elevating us; and looking at what Raphael and Michael Angelo have done, we see that he has more of earth in him and less of inspiration. There is no question that in his day, as the church had been obliged to take a step or two down from her high estate, that scripture painting had descended with her. Men of genius generally work in the spirit of their time, especially those who have to live by their labours, and before the days of Rubens, the Pope who formerly held the keys of the regions of bliss or woe in his hand, had seen not only one half of his dominions separated from him, but a religion which impugned his own, and called him by the opprobrious name of the "Anarch old," take the field against him with other arms than those of logic and invective. The charm which had bound the nations together began to dissolve; that part of the spell, which had been wrought by art, was unloosed by knowledge, and we lost the chance of becoming the greatest of all nations in historic painting, by welcoming the reformation, and preferring the Scripture in the English tongue, to pictures and statues.





W. J. M. 1840

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MONKS

G. POUSSIN.

A LANDSCAPE.

THE landscapes of Gaspar Poussin are generally imaginative, but they are brought down to nature by a thousand indescribable touches, which genius alone can bestow. The picture before us besides the harmony and beauty of the scene, contains much matter for reflection. The tranquil loveliness of the stream, the deep shade of the trees, the rugged and caverned-like rocks rising on either side, buildings which seem to be tombs as much as the abodes of men, a shaggy hill pinnacled, and inaccessible to all save the eagles, overlooking the scene, while on the other side, a palace, or town on fire, throwing up a volume of mingled smoke and flame far into the air, are the materials out of which, the painter has made this noble work. The figures which he has introduced, can only be considered as furnishing a scale, by which, to measure the magnitude of the landscape. Neither the graver nor the pen can do justice to such a production, and when we examined the painting in the collection of Robert Ludgate, Esq. we felt how unable we were to describe its transparent colours, or give any idea of its harmonious splendor. As we looked on

it, we felt more than ever, how closely poetry and painting are allied : but the beauty of true poetry no art can effectually embody, and the beauty of true painting can neither be described in poetry nor prose. The best painter never fell further below Milton and Shakespeare in expressing their sentiments, than the ablest writer falls below the noblest painting in explaining it.

In the story of the painter's life, there is a touch of the romantic. When Nicholas Poussin fixed his residence in Rome, he married a French lady of the name of Dughet ; on receiving a visit from her brother Gaspar, the latter discoursed on painting with so much taste and enthusiasm, that Poussin advised him to lift the pencil and make a trial in the art which he so much admired. He did so ; and though his first attempts were rude and unregulated, they were not without touches of that fine sensibility which showed true genius. Poussin watched over his progress with care and wonder, and when his hand was well disciplined, and he had acquired knowledge sufficient to work from his own imagination, he produced pictures every way so worthy of his instructor, that he was advised to continue in Rome, drop his family name, and adopt that of his master. Such is the story of the early days of Gaspar Poussin. A less poetic version is however current. Sandrart says that he was employed at first, only to prepare the palette, pencils and colours for his brother, but in process of time,

the precepts and example of Nicholas, wrought so with him, that he tried landscape for himself, and succeeded so wondrously as to rival the fame of his master. The labours of which the biographer speaks are common to students: both versions agree in the material fact, and cannot be considered as different. It is more difficult to settle the places and dates of his birth and burial. Most writers say that he was born in France, in 1600, and died at the age of 60; but the Authors of the "*Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres*" make Rome his birthplace, and fix his death in 1675, when he was 62 years old; no authority for this contradiction is cited, and the matter is left more in doubt than we could wish. Lanzi claims him for a pupil of the Roman School, but leaves the question of his birthplace where he found it.

Wherever he was born, Rome is the place where he acquired all his glories. Like his brother Nicholas, he united nature with fancy, and never thought of giving a mere fac-simile of a scene; this he reckoned to be the duty of a land surveyor, rather than of a painter; he was of opinion that unity and harmony were required in all true landscape, and he arranged his materials after the manner of a poet. The wonderful quickness of his hand equalled the elegance of his taste. Like Salvator Rosa he sometimes commenced a picture in the morning, and finished it, with all its woods, waters, ruins and inhabitants, in the same day.

Some of his biographers accuse him of want of skill in the human figure, while others make it a matter of reproach, that he called in the pencil of his brother Nicholas to such delineations, marring thereby the fine unity which appears in pictures solely from his own hand. There is no doubt that this is a defect ; figures inserted by one artist in the landscape of another, show the marks of different pencils and feelings and injure the effect by disturbing the harmony ; on the other hand, when the same artist paints the landscape and peoples it also, the work may be compared to a gothic abbey, where the lofty aisles, splendid screens, and rich recesses are occupied by sculpture in the express spirit and style of the architecture : when it is otherwise, it may be likened to Westminster Abbey, where the monuments are generally out of harmony with the building, and seem to oppress rather than to beautify it. Though Gaspar Poussin had a strong passion for grace and beauty, and though his best landscapes are composed in the same way that Milton described Paradise, by concentrating all his own notions of the elegant and lovely, he did not hesitate to paint what was fair in nature : “ he copied,” says Lanzi, “ all the enchanting scenery of the Tusculan or Tiburtine territory, and of Rome, where, as Martial observes, nature has combined the many beauties which she has scattered singly in other places.”

He never crowds his scenes with figures, nor

huddles rock on rock, or hill on hill ; all is simple ; the eye is never detained in the investigation of something curious or far fetched ; his peasants are not dressed for show but for sentiment ; he introduces nothing that can be called common or vulgar in his compositions. “ He is one of the most celebrated painters of landscape,” says Pilkington, “ that ever appeared ; and it is generally thought no painter ever studied nature to better purpose, or represented the effects of land storms more happily than Gaspar ; every tree shows a proper and natural degree of agitation : every leaf is in motion. His scenes are always beautifully chosen, as also are the sites of his buildings, and those buildings have a pleasing effect by a mixture of simplicity and elegance. His distances recede from the eye with abundance of perspective beauty ; his grounds are charmingly broken, and his figures, trees and other objects are so judiciously placed and proportioned to the distance as to create a most agreeable deception. He had a free and delicate manner of pencilling, and was exceedingly expeditious in his work, for his imagination was scarcely more ready to invent than his hand was to execute.”

The pictures of this great painter are numerous, bring large prices, and are seldom to be sold ; there are several in the National Gallery. It is to be regretted that one of these, a landscape, representing Eneas and Dido in the storm, has become so dark “ in consequence perhaps,” says Ottley, “ of the destruc-

tive nature of the earth used in priming the canvas, and the small body of colour employed in painting it, that little idea can be formed of its pristine beauty." Gaspar Poussin has had few followers : Crescenzo di Onofrio is alone considered his true imitator ; but let all those who desire to follow, not to lead, lay the fact to heart, that though this artist executed many works, both in Rome and Florence, few of them are to be found in any collection.





ANNIBALE CARACCI.

CHRIST APPEARING TO ST. PETER.

THIS fine picture is not scriptural, as some have imagined : it embodies a tradition of the Romish Church. The New Testament tells us that Christ after his resurrection appeared to St. Peter : but it was more consistent with the aim and practice of the Church, when losing its simplicity, to give currency to obscure or doubtful legends, rather than draw attention to the true and accredited narrative of the gospel. Peter, says the tradition, not finding at the time any liking for martyrdom, made his escape from Rome, and was hurrying along the Appian way, when he met Jesus bearing the Cross, " Lord where goest thou ? " enquired the astonished saint ; " I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the answer, " for I find that my disciples are afraid of attesting the truth of my cause with their blood." The rebuked saint returned and suffered martyrdom. The legend is a very beautiful one ; it is in keeping with the timid character of Peter ; and serviceable too to the Church of Rome, which claimed supremacy over all christian churches. Those who imagined the

legend, found an admirable interpreter in Caracci : it is admitted by very fastidious critics that this picture is one of the best studied and effective of all his performances in this country.

Annibale excelled in the serenely graceful—in an austere simplicity which too few have imitated. The Christ of this picture is an example of this : he is equally elegant in form, and divine in expression, and the action is perfectly simple and natural—there is no straining to make the body aid the mind. There is a deep lustre of colour also ; almost, as an artist said, more than mortal ; it is scarcely of this world, and reminds us of the super-human hues of the “ Christ in the Garden ” of Correggio. The fine colouring is not thought superior to the consummate skill displayed in the fore-shortening of the figure : the advancing posture, the moving limbs, and the extended arm, are the wonder of all artists whose eyes are not closed by vanity on all excellence save their own. Of the general impression which this fine vision makes, Ottley says, “ The effect is not more the result of the correctness of that figure in respect of outline and lineal perspective, than of the judicious arrangement of its lights and shadows.” The rest of the picture has many beauties : the landscape which forms the background, would make any living artist a fair reputation alone : St. Peter has a rebuked and startled air : the propriety of his posture has been questioned ; but it seems consistent enough—he is re-

presented suddenly receding, as from a vision which had burst upon him at once—nay, he is about to kneel, or at least bow the knee—his marvelling looks and held up hand testify the impression made upon him.

When Baglione said that Annibale Caracci restored the true art of colouring from nature, which had been lost ; introduced a sort of antique beauty of form into his compositions, and revived the art of landscape painting, afterwards imitated by the Flemings, he was thinking of pictures such as this, where those beauties are all united. But though this is perhaps one of the finest pictures of our Saviour which we possess, in point of beauty of form and propriety of expression, we are less sure that it comes up to that image of divine loveliness and celestial mildness and grace of manner which the New Testament raises in the mind. It must always be so, we fear, when the art of man aspires to embody things immortal : fancy, at first bright, grows dim : the inspiration of the first impulse subsides, and we obtain, at last, a mortal, instead of an immortal, thing. A divine being can, in truth, be in shape but a perfect man : his beauty is of earth, and his lustre is tried by comparison with colours, the richest which the world affords, but still not heavenly : outwardly, therefore, when we see the noblest shape which art can supply, we have but a fine human being before us—the divinity is yet to be bestowed. To breathe an expression

into it which shall lift it among the celestials, and give the grandeur of a God, is a power bestowed on few, and in that the mastery of the invention lies ; but how few are they in number who can, to a form of perfect elegance and graceful unity, communicate a sentiment which raises it to the skies. In truth, the christian religion is in its principle averse to intercourse with art. In scripture, the personal beauty of Christ is nowhere insisted on, nor is it argued that his disciples were men of dignity of exterior : humility and meekness are their attributes—their doctrine is addressed to the mind and not to the eye ; and in this it differs from the religion of the heathen, and from all other forms of worship which insist on the importance of external things. The painters of the palmy times of the Romish church brought as much of heaven into their pictures as art could accomplish ; that they failed often in sublime and immortal subjects must be accepted as a proof that man's skill cannot embody the noblest visions of his mind.

It would be unjust, however, to the merit and fame of Caracci, if we shut our eyes to the fact that his serious pictures are more highly admired by the members of the Catholic Church than by those of the Protestant. Lanzi thus speaks of his works : “ His Taking down from the Cross, at the Church of the Capuccini, in Parma, may challenge the most distinguished followers of the Parmese school. His picture of St. Rocco is still more celebrated, com-

prising the perfections of different artists, a piece engraved in aqua forte by Guido Reni; it was executed for Reggio, thence transferred to Modena, and from the last place to Dresden. He represented the saint standing near a portico, on a basement, and dispensing his wealth to poor mendicants; a composition not so very rich in figures as in knowledge of the art. A throng of paupers, as different in point of infirmity as in age and sex, is admirably varied, both in the grouping and the gestures. One is seen receiving with gratitude, another impatiently expecting, a third counting his alms with delight: every object is misery and humiliation, and yet every thing seems to display the abundance and dignity of the artist." Mengs, a writer whose authority is daily decreasing, says, that Caracci "checked his natural fire when he beheld the wondrous works in Rome: imitated Raphael, and retained, at the same time, a portion of the style of Correggio, to support the dignity of his manner."

The pencil of Annibale Caracci was not confined to devout subjects alone. The Roman galleries show many of his works taken from ancient history and mythology; and Lanzi particularly describes one painted in colours, of which glue and the yolk of an egg are what artists call the "vehicle." "It is a Pan teaching Apollo to play upon the pipe: figures at once designed, coloured, and disposed, with the hand of a great master. They are so finely expressive, that we see in the countenance of the

youth humility, and apprehension of committing an error; and in that of Pan, turning another way, peculiar attention to the sound, his pleasure in possessing such a pupil, and his anxiety to conceal from him his real opinion, lest he might happen to grow vain. No other pieces, so exquisitely finished, are found from his hand at Bologna." We have wandered a little from the picture before us, but we imagined that our readers might like to hear something more of the eminent person whose name stands last of the list of painters who formed what has been called the golden age of art in Italy.

The Christ appearing to St. Peter is painted on wood, measures two feet six inches high, by one foot ten inches wide, and came to the National Gallery from the collection of the Prince Aldobrandini, in the Borghese Palace.



E. J. HAY

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RUBENS.

LANDSCAPE.

“ PETER PAUL RUBENS,” says Fuseli, “ was a meteor of art. Endowed with a full comprehension of his own character he wasted not a moment on the acquisition of excellence incompatible with its power, but flew to the centre of his ambition, Venice, and soon compounded from the splendour of Paolo Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school. He first spread that ideal pallet which reduced to its standard the variety of nature, and once methodized whilst his mind tuned the method, shortened or superseded individual imitation.” We can see little of the true character of the works of Rubens in these fine sentences: let us turn our eyes from the hazy page of the Swiss professor and look at the great Fleming by the milder, clearer light of Walpole. “ His pictures were equally adapted to please the ignorant and the connoisseurs. Familiar subjects, familiar histories, treated with great lustre and fulness of colouring, a richness of nature and propriety of draperies, recommend

themselves at first sight to the eyes of the vulgar. The just boldness of his drawing, the wonderful *chiaro scuro* diffused throughout his pictures, and not loaded like Rembrandt's to force out one peculiar spot of light, the variety of his carnations, the fidelity to the manners and customs of the times he was representing, and attention to every part of his compositions, without enforcing trifles too much or too much neglecting them, all this union of happy excellencies endear the works of Rubens to the best judges: he is perhaps the single artist who attracts the suffrages of every rank. One may justly call him the Popular Painter; he wanted that majesty and grace which confine the works of the greatest masters to the fewest admirers." These are words as intelligible as the pictures of Rubens, and are more to our taste, as they are fitter for our purpose, than the mystical language of Fuseli.

On looking at the picture in the National Gallery which forms the subject of our present sketch, we feel sensible that it would require uncommon happiness of sentiment and felicity of words to give anything like a correct notion of such a splendid landscape. It seems part real and part imaginary; the painter seldom indulged in fancies strictly or exclusively poetical; the men and women of his pictures were copied from the breathing, substantial denizens of the world around him, and his scenes were chiefly found in his native country, for he could exalt the meanest thing into magnifi-

cence, and raise the most ordinary subjects into historical dignity by the force of his drawing and the splendour of his colours. The present landscape has been assigned by good judges to Flanders. Those who hold this belief point to the rich pastoral district extending level and verdant as far as the eye can reach, covered with flocks and herds, studded with farm houses and villages, and divided into irregular, though not picturesque, enclosures by rows of those hapless trees called in England pollards: nor do they fail to observe the intersecting ditches and all the other symptoms of a productive soil, yielding milk and butter, honey and corn, sheep and poultry, and watched over by numerous hinds and maidens and old men conversant with both tillage and pasturage. "It is only," says Reynolds, "in large compositions that the powers of Rubens seem to have room to expand themselves." The fulness of his mind could not be restrained within small space; groups and incidents, and things picturesque, came crowding upon his fancy, demanding admission into his work; he was unable to get rid of them on easier terms, and so he set them down. This may be observed in the picture before us; there is as much introduced as would form several common landscapes, and yet it is likely that the painter could not insert the half that was present to his mind.

On the left, in the middle ground, stands a cas-

tellated mansion with towers and pinnacles, and bosomed deep in trees, through which the morning sun makes its way in scattered lines dropping here and there on the windows. Ladies are in the walks: one of them is seated with a child beside her, while the lord of the place is near and seems to be enjoying the splendour of the brightening morn. A moat surrounds the chateau; a man is fishing, and a waggon drawn by a couple of horses is passing rapidly, as if the rustic driver felt afraid of giving offence to the lordly inhabitant by lingering nigh his gate. A handsome young woman in a scarlet jerkin and blue kirtle is seated in the waggon: near her is a fat calf tied by the legs, which with other produce of the land is on its way to market. A rivulet has overflowed the road, and the shod hoofs of the horses and the broad wheels of the waggon are plunging and splashing the water into the air: the level sun throws a few as it were accidental rays upon the road, and the dripping fellies and spokes and agitated water seem as real and vivid as nature. In the very centre of the foreground stands the trunk of an old fantastic tree rising but a few feet from the surface, but throwing out a profusion of drooping branches, beneath which flowers are blooming and birds sporting: towards the tree a fowler with his gun comes crouching, for he is not unaware that a covey of partridges are enjoying themselves in the sunshine under the shelter of a neighbouring bush: he restrains

his impatient dog with one hand and seems about to raise his piece with the other, for he has nearly reached the proper distance: the poor birds are however a little scattered, and not likely all to become victims.

A rivulet, which is partly hidden by its banks, and partly shown as it descends a declivity after passing under a rustic bridge, intersects the picture from right to left, but the trees rising on its sides interrupt the monotony, and render the whole line beautiful. Beyond the rivulet farms and farm houses, and cattle and hedge-rows abound. Every field has something peculiarly its own, and every row of trees has a distinguishing character arising from their own quality, or from the nature of the soil in which they are growing. "Of the skill displayed by Rubens," says Ottley, "in the details of this extraordinary performance, especially those in the distance, it is perhaps not possible by words to convey any just idea. We cannot however omit to notice a passage near a triangular field, with cattle feeding and a woman milking a cow on the right of the picture: where he has represented a long row of pollards in bold perspective shooting far into the flat landscape, and in one part traversing a piece of marshy ground with a truth of effect bordering on illusion."

The long continuous line where the landscape mingles in the distance with the sky, broken only by a solitary spire, has been regarded always as

equally bold and beautiful ; nor is the light the least wonderful part of the genius of the composition : over this magnificent scene the artist has shed the first dewy outburst of the morning sun : the light comes streaming along in a horizontal gush, touching the shafts of the trees, the dewy backs of the cattle, the plumage of the birds, and the curls of the running streams. Nor is this all ; the light of the sun is modified by the influence of the moving clouds above : one part of a field has a full, another a tempered lustre : the whole is painted with uncommon power of pencil and brilliancy of colouring, and united into one vast and varied landscape.

It is from the Balbi palace at Genoa : it measures seven feet nine inches long, four feet six inches and a half high, and was part of the collection presented to the nation by the munificence of the late Sir George Beaumont.





MORLAND.

THE MARKET GIRL.

THOSE who love variety will not be unwilling to leave the St. Peter of Caracci, the fowlers and farmers of Rubens, and, turning their thoughts to England, take a look at the country girl of Morland on her way to market. It is true that George wants the dignity of Annibale, has none of the magnificence of Peter Paul, and that his work is of an humble kind, representing a young rustic in her homespun dress pursuing a very ordinary employment. Yet, though this is a scene such as we may expect to see any day, it will perhaps be long before we can see anything so perfectly graceful and natural as that which the painter has placed before us. The morning is sunny and warm; the Market Girl has come perhaps a long way, with a weighty basket, and gladly avails herself of a resting place by the road side, where she deposits for a moment her load, and stands with her bonnet in her hand, contemplating the remainder of her journey. See with what ease and elegance she stands; there is no constraint of posture, nor put on expression of face; the spire of the town is in

the distance where she must seek and find a market for her rustic commodities, and probably see some one to whom her quiet smile and happy looks will be welcome. We have often in the days of our youth found our way into the market place of our native town, and looked with pleasure on the many young, and innocent, and blooming faces, grouped around, mildly anxious for customers for butter and barn-door fowls. Such a figure and face as those of Morland's Market Girl we have not unfrequently seen, and it is perhaps as good a compliment as we can pay the discernment of the painter, to add that they soon found a market to themselves : a few years, and the blooming and bashful lass made her appearance as a thriving and happy wife, presiding over the in-door economy of a farmer's household.

To Londoners, and one so dissipated as Morland, it is next to a wonder that images of country simplicity and rustic modesty should have presented themselves : he was when very young, made intimate with much of the folly and vice of the town ; he assumed the dress of the fop, and copied the manners of the man of pleasure, and in all, save his paintings, was artificial and affected. The moment he took up the pencil, folly resigned her rule and nature reigned in her stead : his mind wandered from the wine vaults and the gin shops to homely cottages, barn-yards, calf-cribs and piggeries ; he forgot the hungry creditor, the griping pawnbroker and the drouthy companion, and saw but a horde

of gypsies bivouacked with their motley tents, tawny children and tethered asses. The perfect nature of Morland's works will always maintain their popularity; the very names are not unpleasing to read; they indicate the sort of entertainment to be expected; there is nothing of the high-flown or the historical in the list, and yet there is much in the pictures which, from the singular vigour of conception and ease and happiness of handling, raise emotions akin to the poetic. The Sailors' Conversation. The Country Butcher. Dog and Cat fighting. Fighting Dogs. Watering the Cart Horse. The Farm Yard. The Farmer's Stable. The Fisherman's Hut. Selling Fish. Fishermen. Smugglers. The Peasants' Repast. The Ale-house door. Ale-house Kitchen. Public House door. Labourers at Lunch. Stable Amusement. Sportsman Refreshing. The Rabbit Warren. Cottage Family. Shepherd's Meal. The Storm. The Dram. Fishermen going out in the morning. Fishermen returning. Milkmaid and Cowherd. Peasant and Pigs. A Conversation. The Corn-bin. A Horse Feeder. Feeding the Pigs. Return from Market. Gathering Wood. Gathering Fruit. The Straw Yard. Shepherd and his Flock. The Market Girl.

We have heard of men whose notions of art are so sublimely high, that they hesitate to admit Morland into the list of painters. Perhaps his dissipated way of life induced those judges to conclude that the *artist* was as low in all respects as

the *man*, but this would have been amply refuted by a look at his works, where nature, which those critics imagined they worshipped, triumphed. There is no doubt that the public had no sympathy with such exclusive fancies. “Crowds of patrons,” says Collins, “sought every opportunity of possessing themselves of his pictures. Some very few striking portraits were produced by him as a great favour : but the offers he received of constant employment at his own prices, and to be exonerated from all the pecuniary difficulties in which his imprudence had involved him, were equally rendered abortive by the levity and perverseness of his conduct.” In truth Morland cared little for the opinions of his brethren in art : he courted not their company, and probably never thought of instituting a comparison between his representations of rustic groups and gypsies with asses and panniers, and the grand stile, which so many artists worship. To ride on a high trotting horse, drive the Highgate or Hampstead stage coach ; serve as a parish constable ; get first tipsy out of fifteen at table, and dash in a scene on canvas to pay a large reckoning, were dearer to his heart than all the honour which academies could decree or princes bestow.

The fine picture, now for the first time engraved, which has called forth these remarks, is in the possession of Mr. Hofland the painter, and the plate has been executed under his superintendance.





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RUYSDAEL.

WATER-MILL.

WATER-MILLS are favourite subjects with painters and poets. There is something attractive and picturesque in a mill in motion. The water descending upon the outer wheel, the machinery revolving, the white round grain running in above and coming out in meal below, the dusty miller watching his wheels moving and his maidens sifting the seeds or chaff from the flour, together with the pleasing din and agreeable sight of running water, the dust issuing in gusts from crevice and wicket, and the sudden cessation of sounds melodious, or otherwise, when the task is performed, all unite in forming a picture addressed both to mind and eye. Nor is the scene around the mill of inferior interest; the shelling-hill is at hand whitened over with husks, broken mill-stones lie about; one forms a rude bridge over the race or trough that conducts the water to the outer wheel, others are sunk nigh the door as pavement, while perhaps the last pair which fulfilled their term of service lean against the wall along with fragments of discarded machinery. Then there is the kiln where the corn is dried, with its

cowl above which turns with the wind; the kiln-man too, as black as the miller is white, lying side-long watching the result of his fire or turning the warming grain on pierced iron plates, or more perilous still, upon straw. If to this we add cocks and hens to the shelling-hill, ducks to the mill-dam and a vagrant boy trying to lure the suspicious trouts with a hook and worm, we may consider the chief features of the scene as complete.

With scenes such as we have imperfectly described the eye of Ruysdael was familiar. Of this no other testimony need be required than the fine work before us. The mill is a rudely picturesque structure compared with the mills of these our latter days of invention and improvement, and might form a not inapt illustration to the lively tale of the Monk and the Miller's Wife. The painter's mill is covered roughly with a sort of reed-thatch with which a sharp wind seems to have sported; the mill of our day is handsomely covered with patent slate; his outer wheel is a heavy affair and the framework which sustains it is of a rude pattern; our outer as well as inner wheels are constructed with geometrical accuracy, revolve on polished pinions without sound and the framework on which they are supported is a model of scientific elegance. In short the water-mill of Ruysdael though not equal to that of the year 1833 for performing its task is infinitely better adapted to the picturesque purposes of art: a ragged house in which no one

would dare to live, and from whose bellying walls the rats have instinctively run away, becomes more the canvas of the artist than a trim and perpendicular dwelling free from symptoms of decay.

We have some suspicion that the painter admits the water to the wheel at an elevation much too low for the purpose of fully commanding the machinery. It must however be borne in mind that the land where the scene is laid is level and inclining to be marshy; the descent therefore of the mill-stream could not be great, and so for want of what is called "fall" he has made compensation in quantity of water. The artist with a true sense of the value of such things has constructed his mill against the ruined and grass-crowned wall of some castle or fortalice which lures the mind of the spectator back to earlier and perhaps sterner days. The mill is in motion, two hinds are busied among the rushes which fringe the little lake into which the water runs when it is thrown from the wheel, and a comely housewife stands at the door, seemingly as happy as the northern dame when she sung,

Dusty was the coat
Dusty was the colour
And dusty was the kiss
I got frae the miller.

Of the life of Ruysdael we have already spoken; and though we have more to say on that subject

we prefer at present saying something about his works. One prominent feature is the perfect truth and nature of all his delineations; his Italian studies did not deliver him over entirely to fancy; he had a poetic attachment, that was all, to picturesque things; he in no instance wished to please men with the hope that he was doing something better. His dreams were of this earth, he painted no landscapes with the belief that some more heavenly world would be discovered to suit them. It is this which makes us frequently think of Ruysdael as we wander through forest glades, along lonely shores, and by the banks of romantic streams; we see him every where in nature, but we seldom see Claude or any of those artists who have painted scenes of pure imagination. The fine picture which has called forth these hasty remarks is in the collection of Colonel Hugh Baillie.



HOLY FAMILY.

Engraved from the original by J. M. W. Turner, R.S.A.

F. BAROCCIO.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

THIS beautiful picture, measuring three feet wide, by three feet nine inches high, was long in the Cesare Palace at Perugia ; it passed into the collection of Holwell Carr, and came from him by bequest into the National Gallery, where it is distinguished by a gracefulness of expression approaching to the gay, and by a florid beauty of colour which induced a writer to say that the painter fed his figures on roses. Connoisseurs and critics have united in perceiving and censuring what they call an unbecoming levity of expression in the leading figures of the composition. Baroccio, say they, has made the infant St. John alarm a bird and tantalize a cat, much to the satisfaction of old Joseph, who leans forward and seems to enjoy the joke mightily, and also to the pleasure of Christ, who is nestled in his mother's bosom. We have ourselves, when critics were in a surly mood, been suspected of seeing more in a picture than could well be seen, and to say the truth, we have sometimes guessed at what was doing inside a house from what we saw outside ; but we never indulged in conjectures injurious to the merit

of the painter or his work, we ventured only to carry on the scene a little further in its own spirit. It is not exactly in this way that the following remarks on this picture were written. "In treating," says Ottley, "the subject of the Madonna and Child, or of the Holy Family, preceding artists had seldom forgotten that a certain devoutness of sentiment and dignified deportment in the figures could not properly be altogether dispensed with; however, like Correggio, Titian, and even Raphael himself, they might often for the sake of picturesque variety, depart more or less from that rigid system of regularity in their distribution, which the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had used as best conducive to the solemnity of character befitting sacred imagery; and though sometimes they would allot secular employments to those venerated personages, exhibiting Joseph at his carpenter's bench, or the Virgin filling a vase with water from a streamlet; still they are careful to avoid any thing like unbecoming levity."

The "unbecoming levity" which this critic reprehends, consists in the infant St. John holding up a goldfinch towards an open window, out of the reach of a cat, and in the approving looks of Christ and Joseph. Now the picture is of a domestic kind; the scene is laid within doors, and the way in which the inmates are employed is perfectly consistent, and in strict keeping with the precept which enjoins tenderness and mercy to all living

- things. The work too is in its nature typical, and it is evidently in this sense that the Virgin mother takes it; she is pointing it out to the child at her bosom, and though Joseph, an ordinary person, is looking upon it perhaps as an ordinary matter, it has for the other actors a mystic meaning. Such is the way in which we interpret the picture, and we are borne out in our views by the character of the painter, who was a devout man and has never been reproached save in this instance with “unbecoming levity” in things holy.

Frederick Baroccio was born at Urbino in the year 1528; he was allied by blood to a race of artists: his studies and parentage united him with the Roman school, and he was taught perspective by his uncle Bartolomeo Genga; but he derived his knowledge chiefly, it is said, from Batista Franco, a Venetian by birth, and a Florentine in style. In his twentieth year he went to Rome, where he was so struck with the grandeur of the works of Michael Angelo, that he was not satisfied till he had copied all his statues and paintings in Florence as well as in the capital. Nor did he neglect the antique; but his admiration of outline and expression induced him too much to disregard colouring, and when he sought to master this in after life his roseate hues harmonized indifferently with his severe and forcible drawing. “In Rome he may be seen,” says Lanzi, “in some evangelical subjects painted in fresco in a chapel in the Minerva, and

preferred by Vasari to any other of his works. He also decorated the choir of the metropolitan church of Urbino in fresco, and there left a Madonna in oil placed between St. Peter and St. Paul, in the best Florentine style, except that the latter figure is rather attenuated. There is a grand picture in oil by him in the tribune of St. Venanzio in Fabriano, containing the Virgin, with the titular and two other protecting saints. In the sacristy of the cathedral of Osimo, I saw many small pictures representing the life of Christ, painted by him in the year 1547, as we learn from the archives of that church."

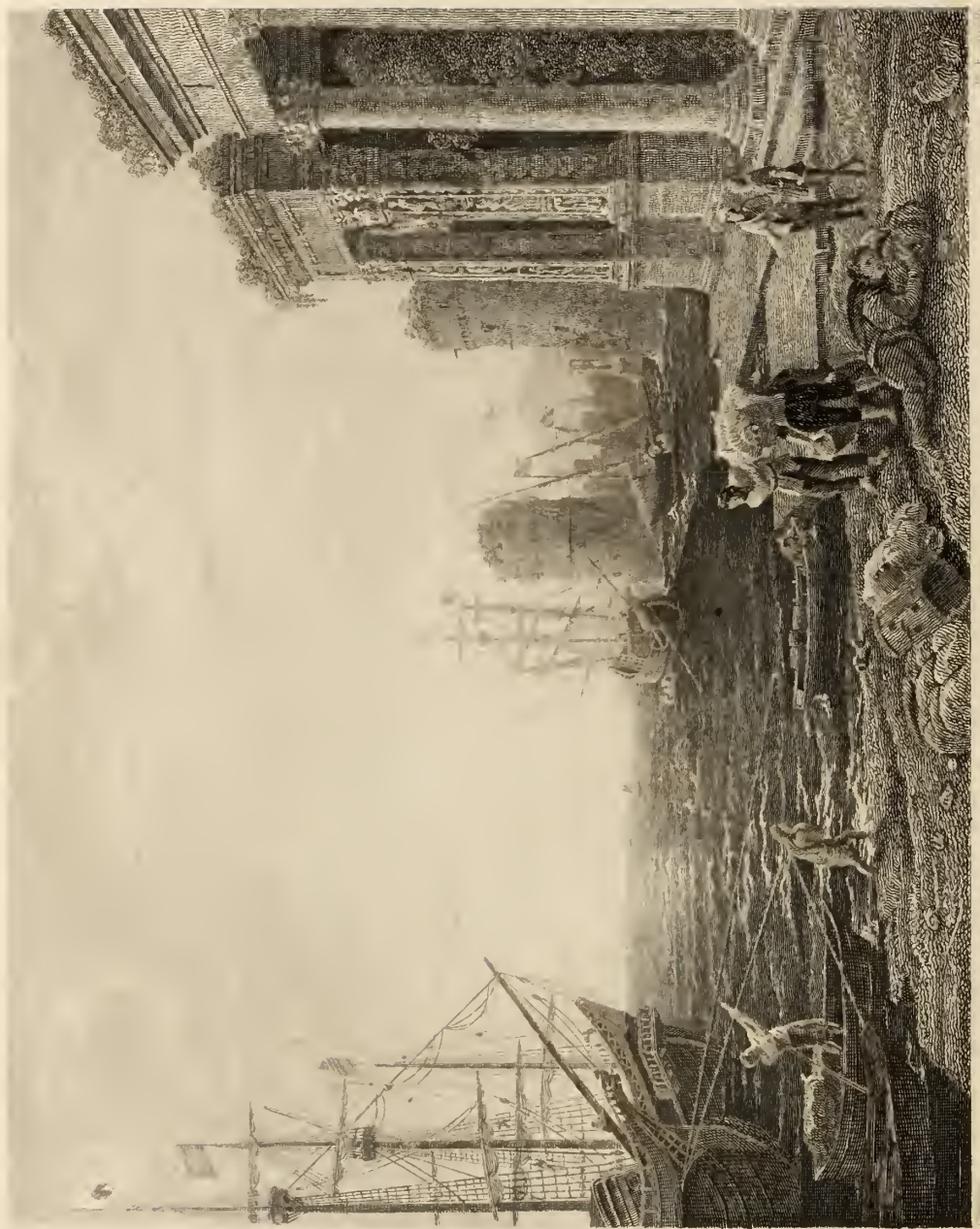
Baroccio became eminent, lived to an old age, and founded a school which had many scholars. He was distinguished both for history and portrait, and like other great artists, did not hesitate when he found a living face full of expression and beauty to introduce it into his historic pictures. Like our own Wilkie, he rarely painted any figure without first satisfying himself in a small model, a practice common to mostly all the great artists, including Raphael; his sister was his model for his Madonnas, and her child for his infant Saviours and St. Johns; a family likeness may be traced in the picture before us. He imagined that he imitated Titian, and it is certain that for a time he wrought in the manner of Raphael, of which his St. Cecilia, and more particularly his St. Sebastian, considered by Mancini as his masterpiece, may be looked upon as examples; but the softness and gracefulness of his style led him insen-

sibly to the imitation of Correggio, in whose natural and happy manner he executed many noble works, such as the St. Simon and Judas in the church of the Conventuals.

It must be confessed that he never equalled Correggio's natural, graceful, and grand style of composition ; and it was well for his reputation that his genius led him into a path more peculiarly his own. Yet his works may be called fine imitations of that great master. " In the heads of his children," observes Lanzi, " and of his female figures, he approaches nearly to him ; also in the easy flow of his drapery, in the pure contour, in the mode of foreshortening his figures ; but in general design he is not so grand, and his chiaro-scuro less ideal ; his tints are lucid and well arranged, and bear a resemblance to the beautiful hues of Correggio, but they have neither his strength nor truth. It is however delightful to see the great variety of colours he has employed so exquisitely blended by his pencil, and there is perhaps no music more finely harmonized to the ear than his pictures are to the eye. This is in a great measure the effort of the chiaro-scuro, to which he paid the greatest attention, and which he was the first to introduce into the schools of Lower Italy. Having made his design he prepared a cartoon, the size of his intended picture, from whence he traced the contours on his canvas ; he then on a small scale tried the disposition of his colours, and proceeded to the execution of his work. Perfection

was his aim in every picture, a maxim which ensures excellence to artists of genius."

The life of Baroccio was written at some length by Bellori, from which we gather that his pencil delighted most in religious subjects: the portraits which he painted are few, and his works on profane story far from numerous. His burning of Troy, in two pictures, adorns the Borghese Gallery. He died in 1612, aged 84, leaving behind him a high name for productions of a devout and tender character; his *Repose in Egypt* resembles in some degree the "*Madonna del Gatto*," Joseph is plucking wild cherries for the infant Saviour—a natural if not a lofty action.



CLAUDE LORRAINE.

A SEAPORT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THIS truly splendid picture is in his Majesty's Collection ; it has the clear and serene poetic air of the chief productions of the great painter, and bears no faint resemblance to other works from his pencil in London. We allude to those in the National Gallery, the *St. Ursula* and, more particularly, the *Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba* on her way to visit Solomon. But though there is a resemblance in the leading features of the landscape there are some important points of difference. For saints and eastern queens we have men familiar with barter, brokerage, and pilotage, and for superbly carved galleys with sails of silk, and diffusing from their streamers

Sabean odours from the spicy shore

Of Araby the blest,

we have good ordinary sea-worthy ships returned from some mercantile voyage and redolent of pitch and bilge-water. If we examine the whole scene we will see that all is nevertheless in strict keeping. To deserted temples and forsaken towers crowned with rank weeds instead of banners, Claude

could not well bring gondolas and galleys such as those in which Cleopatra sailed down the Cydnus : but he imagined what will sometimes be found true, that mercantile industry survived aristocratic splendour, and executed his picture accordingly. The lustre of the slow descending sun is delineated with astonishing force and truth ; in the art of communicating a tranquil air, or an all but un-endurable splendour to his compositions he has never been excelled. Though we are informed that the painter had a Mediterranean seaport in his eye when he painted this picture ; it is chiefly a poetic conception, though more like something in existence than is usual with Claude. He was a great master in architecture ; his porticos are very finely proportioned, and one of the two in this picture with square double columns, pannelled, ornamented, and placed on single pedestals, is at once elegant and original.

He was born in Lorraine in the year 1600 ; so little was his genius anticipated that he was apprenticed to a pastry cook and wrought till he became almost a man at a work which he could not but dislike. When he began to study art those that undertook to teach him considered him rather dull than otherwise : Agostino Tassi afterwards related that it was with great labour he taught him how to prepare his colours or comprehend the scientific rules of perspective. As soon however as he began to master these preliminaries his mind

expanded ; his eagerness to excel knew no bounds, and his imagination delighted in poetic delineations, in which some had the sagacity to perceive the rudiments of those matchless compositions which have made him the delight of all nations. In his youth he found his way to Rome, and endeavoured in the academy to acquire a knowledge of the human figure ; he succeeded to a certain degree, but never excelled ; and his compositions carry with them the reproach of being the work of various hands. In truth the wonderful beauty of his landscapes requires loveliness equal or superior to that of the Apollo and the Venus ; his ground seems fit only to be touched by celestial feet, and his air to be fanned by heavenly wings. His pictures are in all things poetical ; no one on a journey ever sees a scene which recalls Claude ; we behold him sometimes in the summer skies, when

“ The air is mild, the wind is calm,
The stream is smooth, the dew is balm,”

but we know of nothing earthly so passing fair and lovely as his views of temples, streams, and valleys.

Let no one however suppose that he found all this excellence in imagination alone, and that nature had nothing to do with it. On the contrary, it is related of him that he sought to explore the true principles of painting by an incessant examination of nature, for which purpose he studied in the open fields, where he wrought from sunrise to twilight,

taking views of heaven and earth under every influence which he felt might be useful in his compositions. He noted every fine tinge of light ; took sketches of the sunbeams dropping from cloud to cloud, and it was his chief delight to see the sun rising or setting on a wide tranquil sea, scattering its long lines of dazzling light on wave and shore, tinging the sea-fowl's wing, the rock, the ruined tower, or the passing sail. On such materials he set his poetic fancy to work, and produced those bright and glorious compositions which may have been equalled, but surely were never surpassed.

Claude has the luck of being one of those landscape painters who pleased the difficult Fuseli ; he is of the ten singled out as heirs of fame. We have sometimes differed with the Professor in matters of taste or detail, but we agree with him cordially in the following sentiments which we would advise some of the landscape painters of these our later days to read oftener than once. “ The last branch of uninteresting subjects is that kind of landscape entirely occupied with the tame delineation of a given spot ; an enumeration of hill and dale, clumps of trees, shrubs, water, meadows, cottages, and houses, what is commonly called views. These, if not assisted by nature, dictated by taste, or chosen for character, may delight the owner of the acres they enclose, the inhabitants of the spot, perhaps the antiquary or the traveller, but to every other eye they are little more than topography. The

landscape of Titian, of Mola, of Salvator, of the Poussins, Claude, Rubens, Elzheimer, Rembrandt, and Wilson, spurns all relation with this kind of map-work. Height, depth, solitude, strike, terrify, absorb, bewilder in their scenery; we tread on classic or romantic ground, or wander through the characteristic groups of rich congenial objects." It is quite certain that an accurate transcript of a scene is not enough for true art, unless the scene is in itself poetic. Nature is excellent, but something more is required; we every day see delineations which we cannot deny are natural, while at the same time we perceive that they want that fine conception and vital warmth and lustre which belong to works of genius.

No one has done more justice to the merits of Claude than Pilkington: "his skies," he observes, "are warm and full of lustre, and every object properly illumined. His distances are admirable, and, in a very delightful union and harmony, not only excite our applause, but our admiration. His invention is pleasing, his colouring delicate, and his tints have such an agreeable sweetness and variety as have been but imperfectly imitated by subsequent artists, but were never equalled. He frequently gave an uncommon tenderness to his finished trees by glazing; and in his large compositions which he painted in fresco he was so exact that the distinct species of every tree might readily be distinguished." He conceived the general character of his pictures

at once ; he laboured upon them with unremitting care ; and where he failed to please himself at first, he touched, and re-touched till he came up to the image existing in his mind. He has been observed to hurry home from the fields to communicate to his canvas some fresh beauty which he had just picked up from nature. His pictures are very rare, especially such as are uninjured by time : and though the price they bring is enormous, it is not considered by the world as superior to their merit. He died at the age of eighty-two, leaving a fame which will not likely suffer an early eclipse.



MURILLO.

SPANISH PEASANT BOY.

WE have hitherto selected our pictures from the Dutch, the English, and the Italian schools: on the work before us the stamp of a different school and the character of another people are visible. It is said that Wilkie the painter visited Spain chiefly for the purpose of examining the productions of Velasquez and Murillo, and comparing them with the land, the people, and the remains of the old Spanish spirit and manners. How it was with Velasquez we have not heard, but Murillo and nature were found to be the same. He is a truly national painter, and the express image of the time and the people is on all his productions: those who are intimate with his pictures have observed a touch of the Moorish character in them: the Moors communicated, as the inimitable ballads of Lockhart sufficiently testify, something of an eastern warmth and glow to the Spanish poetry; touching with light the darker parts like sunshine scattered over a clouded landscape: a drop or so of their impetuous blood mingled with the calmer Castilian and left a shade of that swart people in the face of many

Spaniards. Strangers who visit our National Gallery will be at no loss to single out the work of this eminent painter. The pictures of that collection are connected with each other by kindred ties; there is a general lineament of brotherhood: the Dutch school unites with the Flemish, the Flemish with the English, and the English with the Italian: but there is one picture which in character, colour and handling, differs from all around and unites with none—it is from the pencil of Bartolomeo Estevan Murillo.

This accomplished artist was born at Seville on the first day of January, one thousand six hundred and thirteen; of the condition of his parents we have no account: a visit to the studio of his relative Juan del Castillo made him a painter, and to him he was indebted for instructions in the use of colours and the science of art. His kinsman seems to have been something of a patron to him, which countenances the supposition that his parents were poor; for when Juan removed to Cadiz, Murillo was obliged, say his biographers, to earn subsistence by painting banners and small pictures for exportation to South America. But the emblazoning of banners was in the earlier days of art a part of the profession, and honourable too and profitable: the small pictures spoken of were chiefly of a religious kind, and ordered by the government, or purchased by wealthy merchants for the churches of the New World. The vigour of his delineations and the

natural freshness and force of his colouring began to be widely noticed when Pedro de Moya on his way through Seville to Cadiz exhibited some of his pictures painted in the manner of Vandyke. Murillo was so struck with the beauty and force of those compositions that he resolved to study for the future in the same school: he availed himself of such instructions and aid as de Moya could give him, and finding these insufficient, resolved to repair to Rome, the fountain head of art, and seek improvement among the great masters. He was now twenty-nine years old; the exportation trade had given him bread without augmenting his fortune, he was too poor for an expensive journey and his friends looked upon it as a wild undertaking and withheld their help. Murillo was not of a nature to be daunted with common obstacles; he bought a quantity of canvas, divided it into squares of various sizes, and painted many little pictures of flowers, miracles, angels ascending and descending, and on the produce of these reached Madrid on his way to Italy.

On his arrival in the metropolis he found Velasquez in a fair way of obtaining permanent fame as well as fortune; Murillo made himself known to his distinguished brother and informed him of his history and of his plans; Velasquez was struck with the talents and pleased with the enthusiasm of the young painter; he treated him with great kindness—he did more, he persuaded him to seek

art in nature instead of looking for it in pictures, and, to enable him to do this more effectually, obtained him full employment in the Escorial and the various palaces of Madrid. The colouring of his new patron pleased him so well that he kept his works in his eye in many of his compositions, and soon succeeded in satisfying his countrymen that a painter rivalling Velasquez and Vandyke in force of colour and freedom of handling had arisen among them. He remained in Madrid three years ; so much had fortune smiled on him that on returning to Seville he had no longer to make his way smooth by manufacturing flower pieces, and so much had his fame risen that he was welcomed back to his native place as one whose talents conferred honour.

He received immediate employment both from the clergy and people of Seville ; for the former he painted the cloister of St. Francis, and so happily did he handle the history of the saint that his countrymen, say his biographers, could not suppress their admiration and astonishment. His picture of the death of St. Clara, and one finer still, St. James distributing alms, carried his reputation high and spread it far ; in these he shewed himself worthy of being named with the first masters of his country. Commissions now poured in from all quarters : church after church obtained attractions from his hand : nor was he less skilful in portrait delineation than in historic composition ; wealth followed fame,

and in a short while he acquired what was to him an independent fortune. "His success, however," says Pilkington, "never led him to be careless of his reputation; he gradually perfected his manner, by giving more boldness to his pencil, and without abandoning that sweetness in his colouring which distinguished him from all his rivals, encreasing its strength and giving greater freedom to his touch."

He was invited to Cadiz, where he painted the grand altar of the Capuchins, and his more celebrated work the Marriage of St. Catherine. In one of those moments when a man of genius minds nothing save the subject which possesses his fancy Murillo forgot that he was working on a lofty scaffold, and fell and hurt himself so severely that he continued a sufferer for years, till death relieved him in the month of April, 1682. His works are numerous and of various kinds; he was a painter of history, landscape, flowers, and occasionally portraits. He is altogether of Spanish growth; he never studied out of his native land, and his works bear witness that he went to nature chiefly for all that has given him fame. "This originality of talent," says one of his biographers, "places him in the first rank among the painters of every school. He has neither the charming dignity of Raphael, the grandeur of Caracci, nor the grace of Correggio, but as a faithful imitator of nature he is second to none; he is sometimes vulgar and incorrect, but he is ever true and natural, and the sweetness, brilli-

ancy, freshness and harmony of his colouring make us forget all his defects." We refrain at present from making remarks on the historic style of this eminent painter, inasmuch as we have a noble, and little known, scriptural picture of his in the hands of the engraver, lately consigned from Spain to W. W. Sharp, Esq. of Upper Berkeley street, Portman-square, which will afford us an opportunity of doing his genius justice.

The picture to which these hasty remarks refer was presented to the National Gallery by M. M. Zachery, Esq., it measures one foot ten inches high, by one foot four inches wide; is supposed to be a portrait, and is painted with uncommon lightness of pencil.



LOUTHERBOURG.

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

THIS picture belonging to the collection of John Slater, Esq. is one of the best landscapes we have seen from the pencil of Loutherbouurg. He was a great master in his way: no one knew better how to make the little that nature had done for him go far; his skill in theatrical scenery enabled him to single out readily all the glittering materials of the picturesque, and his academic experience aided him in arranging them on his canvas in a striking and imposing manner. His eye was familiar with foreign nature and over-sea art, and something of another land mingles in all his productions; yet one or two of the leading features of our island landscape may be traced in the work before us: a picture resembling it in some degree is at present in the Royal Collection where it is called a castle in Wales. Nevertheless we are inclined to regard it as a composition: nature seldom crowds so many interesting matters into such small compass: Loutherbouurg was intimate with all the resources and commonplaces of art, and knew how to blend them together and work them up with effect. Here we

have a ruined castle to recall past times, with architecture indicating the gothic race who raised it: a mill formed among the ruined defences, with its machinery turned by the stream which once filled the fosse, to shew that peace and industry have triumphed; while shrubs and trees, like the vines in the versified conceit of Addison

“Anxious to conceal great Bourbon’s crimes,”

cover with their thick foliage those rents in the shattered fortress which jarred with the general harmony of the composition. Cattle are drinking or cooling their hoofs in a little pond of quiet water; rustics are removing their well filled sacks from the mill, while a female mendicant with her child lingers on the road feeling the fragrance, perhaps, of the warm new-ground meal, or sensible, like most of the wandering race, of the beauty of the scene around.

Philip James de Louthembourg was born at Strasburgh in the year 1740; his father, principal painter to the Prince Hanau Darmstadt, had studied with success under Largilliere; but though an artist himself, he had no desire to see his son embrace his precarious profession, and destined him for the engineer department of the army, while his wife, a devout and earnest Lutheran, wished to have him trained up for the ministry of the church. As a liberal education was required for both, Louthembourg was placed in the college of Strasburgh

where he made progress in languages as well as mathematics: nor was this all, he secretly bestowed his attention upon art, and had acquired some skill in drawing as well as the use of colours when his parents made the unwelcome discovery, and seeing both their schemes frustrated consented that he should follow what his genius seemed to incline to. He studied for some time under his father, and was then sent to Paris where he found an instructor in Carlo Van Loo. It is said that he displayed uncommon quickness of eye and readiness of hand: that he made great progress is beyond doubt, for at the age of twenty-two he was elected, like our own Lawrence, a member of the Academy of Painting contrary to the fixed regulations which made thirty the age of admission. This breach of academic rules was set down to the uncommon genius of the painter; the world looked for wonders from his hand, and it cannot be denied that he laboured to show himself worthy; he was not however very successful in Paris; he quitted it without reluctance; studied in Germany, in Switzerland and finally settled in Italy, where he painted with equal willingness and celerity, portraits, landscapes, and battles by sea and land. Some of these were purchased by English travellers: to vindicate their own discernment and taste they praised them as marvellous things of the kind: the name of Louthembourg began to be heard of in our island, and the painter himself arrived in London in the year 1771.

At that period the two chief masters of British landscape were living, and their merits acknowledged: Gainsborough had obtained independence by his marriage as well as by his talents, and painted according to his own pleasure: Wilson was too poor to follow the impulse of his genius and occupied himself in the drudgery of copying his own pictures when he longed to be creating something new: but neither were much in the way of Louthembourg, he was a foreigner, and as such found favour in the sight of all those, and they are not few, who imagine that artists trained in over-sea academies cannot fail to excel those educated at home, and who have moreover a kind of twilight belief in the absurd assertion of Winklemann that our climate is too cold for producing either fine feeling or high imagination. Garrick seems to have estimated his genius more justly, he employed him to paint the scenery for Drury Lane. Here his quickness of hand and his powers of combination were called into life and activity; cascades white with foam; rocks shaggy and wood-crowned; ruined temples with owls on the roof; shattered castles with foxes looking out of the windows; wide spreading lakes studded with islets, the islets again inhabited by deer, robbers or hermits, with moons unnaturally luminous and stars more than naturally bright, together with agitated oceans and foundering ships, were all things in which the painter excelled and which he jumbled together and reproduced in other landscapes as a sculptor

melts down many strange pieces of metal and pouring the whole into one mould gives a new form to old materials. These picturesque creations had their admirers; the good people of the galleries applaud whatever is portentous and glaring, and the painter attributed, and with justice, some of the praise showered upon Garrick when he triumphed on the scene, to the charms of his own pictorial compositions and the fascination of his colours.

The approbation of the pit and galleries was not lost on the Royal Academy; in the year 1782 Louthembourg was admitted a member, and became in rotation a visitor and one of the Council. His success at the theatre emboldened him to try the effect of a series of moving pictures in which he sought to unite the machinist and the painter, by giving motion as well as form; that nothing might be wanting to allure and detain public attention, he added music to the representation, and called his entertainment "Eidophusikon" or an imitation of nature. At first the town wondered what all this might be, painting, music, and an unpronounceable name brought crowds for a space; but a strange fish, which the ingenuity of a sailor tortured into something like a mermaid, made its appearance and the Eidophusikon was neglected and forgotten. Louthembourg after this exhibition, which brought money, notwithstanding its brief fame, painted the Review of Warley Camp, which found a place in

the Royal Collection; the victory of Earl Howe and the siege of Valenciennes. He died at his residence in Chiswick in the year 1812.

His genius as a painter was not of a high order: his excellence lay in landscape; his scenery was sometimes beautiful, but he delighted in violent contrasts and in glaring colours. His pictures belong to the picturesque school; he was skilful in composition, he knew where to plant a tree, pour a cascade, drop his cattle, scatter his shepherds and raise a ruined tower or a crumbling temple. In short he was one of those artists produced by the cherishing heat of academies rather than by nature's genial warmth; he stood high in his day, but every year is taking something from his fame; such must be the fate of all in whom art is stronger than nature.



THE VIOLINIST

By the Author of "The Virtuoso"

JOB BERKHEYDEN.

THE MERRY FIDDLER.

THERE are painters who seek to awe us by their wild and supernatural flights: some who desire to instruct us by their historical delineations: others whose chief pleasure lies in depicting the varied aspect of inanimate nature: a vast number lay out their time and their colours in preserving the looks of the rich or the important; nor is the class small who reprove vice and show folly her own contemptible likeness, but the artists who seem to have satisfied the world most are those who embody scenes of domestic joy, rustic delight, and fire-side happiness. Of this class not the least remarkable was Job Berkheyden. We need not go further for an example of his taste and his skill than the scene before us: one no doubt that the painter himself had seen and enjoyed. It is a picture which belongs to a happy people: the sole inhabitant of the canvas seems well to live in the world, is on good terms with himself, and is in all probability a jolly bachelor who in the cool contents of a choice bottle, the inspiration of a ballad and the

charms of music seeks consolation for the absence of

“ —— dear deluding woman

The joy of joys.”

He has other materials of enjoyment scattered about: a song whose heading is “ Minstrelsy above all things” is stuck on the wall close to his bow-hand: on the other side are some small Dutch-built volumes to be opened perhaps when the fiddle is hung on the nail behind him, and we see something like a chair of state with arms and a canopy which indicate a man of consequence in the village, whose word as well as music is listened to. On looking at this picture in the very interesting collection of R. Ludgate, Esq. we were touched with the festive character of the composition, the truth of the expression and the natural tone of the colouring.

Job Berkheyden was born at Haerlem—a city distinguished for its brave resistance to the victorious Spaniards—sometime during the year 1637. Little is known here of his early life, and less of his works than some of them seem to deserve: his instructor is not named: his biographer contented himself with giving him the picturesque banks of the Rhine for his academy, from whose wooded sides and hurrying waters he collected materials, we are told, for many pretty landscapes. When he had taken a number of sittings from inanimate nature he turned his attention to men and animals, nor was he ill to please in his models for he found them in boors, innkeepers and shepherds, and in the ordinary

drudging cattle which ply on the road, or are to be seen in the fields. When he had acquired sufficient skill in such delineations he then thought of uniting landscape with life, and in imitation of Teniers, pictured the peasants of his native land at feasts, weddings, dances, drinkings and conversations. The truth of character and agreeable colouring of these compositions carried his name over the province and he acquired both money and reputation. He seems now to have associated his brother Gerard, some seven years younger than himself, with his labours : they painted many pictures in conjunction and lived so happily together that they engaged in a sort of romantic expedition which ended favourably for their fortunes.

Their native place, it is said, was not sufficiently generous or kind, and the two brothers determined to seek more discerning patrons. They heard much of the munificence of the Elector Palatine : how he encouraged genius and rewarded art, and without an introduction of any kind or a friend to aid them they set out for the court of the Prince. They wasted several days in wandering about the palace or its neighbourhood : they were personally unknown to all, and it would seem that their fame had not yet penetrated to the throne. At last they fell upon a scheme of making themselves known—a scheme much resorted to by the painters of these our latter days—they resolved to try what an exhibition would do : “ Having often observed,” says

Pilkington, “ the Elector going out to the chase, Berkheyden took particular notice of all the nobility in his train, and then with the aid of his brother finished two pictures containing the portraits of the prince and his principal attendants. When the pictures were finished he prevailed with an officer of the household to place them in a gallery through which his highness passed at his return. The prince no sooner saw them than he expressed the greatest surprise and satisfaction at the performance: enquired after the artists, and ordering them to be brought into his presence received them graciously, rewarded them nobly for their work and made them considerable presents besides, among which were two medals of gold.” These are pleasing traits in the characters of princes and painters: it is seldom that biography has aught so romantic to relate of either: the former rarely now favour the unfriended, and the latter paint and complain without trying to awaken slumbering generosity by any such poetic attempts. The painter died in 1693: his works are not common in this country.



CANALETTO.

VENICE.

VENICE has sat so often to our limners of late that we are almost weary of looking on her loveliness ; we are familiar with the Bridge of Sighs, we have been rated on the Rialto ; we have sailed up her canals in a gondola amid the music of many flutes, and finally we have looked on her when, with banners spread and her people rejoicing, she was shown by Turner floating amid the Adriatic like a city gone to sea. Of all those, and they are many who have painted this “ Sea Wonder ” of the poet, no one has come up to Canaletto for perfect truth and decided reality : he was a native of Venice ; he was familiar with all her palaces, arsenals and canals ; he had looked on her by the sun and by the moon, and her perfect image was impressed on his mind as legibly as a seal is on the melted wax. In this he has excelled all other artists and in this chiefly : for most of his pictures want that aerial splendour with which artists of imagination know how to invest their temples and towers. To ensure accuracy of delineation he employed the Camera Obscura, laid down the chief lines and leading features,

and then throwing aside the instrument touched the whole into elegance and beauty with the pencil. His buildings have a rich and glossy look as if they were raised of polished marble, and his water has the natural gleam of the element, a demure sea-green with a light glimmering below the surface. The picture from which our engraving is taken belongs to the collection of Lord Farnborough, and not inaptly embodies the description of Byron.

“ She looks a Sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance with majestic motion
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ; her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers,
In purple was she robed and of her feast
Monarchs partook and deemed their dignity en-
creased.”

The works of Canaletto are numerous among us, he was born at Venice in the year 1697, and as his father Bernardo painted scenes for the theatres he was early initiated into the details of perspective, and the mysteries of colour, and acquired that wondrous facility of hand for which all his biographers have praised him. He grew weary of dashing in cascades and ruined towers, and hermitages and scenes of Tophet or Elysium for the playhouse, and made his escape to Rome where he drew from

nature—and the nature round the Eternal City is lovely—and studied ancient ruins of which he found but too many in the town and neighbourhood. Having acquired the necessary science and skill he returned to Venice and took many views of that city—views which nature and art united to render magnificent. Others however he copied with the utmost nicety from the scene before him, which make them acceptable to men who have not been so fortunate as to look upon the Queen of the Adriatic: it is chiefly through pictures of this latter class that Canaletto is known in England. By the advice of Amicona he came to London, remained with us for two years, and painted a perspective view of the inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, for Walpole, who placed it in his curious gothic retreat at Strawberry-Hill: several of his pictures found their way into Buckingham Palace, but whether they were painted here or purchased abroad, we happen not to know.

Canaletto seems to have found favour in the eyes of Lanzi, for he dedicates two entire pages to his history and works. “He composed” says the historian of Italian art, “a great number of inventive pieces forming a graceful union of the modern and the antique—of truth and of fancy together. Several of these he produced for Algarotti; but the most novel and instructive of any, as it seems to me, is the picture in which the grand bridge of Rialto designed by Palladio, instead of that which

at present is seen, overlooks the great canal, crowned beyond with the cathedral of Vicenza and the Palazzo Chericato, Palladio's own works, along with other choice edifices, disposed according to the taste of that learned writer, who has so much contributed to improve that of all Italy, and even beyond Italy itself. For the greater correctness of his perspectives Canaletto made use of the optic Camera, though he obviated its defects especially in the tints of the airs. The first indeed to point out the real use of it, he limited it only to what was calculated to afford pleasure. He aimed at producing great effect and in this partakes somewhat of Tiopolo, who occasionally introduced figures into his pieces for him. In whatever he employs his pencil, whether buildings, water, clouds, or figures he never fails to impress them with a vigorous character ; always viewing objects in their most favourable aspect. When he avails himself of a certain pictorial licence he does it with caution, and in such a way that the generality of spectators consider it quite natural, while true judges only are sensible of its art—an art which he possessed in a very eminent degree."

This is to look at the genius of Canaletto through the medium of one class of his pictures, and there is no question but something like the dawnings of imagination may be observed even in his most literal copies. It says little we fear for the taste of this country that his Venetian fac-similes have been

chiefly in request—scenes which our travellers considered as beautiful they desired to bring with them, in order to travel all their travels over again at home, and in this way and no other can we account for the great number of his pictures in England. His labours at the theatre, in which he was often called upon to dash in half a dozen landscapes in an incredibly short space of time, gave that almost marvellous rapidity to his pencil over which so many have wondered: we must however set down to his own good taste the pains which he took to make them accurate, and that air of reality which he communicated to all he touched. His fastidious accuracy of delineation has its drawbacks; men lose the grand in the minute; the majestic in the neat, and in giving every pillar and pilaster, architrave and coign of vantage, with the fidelity of a Clerk of the works, the eye is called to these inferior points from the general sweep and outline of the performance. In many of our lesser landscapes the trees of the forest sat sometimes for their individual portraits; the minutest matter is marked without reflecting that it is the leading features alone on which the eye of the spectator lingers. In painting a birch, an ash, an elm or an oak the touch which distinguishes their natures is wanted, and not the detail of leaf and bark and bough. In all that belongs to the elegant and the accurate Canaletto was a master; he lived to a great age, established something like a school, and instructed his nephew

Bernardo Bellotto in his system of painting. He has had few followers, the pains which he took alarm all such students as expect to produce landscape by broad masses of colour and sudden bursts of light and darkness; those who can only copy nature must copy her exactly, for the moment they forsake her they fail: those who have true imagination may do as they like, for in their hands the wildest flights are united to truth and nature by the spell which genius throws over all her works. Canaletto must be considered as the chief of the Architectural painters; many have his accuracy but few his lucid depth of colour; fewer still can like him endow a work of reality with the hues of imagination: he lived in Venice after he returned from England, and died there in the year 1768.



VANGOOL.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

THE works of this painter are not numerous in this country ; the picture before us belongs to the collection of Mr. Hargrave of Liverpool. It tells its own story very clearly, and is in its nature domestic. Vangoool has laid the scene during the grape season, for some fine large bunches are plucked and placed in a cooler ; a cluster or two have already been used, for so the artist means to let us understand by strewing leaves on the floor. It is day-time too, the sunlight is mild on the window, nor is hunting an amusement without its attractions, for a handsome greyhound seems ready for the chace. The house belongs to one of some condition ; the ceiling is high, the beams are neatly squared, and all has a substantial if not an opulent look. The party who give life to this scene next merit attention ; four persons are at a table, two men and two women ; a man and a woman are engaged in a game at cards ; the latter holds out the ace with an air of quiet triumph, nor is the former without his triumph too ; he has not yet seen what his partner produces against him, but

takes out the Queen of Hearts, and looking with a quiet consciousness in the face of a young lady beside him seems to say, with his eye, "what this is to the pack so you are to me." A man in a dark cloak and the lady with the ace appear ignorant of all this bye-play, and it must be confessed that the young lady, the object of so much attention, bears it with a sort of balanced equanimity of look; she acknowledges the matter with her eyes and rests content. The painter has impressed love, wine, and the chase on his picture; all is simple, there are no elaborate auxiliaries.

In scenes of this domestic nature the heart of England feels an interest; the grand or high historical seems almost a flight above common sympathy. We think portrait would work well in groups such as this before us; and let it be borne in mind that our early painters set the example; to go no higher than Hogarth, his conversation pieces, as he called them, though perhaps a little too literal have great merit both in character and colour, and might be imitated by some academicians with advantage to themselves. It is all very well to have single heads when they are of any mark in the country and can lay claim to something intellectual; our Scotts, our Wordsworths, our Broughams, and our Wellingtons need not be tied up in couples nor yoked in conversation, but we cannot glance round the walls of our exhibition rooms without a consciousness that many heads there require the

additional charm which employment gives, to render them worthy of a second look. In truth to give an image of domestic life is to do something of a high order. The well trimmed evening fire and the well ordered house, the more youthful part of the household busied in their various lessons, the elder about some thrifty employment, the eye of the matron superintending and directing all, and the head of the house, like Ossian's warrior, "on his own hill retired," pondering over the concerns of the day, or indulging himself with a book, an instrument of music, or a game at cards, like the well dressed gentleman in the work before us would make a fair picture. Out of scenes, such as life every hour presents an artist of any fancy might work whole galleries; half a dozen human beings can take as many postures as so many bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

We were once present at the Exhibition when a plain common-sense-minded person, who knew little about how pictures were produced, but was not insensible of their beauties when finished, entered into conversation with an artist of some name on the merits of the works around. The painter complained that the high-history pictures spread their colours and shewed their groups in vain to the world. "It is a very fine thing no doubt," said his friend, "to look at a grand picture made up of princes and heroes, and heroines of other times—where life is given to those who died four thousand

years ago. But such a picture is out of the reach of ordinary sympathies; what care I for Sesostrius, Pharoah Necho, or Ptolomy Philadelphus: I can look on Mutius Scævola and his deeds or on the exploit of Curtius without any emotion. If you want to win my affections come into English history, and shew me the actions of heroes; there you can charm me, unless you choose to paint the druids or the kings of the Saxon Heptarchy. You laugh and think because I care nothing for your Egyptians or Romans that I admire yonder great grey cart-horse, larger than life, so splendidly framed and filling up one side of the room; no! I can see a horse at any time almost that I choose to look out of my window, so there was no use in bringing the prodigious brute here—had you clapt a warrior on his back, or put him into a gallop the thing had been better; a horse at full speed, an eagle in full flight, and a man thinking are three noble things. Nor can I admire some of these landscapes; trees don't think and meadows express no sentiment, and that crow flying over them can at the best but croak. I can see such matters without frames, for they are constantly before my eyes. But look at this little picture; a young shepherd plays on his pipe, his dog looks up well pleased, that shepherdess has an air of grave delight, this one tosses her head, disposed to mock both music and musician.—The picture is of man and so I like it."





CUYP.

LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE.

CUYP has gained the general favour of mankind by delineating nature, and touching it gracefully with the finger of poesie. It is not in his groups of cattle, nor yet in the action and character of his shepherds and husbandmen, that his chief power lies ; it resides in that calm loveliness of scene which gladdens all who look, and cheers them with that wholesome joy which brims the cup without overflowing it. Not a little of this is visible in the fine picture before us ; the air is quiet, there is not a breath in the woods ; the cows of a farmer, four in number, seek at mid-day the side of a shallow pool ; two stand cooling their hoofs, two lie down on the marshy and moist ground ; while two children stand nigh them, in the shadow of the wood, and enjoy themselves rather than keep watch. A few sheep lie or nibble on a distant knoll ; one shepherd sits on the ground, another stands leaning on his staff or crook, enjoying the beauty of the boundless landscape, while a child kneels, in prayer apparently, beside him. The sun, without being seen, kindles up the whole, glancing on the shafts of the

trees, on the dress of the shepherds, on the backs of the cows, and on the sedgy pool. The painter has indicated by flags and rushes that the water is not deep, and by the vicinity of the children that the cattle are harmless. The painting from which this engraving is copied, belongs to the fine collection of W. Wells, Esq. of Redleaf-Park.

There is a professor of perspective in each Academy, whose duty it is to lead the minds of the students to the contemplation of scenes of natural beauty and splendour ; to teach them the art of perceiving and combining the picturesque points of the rough picture, which nature supplies, into one grand and harmonious landscape ; touching it with light here and with darkness there, and communicating to the whole the hues of earth, or the lustre of heaven, as the subject requires. It has never been our fortune to meet with any lectures on the art of landscape, or yet to listen to our own gifted professor when he annually descants on an art to which he has brought fine skill and a fair imagination. Looking therefore on the hill, with its canopy of cloud, the valley with its stream, the sky with its sunshine or its stars, and ocean with its wilderness of waters, sleeping or agitated, and comparing the raw materials of art with the finished productions of the pencil, we are compelled to acknowledge that landscape painters have less honoured their maker in the imitation of inanimate nature, than we think the grand historical artists

have done in representing man with his deeds and his passions. We have, we confess, never yet seen any body of living men capable, from nobleness of form and godlike grace of expression, of enacting Da Vinci's last Supper, or some of Raphael's Cartoons: while we must acknowledge that we have seen such splendour in the heavens above, and such beauty on the earth beneath—such risings and such settings of the sun—such tumultuous heavings of the sea when thunder prevailed and fire was in the air, as we have never yet seen any thing from a painter capable of matching, save Wilson and Turner, or Martin now and then.

We have ventured, in the absence of the lights of Professors, to hazard this remark, and we shall not be surprised to find that we have come to a hasty conclusion, and without allowing enough for the merits of Salvator Rosa, Claude, the Poussins, and others: without therefore following further the will-o'-wisp of our own fancy, let us see what one of the masters in painting—one not unskilled in landscape—says of the labours of the men whom Fuseli called “sworn land surveyors.” In his thirteenth discourse, Sir Joshua Reynolds speaking of an artist with true imaginative powers, says, “like Nicolas Poussin, he transports us to the environs of ancient Rome, with all the objects which a literary education makes so precious and interesting to man; or like Sebastian Bourdon, he leads us to the dark antiquity of the pyramids of Egypt; or like Claude

Lorraine, he conducts us to the tranquillity of Arcadian scenes and fairy land. Like the history painter of landscapes in this style, and with this conduct, sends the imagination back into antiquity ; and like the poet, he makes the elements sympathise with his subject : whether the clouds roll in volumes, like those of Titian or Salvator Rosa, or like those of Claude are gilded with the setting sun : whether the mountains have sudden and bold projections, or are gently sloped : whether the branches of his trees shoot out abruptly in right angles from the trunks, or follow each other with only a gentle inclination. All these circumstances contribute to the general character of the work, whether it be of the elegant or the sublime kind." This we think a fine artist-like passage, worthy of the consideration of all painters who desire to introduce the grand and the majestic of nature upon their canvas, and exclude the mean and the common-place. Nor do we think that the delineating of such scenes is more trouble to an imaginative mind than to elaborate out a mechanical fac-simile of nature is to a painter blessed with fine hands, but unaided by fancy. Such landscapes are his element ; he has heroic visions of mountains, and valleys, and mighty rivers : the world before the flood is revealed : he sees Greece with all her glory on, and Thebes opening her hundred gates to her thousand chariots of war : or better still, his mind ascends to heaven, he delineates celestial cities ; mountains where spirits dwell, the

lands where the just men made perfect live ; the immortal spires of the new Jerusalem ; scenes in short to which those in Paradise of old are but as a proverb.

Landscapes such as these but seldom appear to hands skilful in arresting their glories on canvas, and humbler subjects are more acceptable to the bulk of mankind ; for after all, much of the spirit of the grazier is abroad, earth is looked upon less for its beauty than for its productiveness. It is difficult to direct the footsteps of the close copyist of nature, of the unimaginative and literal minded, who thinks no picture good unless he can swear to its accuracy. Yet our isle teems with lovely and untrodden nooks : fairy spots on mountain rivulet banks ; scenes by hoary and tottering castles ; dells, where you hear the moan of the cushat dove, and the murmur of the brook ; and after looking downward into the bosom of the darkness for a minute's space you see, or think you see, the sparkling of the running water, or the flitting of the startled bird, who fears you are about to precipitate yourself upon his domain. We could, in truth, in a couple of hours' walk in our own native land, select as many beautiful scenes renowned in song and story, as would make the fortune and fame of any painter who is capable of copying what is before him. Nor should we forget that it was in England that Gainsborough saw the scenes on which his glory is founded. " The style and department of art which he chose,"

says Reynolds, “ and in which he so much excelled, did not require that he should go out of his own country for the objects of his study ; they were every where about him ; he found them in the streets and in the fields ; and from the models thus accidentally found, he selected with great judgment such as suited his purpose. As his studies were directed to the living world principally, he did not pay a general attention to the works of various masters, though they are in my opinion always of great use, even when the character of our subject requires us to depart from some of their principles. If Gainsborough did not look on nature with a poet’s eye, it must be acknowledged that he saw her with the eye of a painter.”

The landscapes of Cuyp resemble those of Gainsborough, inasmuch as they have more of the real than of the poetic. They might be conceived without much labour of imagination, though no one without fancy could have painted them. We shall presently render some account of his life and studies, and enter more fully into the merits of his compositions—he has followers, and not unsuccessful ones, in this country.



Ben. G. S. 11

TORIT AND THE ANGEL.

Illustration of the Bible, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1840, by J. H. P. S. 11

REMBRANDT.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.

To admit little light and give that little a wonderful brilliancy is the chief merit which Reynolds notices in the pictures of Rembrandt: to this he might have added vigour of expression, though no doubt it is subordinate to the effect of his light and shade. There is a strange vigour impressed on all his works, yet it is more startling than natural: he refused indeed to take nature as he found her: her fine amenities he could not improve, nor exalt her grandeur: it was his pleasure to look upon her as man never looked before, and the consequence is that his labours often astonish, but seldom entirely please those who compare the offspring of talent with that of truth. By admitting a strong light through a small space—like a sunbeam through an auger bore, he produced an unnatural mixture of the bright and the dark, but in doing this Rembrandt was playing tricks with light and shade and using the elements of art rather as a slight-of-hand-man than a true painter. When however the first flush of our surprise is over we cannot fail to perceive that amid all this legerdemain there is a vast deal of nature

united with that astonishing splendour of colouring which so many have tried to emulate. Amid all the violence of his contrasts there is a well sustained harmony: he reconciles the strongest oppositions. He nevertheless made no experiments on the human figure: he took man as he found him: his Dutch proportions were to him what the Chinese rules of sculpture are to them, producing deformity rather than divinity.

The work before us is in the National Gallery: the figures which it contains are not free from the reproach which we have mentioned, while its light and shade scarcely startle us so much as our description indicates. The demi-divine nature of the subject perhaps sobered down the extravagance of the painter a little. It is taken from the book of Tobit and embodies those verses of the fifth chapter in which Tobias the son of Tobit and the angel Raphael arrive at the banks of the Tigris on their way to Ecbatana. It is true that the apochryphal scriptures—if we may use such a term—represent the angel as concealing his glories under the form and garb of a servant hired for the journey, and allow him nowhere save at the denouement of the adventure to intimate his real character or the object of his mission: the license of invention however permitted him to appear what he was, in all other eyes save those of his companion: and were it not for his wings and a certain brightness of presence we should not imagine him to be allied to aught

heavenly. Tobias is a squat person, and not at all of a presence likely to attract the notice of maidens difficult to please: but the lady for whom his journey is undertaken had been widowed seven times: her losses had made her easy to satisfy in the matter of beauty and shape: besides as none of her bridegrooms survived the first night she might think that any shape was good enough for the evil spirit to make such short experiments upon. The passage which relates this is a singular one.

13. Then the young man answered the Angel, I have heard, brother Azarias, that this maid hath been given to seven men, who all died in the marriage chamber.

14. And now I am the only son of my father, and I am afraid, lest, if I go in unto her, I die, as the other before: for a wicked spirit loveth her, which hurteth nobody, but those which come unto her: wherefore I also fear lest I die, and bring my father's and my mother's life because of me to the grave with sorrow: for they have no other son to bury them.

15. Then the Angel said unto him, Dost thou not remember the precepts which thy father gave thee, that thou shouldest marry a wife of thine own kindred? wherefore hear me, O my brother; for she shall be given thee to wife; and make thou no reckoning of the Evil Spirit; for this same night shall she be given thee in marriage.

16. And when thou shalt come into the marriage chamber, thou shalt take the ashes of perfume, and

shalt lay upon them some of the heart and liver of the fish (*one caught miraculously in the Tigris*) and shalt make a smoke with it :

17. And the Devil shall smell it, and flee away, and never come again any more : but when thou shalt come unto her, rise up both of you, and pray to God which is merciful, who will have pity on you, and save you : fear not, for she is appointed unto thee from the beginning ; and thou shalt preserve her, and she shall go with thee. TOBIT, Chap. vi.

This fine passage is worthy of a more imaginative painter than Rembrandt ; it was present to the mind of Milton once at least in his noble poem of *Paradise Lost*. The genuine works of this eminent master are very rare : a considerable number are in England : his portraits are in great request : but though admirable for likeness and looks of life they are deficient in grace and elevation though touched with inexpressible fire and spirit.





GAINSBOROUGH.

THE WATERING PLACE.

OF this fine picture presented by Lord Farnborough to the National Gallery, a critic says : “ it is beautiful and striking though all it contains is cows drinking, children playing and trees growing beside a pool of water.” Few of the pictures of Gainsborough contain more : he had the art which formed noble scenes out of common things : he sought no fame from his subject, but gave fame to it : he was none of those who desired to connect their names with landscapes renowned in song and story : he selected from nature rather than from history such subjects as suited his pencil, and loved to triumph over rude materials and lift them into the region of poetry. We shall now say something of the life of this great painter.

Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in the year 1727 : his father, who died in good circumstances, was a clothier, a dissenter, a personable man and of singular habits, for the peasants around averred that he carried about his person a brace of pistols and a dagger. While yet a boy it was observed that the future painter loved to wander along

the vales and down the glades and linger nigh the old fantastic trees of his native Suffolk. It was in these excursions that a love of art arose in his heart. He took the leisure which school holidays afforded and with pencil and paper sought to depict the scenery around. Of these early sketches none now exist, but their merit was such as to astonish his father and excite wonder among the neighbours. No fine clump of trees, no picturesque stream, nor romantic glade—no cattle grazing, nor flocks reposing, nor peasants pursuing their pastoral occupations—escaped his diligent pencil. In truth the scenes which first arose on his sight were those which ever afterwards kept possession of his fancy. He saw the hills and dales around him peopled with shepherds and their flocks, and husbandmen with their teams, and when he grew up the pictures from which he hoped for fame were transcripts of his native land exalted by genius and embellished by art.

He had made some progress in the science of his profession when at fourteen he was despatched to London to study under a painter of more skill than reputation—Hayman. With that witty and something dissolute person Gainsborough studied several years: from whom he learned his force and his colouring no one has told us: the style of his master was deficient in vigour, nor was much to be gained from Gravelot to whom Edwards ascribes the honour of instructing him in the rudiments of art. His witty remarks, his lively conversation, his good looks and

his undoubted genius obtained him many friends. He seemed not at all ambitious: to gain by his pencil a comfortable livelihood and live undistinguished in a country village were the limits of his wishes, and these seemed so easy of attainment that he returned to his father's house resolved to make the experiment. He had not perhaps considered ripely how all this was to be achieved, for he continued to reside with his father for some time, and gave himself up entirely to landscape painting.

Accident sometimes performs for man what he is slow in doing for himself. We have not heard that Gainsborough had paid any addresses, farther than with the pencil, to the ladies of Suffolk when he happened to encounter a young woman in one of his solitary walks who made an instant impression on his heart. It appears that as he was making a sketch of some fine spreading trees, with sheep clustered below and wood-doves sitting above, he was aware of an addition to the natural beauty of the scene in the person of Margaret Burr, then in her sixteenth year, and who with good looks inherited good sense, and was moreover said to be descended from the exiled princes of the island. The courtship of the susceptible is sometimes short: soon after this wild-wood meeting they were married, left Sudbury for Ipswich, and on a small annuity which his wife brought, the painter commenced a career which conducted him to fame and independence.

Though landscape may be called the natural offspring of Gainsborough's heart he also excelled in portrait. This sort of skill he found useful. Those who could not admire a fine scene in which art and nature strove for mastery, were capable enough of admiring themselves, and employed the artist in a sort of manufacture which has been carried to great perfection here. One of those who chiefly admired his own countenance was Thicknesse, governor of Landguard Fort—but then both the painter and patron were eccentric sort of persons: they would do nothing in an ordinary way: when the one was ready to sit the other was not prepared to paint; and when the pencil was wet and the palette in order the sitter was not forthcoming. The Governor succeeded at last in offending the painter: Gainsborough went to Bath in the year 1758 and rose into sudden reputation both for landscape and portrait and for pictures which united both. Thither he was followed by Thicknesse, nay the latter had the vanity to persuade himself that from his notice the fame of Gainsborough had arisen, and assumed the airs of one in whose train the rising genius of the land was to be found. Pride in poets or in painters is not accounted a sin, and in this the artist was not deficient: offended with a patronage which oppressed him, he escaped from beneath the “Upas tree” and set up his easel in London.

Freed from the “fash of fools” the painter soon vindicated his claim to take rank with the highest

spirits of the land. His portraits in the opinion of many rivalled those of Reynolds: and some of them indeed are vigorous in character and splendid in colour: he was not however equal—he had his happier hours less frequently than Sir Joshua and never enjoyed any thing like his popularity. In landscape he was without a rival: not but that Wilson excelled him as he excelled all others, in the splendour of his poetic scenes; but pictures of the more imaginative kind were not then any more than now the favourites of the world: the delineations of Gainsborough required neither history nor fancy in the spectator: they appeared in the public sight as a sort of landscape portraiture in which the hills and trees and streams and the working population of the land were represented with beauty as well as truth.

Like some other artists of his day he had a dispute with the Royal Academy, and there was a coldness between him and Reynolds which continued till Gainsborough was on his death bed. To Fuseli his success seems to have given much offence, for in that painter's edition of Pilkington an injurious character is given of his genius: with almost all others of his brethren he was on friendly terms; and indeed no one could well dislike him; his ready wit, his generosity and openness of heart won on the cold and the difficult. It was his practice to paint standing: he loved too to work at a distance from his canvas, and used pencils with shafts a

couple of ells in length. He rose early, began painting between nine and ten o'clock, wrought diligently for four or five hours and then gave up the rest of the day to domestic society and to music of which he was passionately fond. He loved to make sketches during the evenings: when he could not please himself he threw the paper under the table, when he satisfied his fancy he placed the sketch in his portfolio, and if it pleased him after many days he expanded it into a picture. His reputation is on the rise rather than on the wane, a consolation to all painters who passionately feel the beauties of nature and can delineate them in glowing colours. He died August 2, 1788, in the sixty-first year of his age—Sheridan and Reynolds accompanied his body to the grave.



THE GAIN OF THE TRIT

TENIERS.

TRIC TRAC.

“THE works of David Teniers, junior,” says Sir Joshua Reynolds, “are worthy the closest attention of a painter who desires to excel in the mechanical knowledge of his art. His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has perhaps never been equalled: there is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute.” The picture before us belongs to the collection of Thomas Hope, Esq. and justifies by its very peculiar beauty of workmanship the praise of the president. It gives us a lively image of the martial character of the times of Teniers: during his day wars were waged which ended in the triumph of the Protestant union over the Catholic league, the whole continent was filled with armed men, and he had opportunities enow of studying the warriors of his country in peace and in war—or

“On the rough edge of battle ere it joined.”

It was however his pleasure to look at soldiers enjoying themselves: the guard room was a favourite place of study, where relieved from duty nature triumphed over discipline; songs were sung, drink

flowed and riotous joy abounded. The scene of this picture is the outer and inner room of guard: it is composed of three distinct groups, all differing in character and yet united in duty, and forming a perfect whole. The men of the remotest group are huddled round the fire, and though their backs are towards us we can see that they are smoking and drinking and engaged at cards. Games of chance are the delight of soldiers. The second or central group is composed of three soldiers—men of mark no doubt in their regiment, for they stand in grave deliberation, and are either discussing the plan of the next campaign or lamenting the lack of discipline and love of drink and gaming in their comrades. Those of the third or foreground group are engaged on the game which gives the name to the picture. Two of them seem wily citizens, or are more probably members of the Commissariat: the other two are officers, one of whom holds a small flagon in his hand while the other is remonstrating with his opponent in the game, and by his clenched hands and serious visage seems to be on the point of losing it. The varied expression and light and shade and handling of the work are all masterly, and shew on what grounds the reputation of the painter has been established.

Pictures of this kind are the works which this country loves. We desire the real and the natural, and court representations rather of what we have seen or may hope to see than scenes furnished

by the fancy. We have little sympathy with art which travels into the distant regions of thought. We consider all such efforts as the attempts of dreamers: of works of high imagination we talk indeed but we do not tolerate them: we reckon a fine portrait, or a close copied landscape as the most exalted doings of art, and it never enters our head that more than a good eye and a skilful hand can be required in the manufacture of pictures and statues. By works of a high kind we must not be understood to mean subjects out of the reach of human sympathy; on the contrary we mean what comes within the limits of belief; pictures of a poetic order, which have their origin in nature but cannot be perfected without the aid of fancy. The widest fame awaits works of the highest genius, for these are rare productions and the world at last bows to what is rare and follows in this the judgment of the well informed and the wise.

With the works of the school to which Teniers belongs no one was better acquainted than Reynolds, for he made a picture-tour in Holland and Flanders; made patient observations, took copious notes, and passed no fine production without careful examination. "Their merit," he says, "often consists in the truth of representation alone: whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed: it is not therefore to be

wondered at, that what was intended solely for the gratification of one sense succeeds but ill when applied to another." This is an unfair description we think of the works of the Dutch School: had any one told Sir Joshua that his portraits were addressed but to the eye, he would have resented it as an affront and with good reason. The pictures of which he speaks are full of domestic gladness and fire-side joy, and though copies—literal perhaps—of what the painters saw, they supply the spectator with matter for reflection and study. Their object was not only to please the eye but to gratify the mind. They are not exalted by genius, nor do they excite any extraordinary ecstasy, yet they please other senses than the sight—wherever human character appears, and of this the Dutch compositions are full—the mind is called into action.

It was one of the rules of study laid down by Reynolds that a painter had to make up his idea of perfection from the various excellencies dispersed over the world. To Italy he said men must go for dignity of thought and splendour of imagination and for the higher branches of knowledge; but as a poetical fancy and power of expression or even correctness of drawing were seldom united with such skill in colour as would set off these beauties to the best advantage it would be necessary to go to the Dutch to learn the art of painting, for in the true use of colours they were unequalled. An artist, he says, by a close examination of their works

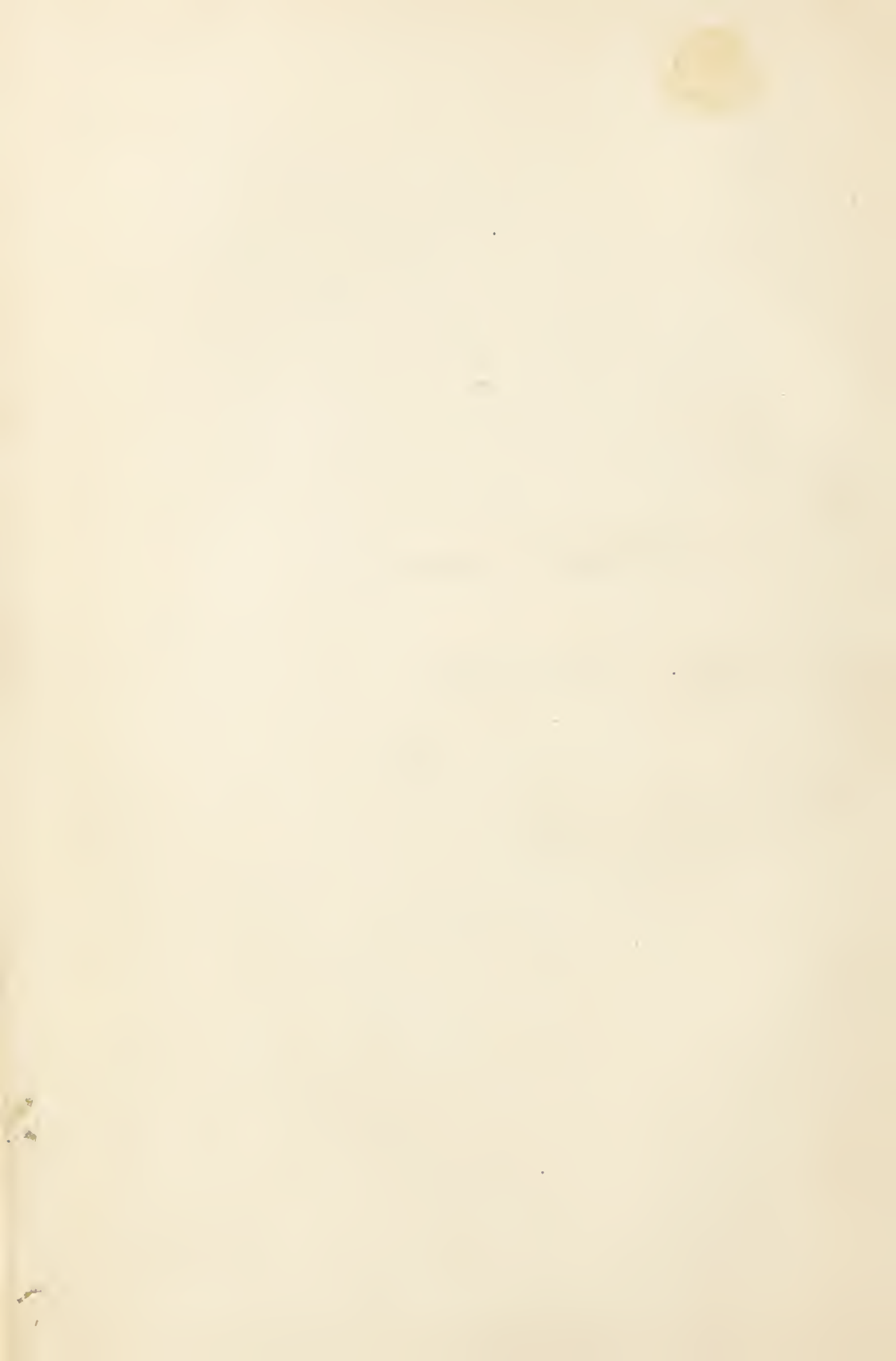
may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought which cost them whole ages—and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages—to ascertain.

Works bearing the name of Teniers are numerous in the world—three painters, a father and two sons—and each skilful—may in some degree account for this, but unquestionably there are counterfeits in circulation. Skilful copies pass in the sight of many for rare originals, or a slight change in a figure or a piece of furniture enables the happy proprietor to call it a first or a second thought of Teniers and demand a high price. Their cabinet size aids too in countenancing the imposture, for a fine Teniers, or an Ostade, a Jan Steen or a Gerard Dow will go into small space and may have been contained in the hitherto unrummaged chamber of some Dutch Burgomaster: all this is present to the mind of the wily seller who is as ready with simulated names and dates as with simulated commodities.

Those who visit Holland will still find the pictures of Teniers plentiful, though the French reaped a rich harvest of art in the land. The Dutch had the taste to fill their cabinets with pictures not only suitable in dimensions but also national with respect to subject. Whatever gave a true and brilliant image of the land and the people found favour in their sight: nor were they averse to look on the humblest scenes. Teniers was a painter after the

people's heart : he went but to the cottage or to the market place or the barracks for subjects : a woman spinning by a clear fire and well swept hearth : a market girl holding up a hare for sale : an old man repairing spectacles : boors drinking in the inside of a change-house or quarrelling at the door : a man blowing a trumpet or proving the strength of a new brewing, or soldiers at cards on the drum-head, or dancing on the dusty road side during a march, or gambling in the guard room, as in the present picture, were matters dear to the sight and welcome to the pencil of this eminent master.

THE
CABINET GALLERY
OF
PICTURES.



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PAUL VERONESE.

THE NATIVITY.

PAUL VERONESE belongs to the second epoch of the Venetian school, and is one of those great artists whose genius was chiefly dedicated to the church : his imagination was equal to the sublimest flights of revealed religion, and his fine skill of hand did justice to the dignity of his conceptions. He was born at Verona in the year 1532 ; he studied first under his father, who was a sculptor of some note ; and secondly, under Antonio Badile, his uncle : from the former he acquired a statue-like accuracy of outline, and from the latter a knowledge of colours : but he owned himself most indebted to Titian, whose matchless light and shade he tried in vain to equal. At that time the students of Verona copied with the most scrupulous fidelity whatever was beautiful in things external ; they surpassed all other artists in delineating architecture, dresses, ornaments, the splendour of courts, and the luxuries of princes : sentiment was still wanting, Paul observed this, and it is to his honour that he set about adding a spirit and a mind to the picturesque, and to the dishonour of his townsmen that they not

only shut their eyes to his merits, but neglected him so much that he was compelled by poverty to quit his native place, after having in the opinion of all, save the people of Verona, not only vanquished the Mantuan painters in a strife of skill, but left upon an altar at San Formo, a Madonna between two Saints, of such exquisite beauty as many reckoned matchless.

He first went to Vicenza, and then shaped his course to Venice. There he found so much of the magnificent and vast that his genius had room to range: the all but floating city, and the splendour of the palaces and arsenals first caught his attention: the fine remains of ancient sculpture too afforded him better opportunities of studying the science of beauty than he enjoyed under his father, while the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto furnished such examples of composition and colour as would have daunted any mind save one of a high order. At first it is said his attempts were timid both as regards attitude and handling: but as his confidence strengthened his freedom increased, and the story of Esther, which he painted for the church of S. Sebastiano exhibited such powers that the Venetian Senate honoured him with several commissions. A visit to Rome raised his imagination still higher: as he rose he said he felt his wings lengthening: on returning to Venice he gave proofs of his expanding powers in the Palazzo Publico. "Here his imagination," says Lanzi, "seems to

revel in every piece painted by his hands, but particularly in that which may be called the Apotheosis of Venice in regal costume, seated on high, crowned by Glory, celebrated by Fame, attended by Honour, Liberty and Peace. Juno and Ceres are seen assisting at the spectacle as symbols of grandeur and felicity. The summit is decorated with specimens of magnificent architecture with columns ; while lower down appears a great concourse of ladies, with their lords and sons in various splendid habits, all represented in a gallery : and on the ground are delineated warriors upon their chargers, arms, ensigns, prisoners, and trophies of war. This oval picture presents us with an union of those powers with which Paul so much fascinates the eye, producing a general effect altogether enchanting, and includes numerous parts all equally beautiful : bright aerial spaces, sumptuous edifices, which seem to invite the foot of the spectator ; lively features, selected from nature and embellished by art."

So much was he incensed with the slight put upon him in his native city, that he neither went back nor corresponded with any one save his own relations. His pride was equal to his other powers : he desired to touch nothing but the loftiest themes, and if required to paint in company with Tintoretto, or some other eminent artist, he liked it all the better, for at once giving way to the impulse of imagination, he produced such astonishing compositions as excited the wonder of Tintoretto himself

—one of the most eminent masters of the Venetian school. The Procurators of St. Mark proposed a premium of a massy gold chain for the best picture, painted by Guiseppe Salviati, Battista Franco, Schiavone, Zalotti, Frasina, and Paul Veronese : the judges were competent ones—Titian and Sansovino ; they awarded the prize to Paul, and to shew his sense of the honour he usually wore the chain about his neck. Figures seated round a table, in conversation or study, formed a favourite subject : he painted no less than four large pictures of Suppers, from scripture, and many small ones, all of wonderful beauty and effect. The first, the Marriage of Cana, preserved at San Giorgio Maggiore exhibits one hundred and thirty figures, among which are many portraits of princes and other eminent men who lived in his day. It was painted for the moderate sum of ninety ducats : the second represents the supper prepared by St. Matthew for Christ : it is widely admired for its fine thoughtful heads, and is in good preservation. The third is the Feast of Simon, and is placed at San Sebastiano ; the heads are numerous and noble. The fourth was presented to Louis the fourteenth, and deposited at Versailles—it is preferred by the Venetian artists to all the rest : numerous copies were made of it and circulated over Europe.

The depth of his colouring is much admired abroad ; many of his pictures are still to be found in Venice, glowing with the peculiar grace he shed

over them. “A remarkable specimen,” observes Lanzi, “is seen in that belonging to the noble house of Pisani, exhibiting the family of Darius, presented to Alexander, which surprises as much by its splendour as it affects us by its expression. Equal admiration was at one time evinced for his Rape of Europa, which he drew upon a larger scale in various groups, much in the same manner as Correggio in his Leda. In the first she appears among her virgins in the act of caressing the animal, and desirous of being borne upon him : in the second she is carried along applauded by her companions, as she enjoys the scene riding along the shore : in the third, the only one in grand dimensions—she cleaves the sea in terror, in vain descried, and lamented by her virgin train.”

Paul Veronese is a favourite with his biographers : they are in raptures with the almost innumerable heads which he summons to a festival ; with the splendour of his temples ; with the dignity and the passions expressed by his chief actors ; with the luxury of his tables, and the elegance of his dresses. He no doubt merits much of the praise he has obtained, but we cannot help feeling that he is too extravagant in his attitudes ; too desirous of substituting action of body for power of mind—too fond, in short, of picturesque effect to which he scrupled not to sacrifice much of the nature for which he has been extolled. The picture before us is no doubt beautiful and impressed with a solemn

grandeur of character, suitable to the subject : but we are of opinion that the postures are too theatrical, and the accessaries too numerous. The head of the Virgin is a fine one, that of Joseph finer still : nor is the rude shed leaning against—perhaps a ruined palace—without its beauty and its meaning. The original picture is in the collection of the Earl of Aberdeen.

This great painter lived to the age of sixty. His works are numerous, though many pictures bear the impress of his name which were never touched by his pencil. His chief pleasure was in decorating cathedrals and palaces, for he was a lover of glory ; he was remarkable for the loveliness of his conceptions and the harmony of his tints ; his execution was rapid and decisive ; he achieved something at every touch : he sometimes wants delicacy, and is cumbersome amid his magnificence. His sense of perspective was fine, and his knowledge of character extensive. His Apotheosis of Venice encouraged succeeding painters to crowd our walls and ceilings with Allegories, at once obscure and absurd.



RUBENS.

CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

THE “Chapeau de Paille” or as some say, more accurately perhaps, Chapeau de Poil—the beaver hat—is the likeness of Mademoiselle Lundins, a young lady much admired by Rubens, and on whose beauty he employed all the mastery of his pencil. It was purchased privately of the Von Haveren family, who inherited it from the painter, and is now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, Bart., where the genius of British art has found it some worthy companions. The Chapeau de Paille of Rubens and The Lady Peel of Sir Thomas Lawrence are nigh each other, and no one can well avoid comparing their merits. The former is a wonderful piece of expression and colour; the peculiar head-dress seems to have been chosen by the painter for the purpose of calling out all the witchery of his art, and to show how easily genius could triumph over obstacles and turn them into beauties: in the latter there is a something diviner still—a more exquisite loveliness, a sweeter expression about the mouth, and such liquid lustre of eye as cannot well be rivalled in modern art. Rubens excels in vigour of colour and in greater audacity of

handling; Lawrence in purity of hue and delicacy of sentiment—both have produced master-pieces.

Reynolds, in his *Journey through Flanders and Holland*, calls this “an admirable portrait by Rubens, known by the name of *Chapeau de Paile*, from her having on her head a hat and feather airily put on; it has a wonderful transparency of colour as if seen in the open air: it is upon the whole a very striking portrait; but her breasts are as ill drawn as they are finely coloured.”

There is a singular freedom of hand and prodigality of genius in the compositions of Rubens; he unites the imagination and loftiness of the historical with the truth and reality of the domestic, and in doing so has obtained perhaps more extensive fame than any other painter. Fifty feet square of wall or two hundred yards of canvas, which would swallow up the united genius of half an academy, only stimulated the Fleming to greater exertion, and with such success did he conceive his design and apply his colours that it is allowed by all his largest pictures are his best. “Rubens,” says Sir Joshua, “appears to have had that confidence in himself which it is necessary for every artist to assume when he has finished his studies and may venture in some measure to throw aside the fetters of authority; to consider the rules as subject to his control, and not himself subject to the rules; to risk and to dare extraordinary attempts without a guide, abandoning himself to his own sensations

and depending upon them. To this confidence must be imputed that originality of manner by which he may be truly said to have extended the limits of the art. After Rubens had made up his manner he never looked out of himself for assistance ; there is consequently very little in his works that appears to be taken from other masters. If he has borrowed any thing he has had the address to change and adapt it so well to the rest of his work that the theft is not discoverable."

These sentiments are worthy of Reynolds, who perceived the wide-reaching sympathy of Peter Paul to all things animate or inanimate that had any claim to the beautiful. Rubens felt the lofty and likewise the humble, the devout and the comic, the grandeur of human nature, the splendour of the blooming earth or of the smiling heavens. His women are often lovely, they are always natural and easy and full of health ; his goddesses have less of the ethereal about them than what a flight from pole to pole, which some of them are taking, seems to require, but when it is his pleasure to gather them together on Olympus the grass below and the clouds above seem kindling with the reflection of their beauty. Fuseli indeed has called his women " hillocks of rosy flesh," and treated the great painter himself with little ceremony. Nothing can be more unlike than the works of these eminent men ; with the ladies of Rubens we can imagine ourselves wandering over well trimmed lawns, down shaded walks, upon mar-

ble pavements or perfumed carpets ; with the ladies of Fuseli we can suppose no situation in which we could meet and exchange thoughts—they are in fact a sort of spectral progeny, such as haunt us in our dreams ; with too little brightness about them for above, too little darkness about them for below, and with too little flesh and blood for creatures of this world, we know not well how to dispose of them or class them.

Rubens is the Walter Scott of art ; his pictures have all the variety of character, glow of colour and vivid power of delineation which distinguish the Waverley novels. The world is written strongly on them, nor is fancy ever absent when wanted. “ He saw,” says Sir Joshua, “ the objects of nature with a painter’s eye—he saw at once the predominant feature by which every object is known and distinguished ; and, as soon as seen, it was executed with a facility that is astonishing. Rubens was perhaps the greatest master in the mechanical part of the art—the best workman with his tools that ever exercised a pencil.”



WILSON.

LANDSCAPE.

THE best of Wilson's landscapes are in our own country : and this is surprising, since we know how little his genius was during his life esteemed at home, and how much it was relished abroad. The poetic landscape, in which he excelled, like most other high poetic matters, was not understood in his day in England, and we cannot assert that it is felt yet. Landscape, in the estimation of the multitude, is simply a well coloured delineation of some real and visible scene, with which fancy has no more to do than the land surveyor has with the natural loveliness of the earth on which he lays his measuring chain. When Turner exhibited his poetic landscape of Italy, in which, as if by enchantment, he assembled all her beauties ; the wonder of the spectators was not raised by the natural and brilliant combination of hill and stream, vale and temple, and sunny air and serene sky : No ! the inquiry was from what point was it taken—on what hill did the artist stand—and in what time of the day, and season of the year, did he behold all these marvels ? It was taken as a literal matter of fact performance,

tried in the balance of recollection, found wanting, and dismissed as an idle dream. This is no fanciful account of public taste in landscape : the studies of Turner will bear us out ; in one of his rooms he has more truly brilliant poetic scenes rolled up and laid aside than any collection in this country contains : on some future day, when fac-simile painters swarm in the land, and the world grows weary of common and every-day things, there will be an unrolling of these splendid pictures, and a general turning up of eyes, and shrugging of shoulders, at the lack of taste of this our living generation of connoisseurs and patrons.

In telling the story of Turner we are writing that of Wilson, with this difference, that the former, with a prudence which we heartily commend, anticipated the cold regard of this unpoetic world, and amassed out of the produce of his innumerable sketches such a sum as enables him to work according to his own spirit, and to smile, which he does in private, at the outcry raised against his flights of imagination, and the more than earthly grandeur of his combinations. Wilson, alas ! was always in the power of fortune : his fine spirit was chilled, and the daringness of his imagination rebuked, by poverty : with a pot of porter and a crust of bread and cheese beside him, and want of all comfort visible around, did he toil on, in the hope—nay, belief—that the hour of honour and fame would come ;—it came indeed, but too late for him, and

he went to the grave unconscious, or at least uncertain, what his future station in art would be. Yet men were not wanting in his own day who perceived his merits and felt the grandeur of his conceptions. Of those the most eminent was Sir George Beaumont, and it reflects no little honour on his boldness as well as good taste, that in the teeth of Sir Joshua's rebukings, he wrote thus of him.

“ I think it will be allowed,” he says, “ that the pictures on which Wilson's high reputation is founded are not very numerous : whatever may have been the cause, it is certain he did not long possess the vigour of mind and hand which characterizes the Niobe. To the last, indeed, and in the weakest of his productions, a fine taste for lines and a classical feeling is discoverable, which must for ever give them a value in the opinions of those who are capable of relishing beauties of this kind. For my own part I have no hesitation, as far as my judgment goes, to place him at the head of the landscape painters of this country. His sole rival is Gainsborough ; and if it be allowed, as I think it must, that he had a finer and higher relish for colour, or in the technical term, a better painter's eye, than Wilson ; on the other hand, Wilson was far his superior in elevation of thought and dignity of composition. Both were poets : and to me the Bard of Gray, and his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, are so descriptive of their different lines, that I certainly should have commissioned Wilson to paint a subject

from the first, and Gainsborough one from the latter : and if I am correct in this opinion, the superior popularity of Gainsborough cannot surprise us ; since, for one person capable of relishing the sublime, there are thousands who admire the rural and the beautiful, especially when set off with such fascinating splendour of colour as we see in the best works of Gainsborough. That Wilson had great faults must be granted, his subjects are sometimes meagre, as in the Ceyx ; and sometimes too artificial and decidedly composition, and in producing what he called hollowness of space, he sometimes divided the distances so that they had too much the appearance of cut-scenery at the theatre. His pencil, although feeble and negligent in his decline, is in his best works firm, bold, and decisive. I do not conceive his colouring to be his prime excellence ; yet it is frequently sweet and airy, solemn and grand, as the subject required, and seldom or never out of harmony." This praise, though not quite to our own mind, is better than the hollow approbation of the genius of Wilson and displeasure with all his works, contained in the discourses of Reynolds, or the inconceivable silence of Hazlitt, who contrived to write one hundred and ninety-five pages concerning the principal works in the picture galleries of England without alluding to the paintings of this great master, or once we think mentioning his name. "We"—these are his own words—"are abstracted to another sphere ; we breathe empyrean air : we enter

into the minds of Raphael, of Titian, of Poussin, of the Caracci, and look at nature with their eyes ; we live in times past, and seem identified with the permanent forms of things." Such is the language of a man of genius ; but his taste in the fine arts was supposed to be influenced by his unsuccessful attempts with the pencil. Bad artists make indifferent critics : their opinions take the hue of their own disappointments : he who thought Wilson unworthy of being named among the highest, and who spoke of the pauper style of Wilkie, was at least unfortunate in his opinions.

The picture, from which the very beautiful engraving before us is taken, belongs to the collections of the united families of Montague and Scott, and is at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. It depicts a lonely house, " the quiet waters by," and, like all Wilson's performances, unites the past with the present, and both with poetry. By the lake side, and forming seemingly a part of the entrance to the house, stands a small structure, with a cross cut on its front, which gives a religious air to the place : on the other side of the lake a rude mass, something like " a ruin gray," arises ; while in the fore-ground we have rocks, roughly up-piled either by the hand of nature or of man, forming a shattered fence, which in other days enclosed what was probably a tower for safety or concealment. The painter has left all this to conjecture ; nor will the large square block of stone, against which a man is leaning, or on which

the image of one is sculptured, help us to decide. Wilson's landscapes please the eye and awaken curiosity : we desire to know the history of the ruins which he makes so interesting—the story of the lake, by the side of which his fancy raises a tomb or a solitary column : his very trees breathe of hoary antiquity, and may have carried their heads to the sun when the Norman shafts flew at Hastings, or the Bard of Wales sang his last sad song on the Conway side. Wilson was of the past, Gainsborough was of the present. The former saw visions of ancient glory : earth, in the splendour of all its temples, what time it was inhabited by patriarchs, when nymphs were in the fountains, fauns in the forests, and Jove held his court visible on Olympus : the latter saw grosser and more material things : forest glades, with deer trooping under the boughs ; dales, on which milch-cows grazed mid-leg deep in clover, retired nooks, in which gypsies had fixed their roving encampments, or roads along which boors conducted their stock to market under the light of the sun—these were the visions which appeared to Gainsborough, and he found them profitable.



THE MONARCH OF THE 17TH

Illustration of the Monarch of the 17th

OSTADE.

ADVOCATE IN HIS STUDY.

THIS fine picture from the hand of a master whose best works are scarce, belongs to the collection of the late Robert Ludgate, Esq. and is remarkable for natural truth of expression, skill in drawing and effective colouring. It represents an aged advocate busied with his papers; the post, for there were posts in those days, has just arrived; letters have come with tidings of sufficient importance to make him attentive and earnest: perhaps some cause of which he has the care is in jeopardy, or some new way to win it has dawned upon his fancy. He seems one well to do in the world, as an ample gown, a velvet cap, and a carved arm chair sufficiently indicate. The stamp of a prudent and sagacious son of the law is upon him; his volume of pleas closely clasped, his open ink-stand and convenient pen, his piece of marble to keep down rebellious papers; the slip to hold letters that must be answered, with his Bible at hand to intimate his fear of heaven in all his ways, speak as plain as colour and expression can, of a lawyer whose name is known in the Courts. It is to all

appearance a likeness, and as such is in much better taste than portraits in our English School are, where ordinary looking ladies are elevated into Dianas, and Goddesses of Beauty, or of Wisdom, while men who want capacity to comprehend the mystery of notation are made to assume the looks of Napier or Newton, and others enact the part of Coriolanus who in natural courage are scarcely match for a turkey-cock.

When Reynolds made his tour in Flanders and Holland, and wrote remarks on the chief pictures and principal masters, he all but neglected Ostade : he classed him as the fourth in merit of the Dutch painters, and thought him worthy of few remarks : his entries are brief:—"Two Ostades." "Two Pictures by Ostade." "Three figures, very natural, by Ostade." These barren notices are all that Sir Joshua affords to an artist who has painted with no common force of colour and truth of expression. It is true that he speaks with respect of Teniers and of the school of Holland, but it is also plain that he considers the latter naught, and its students, poor mistaken creatures, whose whole power lies in singularity of effect. The president's heart was where his hand could not reach ; he loved the grandeur and sublimity of the historic pictures of Italy. One however, cannot be always gazing at angels ascending and descending ; we grow weary with looking at holy virgins nursing celestial babes, and with gods sitting among the clouds, and desire to behold

something more gross and human : we seek such relief to our thoughts and eyes as Gainsborough sought when he looked at the green woods to refresh his sight wearied with the glare of less natural colour ; there are few pictures to which we can turn with more real and literal truth in them, than those of Adrian Van Ostade.

He was born at Lubeck in the year 1610, and studied in the company of Brouwer in the school of Francis Hals ; his brother Isaac, three years younger than himself, was his fellow student, and both made great progress, but Adrian surpassed all competitors, and soon became distinguished for the truth and the life, the clever drawing and natural colouring of his compositions. His genius was quick and ready : though he copied the scenes around him, and took nature as he found it, his works were visibly impressed with a manner peculiar to himself alone ; Isaac was not slow in perceiving this and rejecting the style of Hals, which he had hitherto followed—he imitated that of Adrian with such success that several of his compositions have been ascribed to his brother. But the productions of Isaac are deficient in transparency of colour, in delicacy of pencilling, and want the warmth and spirit of the pictures of Adrian. Ostade left Lubeck early in life, and settled at Amsterdam, where he lived with Constantine Sennefort, a great encourager of art ; his reputation rose high, the demand for his pictures encreased, and the prices he received were

considered enormous by his brethren. The fastidious finish, minuteness of detail, and careful study which he bestowed on his works, prevented him, though he was remarkably industrious, from executing pictures sufficient to meet the demand. That he was eminently popular is well known, nor need we marvel at it, he painted up to and not above the understandings of the people; his images were those which the country and the city readily supplied without seeking: such was the facility of his pencil and the quickness of his fancy, that he could make an admirable picture out of any thing.

The merits of Ostade have been well expressed by Pilkington. “ The subjects of this painter were always of the low kind, having the same ideas as Teniers: yet though he copied nature as it appeared in the lower classes of mankind, there is so much spirit in his compositions, such truth, nature, life and delicacy of pencil, that even while many of his objects are in some respects disgusting, a spectator cannot forbear to admire his genius and execution. His pictures are so transparent and highly finished that they have the lustre and polish of enamel, being at the same time warm and clear. They have frequently a force superior to Teniers, and are always more highly finished: though it must be acknowledged that Teniers grouped his objects better, and showed more skill in the disposition of his design than Ostade. He perfectly understood the principles of *chiaro-scuro*, and intro-

duced his lights and shadows with so much judgment that every figure seems animated ; it might however be wished that he had not designed his figures so short. His tone of colouring is exquisitely pleasing and natural ; his touch light and wonderfully neat, and throughout all his works there is a peculiar and uncommon transparency. The figures of Ostade are so universally admired for their lively expression, that several among his contemporary artists solicited him to paint the figures in their landscapes ; which at the present day contribute greatly to their value."

Ostade lived long in Amsterdam and was widely known and respected. His works are scarce, and so seldom in the market that no price is thought too extravagant for one of his compositions. They are not at all plentiful in England ; but there are counterfeits, and some of them in good collections. With all his merit, his nature is in general a few degrees too low and squalid ; his boors are rude, uncombed, and unwashed, and their employments are often gross and disgusting. He seemed more anxious to lower nature than elevate her, and might be compared in painting to Crabbe in verse, were it not that he is no depicter of utter misery and wretchedness ; his rustics are ragged reprobates indeed, but then they are jolly fellows, prodigal of laughter, fond of clinking the gin-stoup and the ale-cann, and moreover quite ready to pull their long knives out from the wide sleeves of their jackets and deal a

blow or two when warmed with drink and contradiction. He paints human nature low enough, but he knew it better than to represent it unhappy ; on the contrary he perceived that happiness was pretty equally diffused, he therefore dipt his brush in pleasing colours, and gave us men reeling in their cups,

“ O'er all the ills of life victorious.”

This is not the aspect which divines wish the world to wear, nor do we commend it ; but we are not sure that it is less beneficial than those mournful representations of human life in which sundry of our poets and painters indulge. Ostade produced many fine etchings from his designs which like those from the hand of Hogarth are deservedly admired : they are finished in a manner worthy of Rembrandt. He died in the year 1685, leaving a fame behind him, which few of his school have equalled.





T. H. V. 1841

CROME.

THE GLADE COTTAGE.

THERE are men with talents of no common order, with the visible impress of originality on their works, but whose worth is known to few while living, and who obtain in death a tardy acknowledgment of their merits, and an imperfect or feeble memoir. One of the worthiest of these was John Crome, the landscape-painter: he was born at Norwich, December 21, 1769, as his parents were humble his education was limited, and though he felt an early desire for distinction he saw no better way of attaining it than learning under Mr. Whisler the art of coach and sign painting. His new business put pencils and colours into his hands, and his hours of remission from labour afforded him time for study; he was soon observed making drawings from prints, and even attempting to copy nature: an ingenious companion aided him in making a camera obscura, which brought mechanical help to his studies, and impressed a love of accuracy on his mind, which may be traced through all his productions. That will-o'-wisp which artists call effect, and to which too many sacrifice expression, lured

Crome away for a time from his more natural studies : while this fascination was on him he painted scenes in the moonlight, and even amid great violence of contrast he displayed much truth of delineation. His works were now publicly talked of, and attracted the notice of Dr. Sayers, who not only praised but purchased, a liberality not common among connoisseurs. When the term of the painter's servitude expired, he formed the resolution of working one half of the week at signs and shopboards, to raise money to enable him to pursue landscape the other : this required such self denial as strong minds only know : Crome had self denial ; he persevered and was successful. He wrought in this way for several years ; and produced a number of pictures copied from natural scenes around, remarkable for truth and beauty ; nor were his labours wholly unproductive ; by his skill in sign painting, and the sale of a picture now and then for a small price, he gathered together a little sum of money ; ambitious hopes were awakened in his mind, and he turned his face to London, the market for all works which have any claim to genius.

But in London he found competitors so numerous and the demand for landscapes so small, that he was obliged to seek subsistence for a time by sign, and even house, painting : in this humble state he was found by Sir William Beechey, who invited him to his studio ; shewed him how to prepare colours and set his palette, and even wrought himself in the

peculiar style of Crome for the sake of instructing him in the distribution of natural light and shade. Under this new instructor he acquired confidence ; learned how to use his colours, and it was observed that henceforth he painted with more force and with better effect. He did not however succeed in impressing a sense of the value of his landscapes upon any one save those who understand nature and truth, but who are not wealthy enough to be purchasers ; a quiet forest scene, or a green sward valley with its silent stream, or some old fantastic tree, round which fairies danced when belief was in the land, failed to captivate, and Crome left London no richer and scarcely so famous as when he arrived, but greatly improved in taste and skill. It seems that the people of Norwich did not welcome him back in the way most dear to an artist's heart by giving him commissions, for he was obliged for a time to resume coach and sign painting, and was even so reduced in purse as sometimes to be destitute of a shilling. Some one with probably less talent but more wisdom than the painter, advised him to give lessons in drawing ; this advice he followed, and with such success that he became acquainted with many opulent and generous families ; made a little money, established a small studio, and pursued his labours in landscape, according to his own heart.

Among those whom the talents of Crome attracted was John Gurney, of Earlham, a gentleman at once kind and generous, and Dawson Turner, whose

taste and talent require no commendation. With the former he visited the fine scenery of the Cumberland Lakes, and felt his notions of landscape-grandeur expand ; and with the latter he conversed on art, on literature, and other matters of purity and elegance, and was introduced to a valuable and enlightened line of acquaintance. One day, as Mr. Turner was looking over the paintings of the artist, admiring the truth of one, and the fresh spring-time look, or autumnal hues, of another, it occurred to him that at a public sale, properly announced, they would bring a fair sum of money. Crome concurred in this, the day of sale came, the auctioneer doubted his own skill in describing the various lots, and the painter was compelled to discharge the duty himself, which he did with much ease and modesty : between two and three hundred pounds were realized by this sensible hint.

When some forty years old or so, Crome perceived that Norwich was not only beginning to have a taste for the fine arts, but was likely to have painters of her own, for his own instructions and example were not thrown away upon the youth around ; he therefore planned an exhibition, and also a school of art ; nor were his efforts ineffectual, both were established, and he conducted the former, and presided in the latter, as long as he lived. As he was of a chearful turn and fond of company, his society was much courted ; he loved to relate the hardships of his youth, the difficulties he en-

countered in study, and from whence he acquired the native graces of his style. Much of his success he imputed to Hobbima; he admired his works, and imagined he imitated his manner, when in truth he was imitating the scenes which his native land presented; in a woody lane, a winding road, or a field with hedge-rows and cottages, he perceived beauties hid from all eyes save the sharp-sighted ones which are in the head of genius. He conceived justly and clearly, and embodied his imaginings with wonderful truth and force. All about him is sterling English; he has no foreign airs or put-on graces; he studied and understood the woody scenery of his native land with the skill of a botanist, and the eye of a poet; to him a grove was not a mere mass of picturesque stems and foliage; each tree claimed a separate sort of handling; he touched them according to their kind; with him an ash hung with its silver keys was different from an oak covered with acorns. Nor was it his pleasure only to show nature silent and inanimate; to the grove he gave its tenants, and to the glades their cattle and their cottages; nothing was mean, all was natural and striking.

The beautiful print which accompanies our too brief notice is a happy specimen of Crome's peculiar talent. The original is in the appropriate keeping of Bernard Barton, the poet, to whose kindness we are indebted not only for the use of the picture, but for all that may give interest to this memoir. It

represents a glade, with its little cottage, whose tenant is on her way to her cows with milking pail and stool; a dog accompanies her, and a cock struts between two barn-door favourites under the shade of the boughs. The glade itself is such as we stop to look upon in our frequent jaunts through merry old England; the path is grassy and seldom travelled; the flowers have here and there asserted their right to the soil; and the trees are luxuriant, and meet and mingle overhead so closely that the afternoon sun has some difficulty in pouring his warmth through among them on the cottage. The light glimmers on the clay-built wall—not broad and bright, but gently, and in a subdued way. The eminent painter has left many pictures to continue his name with all lovers of art and nature. He died in April, 1821, after a few days illness, leaving a son, whose works have attracted public notice; and Stark, and other scholars of the Norwich school, who work in the spirit of their master, and communicate to canvas the silent poetry of hill and dale and tree and stream.



REMBRANDT.

THE JEW MERCHANT.

THE Advocate of Ostade is busy with eye and hand, the Merchant of Rembrandt is employed in mind only ; he is in a rich garb of a somewhat eastern cut ; he seems about to proceed to the Exchange on some serious speculation, and is holding converse with his own spirit before he goes forth. He is of Jewish extraction rather than a Jew ; he is advancing into the vale of years, and is of a grave considerate turn of mind ; the right hand grasps a staff, and the left hand rests upon it, and one would almost say he had been a soldier, for he handles it like a sword. The posture is easy, unaffected and dignified, the effect of the whole picture is fine ; there is more light admitted upon it than what is customary with Rembrandt. It belonged to the collection of Sir George Beaumont, and passed from him by bequest to the National Gallery, it measures four feet five inches high, by three feet five inches wide. A portrait of this stamp claims affinity with the historical, the man of thought and business is written on it from knee to brow. He is evidently a man of importance in his line, and if

a Jew may be of the race of David ; how much better it is that the painter represented him according to his station, than if he had turned him into an Elijah or an Isaiah, and given him a rapt, upturned look with a halo round his head. He seems not to sit for his portrait, but to form a study for some grand historical composition, representing the chiefs of Israel met in council, when the ark of the Covenant was in the Temple and God was with her princes.

Rembrandt was the son of a miller ; he loved to paint mills, and some have gone so far as to surmise that his first place of study was the dusty interior of one. This conjecture is founded on the strange light under which he chose to look on all subjects ; through the contracted wickets of a mill, lights such as he loved come streaming when the sun is up, amid the dusky machinery. Be that as it may, the marvellous effect which he produced by this mode of treatment has dazzled the world and misled many students ; they sigh for his vivid light and darkness, and seek those striking contrasts at the expense of nature and sentiment. They see only the effect in the works of Rembrandt and refuse to learn that his power of expression is almost equal to it. This is indeed different from the assertion of Reynolds, who says that his attention was principally directed to colouring and effect ; the President places Rembrandt at the head of the Dutch School, but allows him little other merit than astonishing force of colour. Some of his

heads are as vigorous in expression—as unaffected and manly as human heads can well be.

“ His portraits,” says Pilkington, “ are confessedly excellent ; but by his being accustomed to imitate nature exactly, and the nature he imitated being always of the heavy kind, his portraits, though admirable in respect to likeness and the look of life, want grace and dignity in the airs and attitudes. In regard to other particulars he was so exact in giving the true resemblance of the persons who sat to him that he distinguished the prominent feature and character in every face without endeavouring to improve or embellish it. Many of his heads display such a minute exactness as to show even the hairs of the beard, and the wrinkles of old age ; yet at a proper distance, the whole has an astonishing effect, and every portrait appears as if starting from the canvas. Thus, a picture of his maid servant, placed at the window of his house in Amsterdam, is said to have deceived the passengers for several days. De Piles, when he was in Holland, not only ascertained the truth of this fact, but purchased the portrait, which he esteemed as one of the finest ornaments of his cabinet.”

The works of Rembrandt are remarkably rare, and when in the market bring incredibly high prices. Some of them are in the collections of British noblemen, and several are in the National Gallery, where their dark splendour attracts many eyes. His own portrait, painted by himself, is in the Ducal

Gallery at Florence. He seems to have had a secret in the composition of his colours which no one has inherited ; in the days of Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, painters studied their colours as much as they did their compositions ; they made frequent experiments, and to this much of the unattainable lustre of their pictures must be owing. On the contrary, the artists of this age allow other hands to prepare their colours, or when they condescend to do it themselves, they refuse to bestow the study upon them which the applause bestowed upon mere force of colour shows to be quite necessary. Colour-making is now a trade by itself, and the splendour of our pictures is diminished.



CUYP.

LANDSCAPE.

ALBERT CUYP, painter of cattle, landscape, and moonlights, was born at Dort in the year 1606 : he was the son and disciple of Jacob Gerritze Cuyp, who distinguished himself in delineating the scenes of his native land—canals, rivers, cattle ; the marching of armies, and their contests in the field. Cuyp the elder was rough and bold in his compositions ; Cuyp the younger was neat, graceful, and poetic : the former had great freedom of touch, a mode of colouring agreeable and sweet, and a transparence in his streams which it was thought no one could rival, till he was surpassed in all in which he was thought excellent by his son. Jacob contented himself with painting one or two species of animals ; but Albert employed his pencil on oxen, sheep, cows, horses, goats ; he represented them grazing in the green fields, ruminating in the shade, driven a-field, or brought home ; and even sometimes crossing rivers and canals. In all that he attempted he succeeded, and indeed excelled ; whatever he touched became beautiful, nor did the beauty surpass the fine freedom of his touch, or his clear and

transparent colouring. His mind was full of the quiet poetry of nature ; there is nothing startling or stormy in his conceptions ; he disliked thunder-clouds, and cared not to

“ Ride on the volleyed lightning through the heavens.”

His heart was with the serene and the lovely ; with landscapes steeped in morning dews ; flocks reposing by the sides of shaded pools ; bare-armed maidens straining the reeking milk through white fingers, and streams slumbering in the light of the moon.

Cuyp was an anxious observer of nature, as all great painters require to be ; it is only by adding their own feeling and fancy and stock of knowledge to what others have done, that they can become famous in their own day, and hope to live in the days of others. “ He was accustomed to observe,” says Pilkington, “ even the particular times of the day, to express the various diffusions of light on his subjects with all the truth of nature : and in his pictures, the morning, attended with its mists and vapours, the clearer light of noon, and the saffron-coloured tints of evening, may be readily distinguished. He likewise excelled in moonlight pieces ; some of them being so admirably expressed, that the glittering reflection of the lunar beams on the surface of the water appeared more like real nature than like any imitation of it.”

The paintings of Cuyp are almost as refreshing

to the eye as the natural scenes which they represent. In this he is equalled by few ; his water all but runs, his grass all but grows, and his suns all but shine. He was a great master of harmony, nor is this more observable in his handling than in his conceptions : he disliked violence, and accomplished all he desired through the graceful, the lovely, and the serene. The commonest subject became in his hands poetical ; not that he made angels descend to his landscapes, or brought supernatural splendours upon them ; he wrought as a skilful limner does with a portrait ; he took the general lineaments, and sought rather to give sentiment than detail. We never think as we look on Cuyp's cows of the milk they will yield, nor what price his horses will bring in the market ; there is a poetic atmosphere about the picture which raises us above that. We would instance his celebrated painting of the cattle market and military parade at Dort, as a proof of the accuracy of our assertions. In some other hands the scene would only have been natural and forcible, in his it is more ; he has refused to be limited to a mere market place and parade view. To his horses he has given the fire and impetuosity which belong to their nature ; to his cattle that meekness and repose peculiar to their character, and shed over the whole a harmonious glow and exquisite grace. His studies were all from nature ; in her he laid the foundation of all his compositions, and through her acquired all his fame.

Cuyp has many admirers and many followers in this country. Some of them have more than approached him ; several of the landscapes of James Burnet, though copied from nature, shew much of the manner of Cuyp : there is nothing foreign about them ; they are such pictures as the elder artist would have painted had he been in England and seen our green glades, our primrose knolls, our hazelly glens, our woods, in which elms abound, and our brook banks, grazed by such cows as he loved to look upon. Crome too kept him in mind while he laid down the rustic scenes around Norwich on canvas. Indeed Cuyp cannot be otherwise than present to the fancy of many landscape-painters ; the exquisite care and harmonious simplicity of his delineations captivate students, and they imagine that creations of the same character are easy till they try. His excellence resides as much in the poetic air of his pictures as in the luminous brilliancy of his colours. When Burns made his appearance, the familiarity of his language induced all who could “ tear the words and make them clink,” to commence poets also : the northern press groaned with rustic rhymes ; but it was soon felt that they wanted the fine sentiment which elevated the rustic language of Burns into the region of poesy. In like manner those who imitate Cuyp must not think to accomplish it by painting a couple of cows chewing the cud

“ Beside some trotting burn’s meander,”

or horses turned loose to their sunday's pasture. There is something above all this—and that is the genius which inspires the whole, and animates the landscape, as sap runs through the tree in spring, giving life to every bough, and covering it with beauty. There are men who can make a staring likeness of a sitter, and others who can make a strong likeness of hill and vale ; yet other qualities are required to make them painters of true portrait and landscape. Cuyp had a great affection for his native land : his pictures, taken from scenes around his birth-place, are numerous. He made many drawings, and designs heightened with water-colours, which, together with his etchings, are much valued by the curious and the tasteful. He died at Dort in the year 1667.

The exquisite landscape before us belongs to the collection of the Duke of Bedford ; it has other attractions than what arise from the peopled land, the rich valley, and the running stream. The artist in conceiving the picture imagined himself on a journey attended by a friend, and that he had reached a point of view in which all the glories of the scene were revealed to his sight. He quitted his horse, sat down on the ground, took out his pencils, and placing the paper over his knees, laid down the leading lineaments of the landscape to be expanded in oil at his leisure. We must, therefore, add the figure of the painter to the other charms of the picture, and if he has been accurate in his deli-

neation, we must set him down in our fancy as a stout dark man—something Dutch-built, who was fond of a broad brimmed hat—no bad security against sun or rain—and who rode with a sword by his side, like other gentlemen of the period. The fine sweep of the river, with boats floating busy on its bosom, has been much admired; nor should the tributary stream, which steals through among the short trees, and spreading bushes of the fore-ground, be forgotten. The slumbering shepherd, with his little lot of reposing sheep, gives a pastoral touch to the whole. Some who are curious in the history of pictures have raised a controversy concerning the hand which put in the painter and his fellow traveller; some cannot persuade themselves that they are by Cuyp: Thomson, when he represented himself in the Castle of Indolence, as

“ More fat than bard beseems,”

imputed the verse to the hand of a friend—but who believed his report?



REYNOLDS.

CUPID.

WHEN Reynolds, in his second discourse, releases the student in painting from the restraint of academic authority, and invests him with skill in science and knowledge in colour, he thus proceeds to give instruction. “ He is from this time to regard himself as holding the same rank with those masters whom he before obeyed as teachers; and as exercising a sort of sovereignty over those rules which have hitherto restrained him. Comparing now no longer the performances of art with each other, but examining the art itself by the standard of nature, he corrects what is erroneous, supplies what is scanty, and adds, by his own observation, what the industry of his predecessors may have yet left wanting to perfection. Having well established his judgment and stored his memory, he may now without fear try the power of his imagination. The mind that has been thus disciplined, may be indulged in the warmest enthusiasm and venture to play on the borders of the wildest extravagance. The habitual dignity which long converse with the greatest minds has imparted to him, will display

itself in all his attempts, and he will stand among his instructors not an imitator but a rival."

In something of the spirit of this portion of his discourse Sir Joshua painted the picture before us. It is an early work, and full of life and motion, and touched with the same sort of character which animates *Muscipula*, his boy *Mercury*, or the urchin *Puck*. Cupid is out on a ramble in the woods, he is naked, but the thorns and briars of this rough world harm nothing that is celestial; he has come to the shadiest part of the grove, and observing, perhaps, a shepherdess more than necessarily coy, or some untamed wood nymph putting on airs of disdain or carelessness, he slyly prepares his bow and arrow, and we may see, by the roguish twinkle of his eye, that he believes the wound he is about to inflict will have more of pleasure than of pain. It is this happy knack of communicating a certain infantine drollery of expression which makes the children of Reynolds so universally admired. His practice was to raise the superstructure of his fancy on living life; he sought out a child of such beauty as was suitable for his purpose; he peaked and perked up the mouth, put a mischievous twinkle into the eyes, and, giving it some little deed of innocent devilry to do, invested it in the richest hues of art; called it Cupid, or Puck, or Jack-a-lantern and astonished his brethren by the unique oddity of his performance. That he was an indifferent master in undulating beauty and consistency of outline the present

and other works prove, but there is a beauty beyond that—originality and vigour of character, in which he excelled, as well as in that glowing magnificence of colouring which no English painter has yet equalled.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, the third great painter in the British ranks of art, was born at Plympton in Devonshire, where his father kept a school, on Thursday July 16, 1723. Wilson was then ten years old, and Hogarth had begun his long and glorious career. A love of art came upon him early; he was inspired, Johnson relates, by reading when a child Richardson's *Treatise on painting*; nor was he much encouraged by his father, who wrote, as a rebuke, on the back of one of his boyish studies, "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." Days of patronage were at hand; his drawings pleased some judicious neighbours who praised his performances, and a sketch of Plympton school so gladdened his father's heart that he cried "wonderful," and Joshua, at the age of nineteen, was sent to London to pursue his studies as a painter, under the eye of Hudson—a man who could paint a head but had not the skill to place it on the shoulders.

The little that Hudson knew, Reynolds soon mastered, but genius such as his could not pause at mediocrity; in a portrait of one of the female domestics he exhibited such grace of expression and beauty of colour, that Hudson in a fit of jea-

lousy dismissed him from his studio, accusing his own simplicity of having taught him too much. On this Joshua returned to his native county, set up his easel at Plympton, and painted many portraits which helped to fill his pockets as well as to extend his reputation. A painting of himself with palette and pencils in one hand and the other held over his brow, together with the portraits of Miss Chudleigh and Captain Hamilton of the Abercorn family raised high expectations and brought some friends. He now thought of Rome: the eternal city was then, as now, the object of pilgrimage to the painters of England; Reynolds made his appearance in the Vatican in the autumn of 1749, and finding himself as he said in the midst of works executed upon principles with which he was unacquainted, boldly, and we fear rashly, declared that no one of true natural taste could without long study and preparation perceive the divine beauty of Raphael. Light from heaven came to his own eyes in time, the majestic splendour of the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael dawned upon him and he pronounced them unequalled. From that time forward he talked but of those immortal painters; he made copies in outline of many of the principal heads in their compositions, and endeavoured to master the secrets of colour. With a memorandum book filled with sketches and observations he returned to London and proceeded at once to shew that the cold, dry, mechanical style of portrait-painting was

at an end, and that the reign of freedom, and vigour, and natural depth of colour, had commenced.

But the freedom of his postures and the brilliancy of his colouring were not established without opposition. They were pronounced innovations upon the existing system of portrait manufacture. Hudson his old master exclaimed, “ Why, Josh man, you don’t paint so well as when you left my studio ;” and Ellis who had gleaned some knowledge under

“ Kneller by heaven and by no master taught,”

shrugged up his shoulders saying “ Ah, Reynolds, this will never do—why you don’t paint in the least like Sir Godfrey.” This contest did not last long ; a portrait of Commodore Keppel placed him at the head of the profession ; it came out among the formal portraiture of his brethren in art, with the splendour of a comet ; a succession of other heads equally manly and beautiful followed, and he was acknowledged by all, save the king on the throne, to be unequalled in delineating the “ human face divine.” The coldness of George the Third towards this great artist has never been accounted for ; it is true that he sat once to him, conferred on him the order of knighthood, and even spoke of him in terms of approbation, if not of praise ; but it is also true that he countenanced him no farther. What his king withheld his country bestowed : he not only enjoyed the friendship of Johnson, Burke, and

Goldsmith, and others scarcely less eminent, but he lived on terms of affection and familiarity with the principal members of the state and all the leading spirits of the land. His stately manners and style of living maintained the dignity of his character; men have laughed at the bustling airs of Hogarth, at the whims of Gainsborough and the follies of Barry, but no one ever mocked Sir Joshua. For thirty years he maintained his station at the head of British art; painted two generations of the beautiful, the brave, and the intellectual of his country, and died full of years and honours on the 23d. of February, 1792, at his house in Leicester Fields. His genius aided largely in establishing the fame of the Royal Academy, and his natural good sense and good feeling united in supporting the dignity as well as usefulness of the Institution.





A View of the Valley of the Rhine, near Bonn, Germany.

WATERLOO.

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

OF Anthony Waterloo less is known than we could wish, for his works placé him high among the landscape painters of the Low Countries. He seems to have made little impression on the public mind during his life-time, for no one has recorded his birth-place, the year in which he was born, nor the name of the master under whom he studied. But nature strongly felt and elegantly expressed will in time make its way: the paintings of Waterloo began to be enquired after, and then, and not sooner, did the world desire to know something of the history of him who had interested them. The enquiry came too late; rumour supplied the place of truth; some said he was a native of Amsterdam, and that he lived, studied, and died there: others affirmed that Utrecht was his birth-place, and this is countenanced by the tradition that he spent the chief part of his life in the neighbourhood of that city. It is said he was born in the year 1618. His works bear no distinct likeness of study under any particular master: the style belongs to the Low Country school, and it is probable he studied the

pictures of various artists, and formed himself accordingly.

Houbraken and Weyermans, who write of Dutch art, and who were well acquainted with Waterloo's works, speak highly of his merits. "His scenes," says Pilkington, "are agreeable representations of simple nature without any attempt at improvements: he imitated justly what he saw, but wanted elegance in his choice of objects as well as of his situations, yet an exactness is visible in all his performances." This is not exactly true of some pictures which we have looked at from the hand of this artist; nor is it borne out by the landscape which precedes this too imperfect dissertation. There is in truth great elegance and serene loveliness in the scene; the shady woods, the quiet water, the flowery ground, the winding way, and the rustic bridge, are happily and gracefully delineated. The original picture as we looked at it in the collection of our lamented friend Ludgate, appeared to us wonderfully happy, nor has the graver failed in conveying the leading features of its loveliness to the print before us.

Pilkington is nearer the truth when he observes, "there is generally a great degree of clearness in his skies, and very good keeping in his distances; he shews an extraordinary variety in the verdure of trees and grounds which compose his subjects; and he adapted them very judiciously to the different hours of the day, as also to the different seasons of

the year. The trunks of his trees are particularly laboured, and the reflections of objects in the water are wonderfully transparent." In these peculiarities Waterloo resembles Crome of Norwich ; they are both eminently skilful in their scenery where woods grow and waters run : to them each tree presented a something of individual character ; the bright silvery bark of the birch, the wrinkled stem of the elm, the gnarled boughs of the oak, and the glossy bark of the fir, were all as different in their eyes as they are in nature ; even the colour and shape of the leaf was attended to. Some of the landscapes of Waterloo are without figures, and this has brought a charge against him of inability to execute them in the spirit of his groves and streams. Some of our artists see the pencil of Cuyp in the horse and rider of the scene before us, and certainly there is something of the ease and air of that eminent painter about them. His biographers say that he employed the hand of Weenix in this part of the work ; but of a man whose birth-place, mode of study, and residence, were matters rather of conjecture than certainty, it cannot be safely said that he employed other hands than his own in his compositions.

Waterloo seems not to have caught the eye of Reynolds during his visit to the Dutch galleries, for he has not once alluded to him ; his pictures are nevertheless high in public estimation, are rarely to be met with, and like most rare things bring high prices in public sales. The painter, it is said, lived

an irregular life, and so produced few pictures ; but this may have been owing as much to his love of drawing and etching as his fondness for fine company, and the presence of the wine-cup. His etchings are masterly. On the whole, Waterloo is not one of those who startle and astonish us by the dash and splendour of their landscapes ; he deals in no burning mountains, cities on fire, or seas in commotion : he steals quietly out to some seldom trodden nook, such as gypsies (who are great judges of natural beauty) love to encamp in, and communicates it to the canvas with wonderful fidelity and grace. His waters run, his trees wave, and his fields live with herbs and flowers. He pleases rather than delights us ; when once felt he cannot be readily forgotten—for truth and nature will always prevail. His simplicity is perfect ; he never tries to make his landscape look grand and majestic : he does the scene justice, and he does no more.



MORTIMER :

PORTRAIT IN CHARACTER.

THIS is one of those pictures which characterize the British School of Painting. In works half nature, half fiction, Reynolds excelled more than in pictures of pure invention; it was his practice to pick up some wandering mendicant with a good head and much leisure, and brooding over it, endow it with sentiment, adorn it with all the graces of colour and call it a banished lord, or any other name calculated to excite public curiosity and bring purchasers. In the same manner, but with greater latitude of action, Mortimer created many of the works by which his name is known to the world. His heads from Shakspeare, particularly that fine one embodying the passage commencing with

“ The poet’s eye in a fine frenzy rolling,”

are part portrait and part ideal; and it is to the honour of his fancy that they look the characters of the great poet as well, and in some instances better, than the creations of other painters.

Mortimer was fond of the wild, the savage and

the wonderful ; and it was his pleasure in the fine picture before us to imagine himself a chief of banditti—a Rob Roy of the mountains—and stamp a sort of poetic grandeur on his looks and on his costume. The passionate energy which he has bestowed, the parted lips, the restless eye and the loosened hair, all speak of a life of excitement ; while the certainty that it is the likeness of Mortimer himself adds to its value as well as its beauty. Indeed, though every sitter has not a head fit for martial enterprizes, we would prefer portraits in character, to those tame and insipid likenesses with which our exhibitions are filled. Jackson as well as Reynolds limned himself in character, and we always reckoned the picture of the latter with the palette on his thumb, the brush in his hand and his eye brightened with the success of his labours, as one of the happiest of his productions.

Of John Hamilton Mortimer, less is known than his merits deserve, all that we can learn of his parentage, is, that he was the son of a miller at Eastbourne in Sussex ; the youngest of four children, and claimed descent from Mortimer, Earl of March. His uncle was a wandering artist, who travelled from district to district, painting a portrait here and a landscape there, and an altar-piece for a church, according to the taste or demands of his employers. The works of his relative exercised an early influence over the mind of Mortimer ; he studied, he copied them, and as his skill en-

creased he carried his speculations further, and made original designs from nature and from fancy. On this strong manifestation of his powers his father consented that he should try his fortune in art, and through the aid of a relative a hundred pounds premium was paid for his admission into the studio of the once famous Hudson.

The first object of Mortimer was to acquire skill in colouring; in drawing he perhaps already equalled the best artists of his day. In colouring, however, he never excelled; he had consumed so many years in sketching, and was reckoned so dexterous in delineating banditti that he found a better market for his drawings than for his paintings. Bred on the sea coast amid hereditary smugglers he was familiar with all their wild and daring ways; and with a pencil and paper in his hand has been known to seek out the most savage places, and in spite of the presence of contraband dealers and their known ferocity, delineate what picture dealers called "Salvator Rosa sort of scenes," giving the landscape and the people in character. He loved to depict agitated seas, foundering ships, banditti plundering, rough rocks and shaggy woods, and all such places as robbers by land or pirates by sea love to frequent. To this rude academy much of the peculiarity which marks the works of this artist may be traced; it conferred a boldness of conception and handling unknown then in the English school.

Mortimer's genius was soon perceived in London, and those who wished well to it advised him to study a more serene grandeur of style, such as may be readily found in antique sculpture. He had too little patience for this ; but, he attended among other students at the Gallery of Antique Casts, established by the munificent Duke of Richmond. This he called his dead school, the school on the Sussex coast was his living one ; and we have heard it remarked that the presence of those splendid statues, sobered a little the style of Mortimer and taught him precision and regularity. Cipriani and Moser found him out in this place, and spoke so favourably of his genius to the Duke of Richmond, that his Grace desired much to employ him according to the practice of those days in painting the walls and ceilings of his mansions. The offer was politely declined, for Mortimer was one of those original minded men who cannot work on dictated subjects and spaces defined ; moreover he was whimsical and wayward, delighting in following the meteors of his own fancy, and in revelling with such brethren of the art as had money to spend and time to spare.

Having disciplined his hand in the Richmond Gallery, he undertook to paint a large picture of St. Paul converting the Britons to Christianity. It was so favourably received, that the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded him their premium of a hundred pounds ; the picture was pur-

chased by Dr. Bates, and presented to the Church of Chipping Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. His fame being raised by this work, he painted, *Magna Charta*, the *Battle of Agincourt*, and *Vortigern and Rowena*. There is much of the animation and fiery tumult of a heady fight in *Agincourt*; and in *Vortigern and Rowena*, he represents with considerable force and effect the festival of the Britons and Saxons, and the island prince presenting the brimming cup to the blooming princess. His landing of *Julius Cæsar* was but a sketch, it, however, surpasses the *Battle of Agincourt* in variety of grouping and in variety of scene. The Roman is making his descent on the coast, the legions encumbered with mail and above the knees in water, hold their bucklers before them, with their short sharp swords behind, and push shoreward, while the Britons, half naked and ferocious rush upon them, and

“ The battle closes thick and bloody.”

But the shower of stones and darts from the distant shipping upon the advancing islanders throws them into confusion; and *Cæsar*, like *Fingal*, standing tall in his ship, is commanding his boats round to a readier part of the coast to take their foes in flank. A battle of *Hastings*, from the same hand, is more tame and less picturesque.

Fuseli accuses *Mortimer* of weakness of conception, he might have charged him with extravagance.

There is a continual bustle, a desire to do more than is necessary in all his pictures and drawings. He has vigour about him, but it is of the convulsive kind, he does all by muscular force and by protracted straining; he can do nothing in tranquillity, his heroes draw their swords like furies, his banditti seem to be dividing the world rather than a purse, and his ladies will not be quiet and let their charms work their way, they stare and strut and put on sentiment too strong to be becoming. He died in his thirty-eighth year, sensible of a double extravagance in his actions as well as his pictures. The original from which our Portrait in Character is copied belongs to John Slater, Esq.



SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

A LANDSCAPE.

THE idea of this landscape is excellent, the painter has delineated an English scene of great beauty, and by the use of a little taste and skill has made it illustrate one of the finest passages in Shakespear. The landscape was found near Coleorton-Hall the seat of the Beaumonts of old as well as now; and Sir George had but to add the wounded deer and the melancholy Jaques, to give poetic life to the otherwise inanimate prospect. This is too seldom practised in painting, none of our artists ever think when they paint a seaport, of exhibiting one of our conquering fleets sailing out to battle, or coming back from victory; nor when they delineate a dale do they ever pour into it bands of armed men, and treat us to a fight during the civil wars; nay, Sherwood Forest with its merry outlaws has been wholly forgotten, though the exploits of Robin Hood and the woods in which he achieved them, if well painted, would no doubt find purchasers. In the scene before us the trees are too massive and overwhelming: but the stream with its two falls broken and interrupted by stones, and the distant country seen

through among the crooked stems of the trees are natural and pleasing. The picture measures two feet six inches high, by three feet six inches long, and was presented to the National Gallery by Lady Beaumont.

Of the painter himself much is known to the world and but little has been written ; he was one of the most graceful and accomplished gentlemen of his time, a painter of taste and skill, the friend and the patron of genius, kind, condescending and hospitable. The descent of Sir George Beaumont reached higher than that of most of our nobility, for he was connected by blood with both the loftiest rank and the highest genius : among his ancestors he numbered Bohemond Prince of Antioch, the son of Robert Guiscard who shook the throne of Constantinople in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa, and afterwards planted the cross of Christendom on the walls of Jerusalem. His lineage has nearer claims to our regard, and to this Wordsworth alludes in the dedication of his poems. " Several of the best pieces were composed under the shade of your own groves upon the classic ground of Coleorton, where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family, who were born in that neighbourhood, and we may be assured did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace-Dieu, and among the rocks that diversify the forest of Charnwood." The painter and the poet went often out

to muse among those beautiful scenes together: the former sketched a landscape, the latter composed a poem, and on returning home submitted their labours to Lady Beaumont whose taste in both arts was just and discriminating.

It was sometimes the pleasure of Sir George Beaumont to erect a rustic altar, and no one was so ready as Wordsworth to furnish it with an inscription. The allusions are frequently biographical.

Here may some painter sit in future days,
Some future poet meditate his lays :
Not mindless of that distant age renowned
When inspiration hovered o'er this ground—
The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield
In civil conflict met at Bosworth field,
And of that famous youth full soon removed
From earth—perhaps by Shakespeare's self
 approved,
Fletcher's associate, Jonson's friend beloved.

In another poem some further light is thrown upon the painter's ancestry.

There on the margin of a streamlet wild
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child,
There under shadow of the neighbouring rocks
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks.
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes
Heart breaking tears and melancholy dreams.

A love of art came early on Sir George; a book

containing many of his boyish sketches is still existing ; on his marriage he went with his bride to Italy, and during his abode there he became a painter. In the land of sunshine and art he resumed the pencil which he had long thrown aside, and made many studies from nature, and from Claude and other masters of the calling. His hand improved rapidly by practice, something of a poetic spirit was observed in all his scenes, and he continued his efforts till he painted a landscape, in which he strove to combine the fresh green beauty of England with the brilliant atmosphere and sunny skies of Italy.

Though Claude was his chief favourite in landscape, he was not insensible to the sterner beauties of Wilson ; he courted his acquaintance, examined into his manner of handling a picture, and strove to give his own productions the broad and massive splendour of the great master of English landscape. " The pictures," he thus writes to a friend, " on which Wilson's high reputation is founded, are not very numerous, he did not long possess that vigour of mind and hand which characterizes the Niobe. His pencil though feeble and negligent in his decline, is in his best works, firm, bold and decisive. I do not conceive his colouring to be his prime excellence, yet it is frequently sweet and airy, solemn and grand, as the subject required, and seldom or never out of harmony."

Sir George was the companion of Gainsborough

and also of Reynolds; his house in Grosvenor Square was a museum of books and paintings, and there might be found some of the best pictures of both the Italian and English Schools with some of the first men in the three kingdoms looking at and admiring them. Nor did he hesitate, though of birth and fortune, to claim the merits of a painter for his own landscapes,—he hung up several of his pictures with those of Claude and Wilson, and there were not wanting critics and artists who perceived in them much that was imaginative and picturesque. He displayed the most unwearied solicitude in obtaining a National Gallery, and he held out the bribe of his own splendid collection of pictures as an inducement. This was not without its effect; Lord Liverpool listened with a favourable ear to the subject, but shook his head and hesitated about the expence; the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Farnborough were moved to aid in the attempt—much was said and little done. When Angerstein died and there was some dread that his collection would go abroad, Sir George bestirred himself; he thus wrote to Lord Dover. “I would rather see these pictures in the hands of Lord Hertford than have them lost to the country; but I would rather see them in the Museum than in the possession of any individual, however respectable in rank or taste, because taste is not inherited and there are few families in which it lives for three generations. My idea, therefore, is that the few examples which re-

main perfect can never be so safe as under the guardianship of a body which never dies ; and I see every year such proofs of the carelessness with which people suffer those inestimable relics to be rubbed, scraped and polished, as if they were their family plate, that I verily believe, if they do not find some safe asylum, in another half century little more will be left than the bare canvasses." His wishes were successful, the collection of Angerstein was bought, a gallery established, nor was it long before his own pictures were united to them. His health and strength of frame promised a life longer than common ; his looks were fresh, his step firm, and he had been enjoying the society of some intimate friends, when he was seized with sudden illness at Coleorton Hall and hurried to the grave in a few days. He was mild and gentle in his manners, and his loss has been widely felt among all the children of art.





11. North 1850

11. North 1850

11. North 1850

MURILLO.

THE LAST SUPPER.

THE history of the picture from which this engraving has been carefully copied, must be regarded as curious. It was painted by Murillo in early life for a Convent in Valencia, where it remained unmolested, till the great war of the Peninsula brought judges of pictures both from France and England. Sir John Murray during his short occupation of the province, found leisure to admire it; he went frequently to see it, and was heard to declare that its character and colour were such as he loved to look on. As ardent admirers, and much less scrupulous, soon made their appearance. The French army advanced into that quarter, the Convent held out the two fold attraction of living beauty, as well as works of art, to that lively and tasteful people; they were not likely to regard either convent or church as a sanctuary, and the picture was removed from the wall, and packed up to be carried off. The French, however, had to retire as rapidly as they advanced; on their retreat they sold or disposed of their splendid Murillo to a Spanish

artist, who in his turn placed it in the gallery of a collector among many other pictures.

There "The Last Supper," remained till repose returned to Spain, when it was threatened with another removal. As something like a general restoration of such property took place elsewhere, Ferdinand authorized the original owners of all church pictures, to seize them wherever they were to be found, and take them away without repayment or apology. On this the owner of the picture became alarmed, and transmitted it for safety to England; where it is to be found in the keeping of W. W. Sharp, Esq. of Upper Berkeley Street. A question as to its authenticity it seems was raised while it remained in Spain, upon which Don Vicente Lopez, the king's chief painter, who had seen it when removed by the French, referred to the Convent to which it once belonged, and found that the year in which it had been painted, together with the price paid to Murillo, were registered. This silenced those who claimed it as the work of Espinosa; and indeed the style of handling is satisfactory enough to such men of taste as are acquainted with the works of these eminent masters. The picture measures twelve feet ten inches long, by six feet eight inches high, and is in good preservation.

It is a work of great care and study; many of the heads are supposed to be portraits, a little

idealized, of the churchmen and grandees of Spain. There is considerable variety of expression as well as of attitude, and a mental capacity visible in the countenances of the disciples, such as their lives and actions induce us to expect. The Christ is less successful, but Murillo could not succeed where Raphael may be said to have failed; there is little of celestial descent about him save the halo, yet the whole scene is one of awe. The passage embodied may be found in that touching Chapter the thirteenth of St. John.

“ 21. When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. Then the disciples looked one on another, doubting of whom he spake.

23. Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved.

24. Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, that he should ask who it should be of whom he spake.

25. He then lying on Jesus' breast, saith unto him, Lord, who is it?

26. Jesus answered, He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped *it*.”

It appears to us, however, that the moment of time selected by the painter for giving the sentiment to his picture follows closely our Saviour's denunciation of Judas Iscariot. Apostle turns to Apostle with looks of surprise or doubt; Judas himself seems desirous of making his defence, he

lays one hand on his bosom and expands the other as if denying by his action what his looks acknowledge.

Of the life of Murillo we have already spoken in an earlier number. His works are not numerous in England ; his melancholy colouring, and the Spanish look of his delineations of character, mark him sufficiently out as an original and of a strange land. Though his pictures are not generally of a historical order, his genius was felt by the Court and the Church, and Charles the second was desirous of making him his chief painter, but the declining years and great diffidence of Murillo interposed. The imagination of this eminent man seems not to have been of a high order ; he could paint with fine effect and wonderful happiness the living objects before him, but he could not brood over them, endow them with grace, and cover them with beauty. Had it been the custom of angels to ascend and descend, and sit to limners in those days, Murillo would have hit off accurate fac-similes of their persons, but he could not imagine them ; and this is both his defect and his excellence, he has failed in the poetic and the lofty, but he has compensated for it by the characteristic truth of his representations, and the dark fidelity of his colours.



THE SINGING WOMAN

ARNOLD MAAS.

THE VIGILANT MISTRESS.

THERE are three painters of the name of Maas ; viz. Arnold, born at Gouda, in 1623 ; Nicholas, born at Dort, in 1632 ; and Dirk, born at Haerlem, in 1656. The first painted weddings, dances, and festive meetings ; the second was a painter of portraits, and as such was upbraided by Jordaens for submitting to the whims, the follies, and impertinencies of ignorant sitters ; and the third excelled in market scenes, and fruits and flowers, and lived some time in England, where he painted the Battle of the Boyne for the Earl of Portland.

The picture from which the engraving of the Vigilant Mistress is copied belongs to the collection of His Majesty ; it is the work of Arnold Van Maas ; and, like all the other productions of the Dutch school of art, is remarkable for the simplicity of its conception and the plainness of its story. The scene is laid in the dwelling-house of a person in the middle rank of life : on one side of the picture a cellar door stands open ; barrels of good home brewed beer are ranged orderly along the walls ; two servants have been sent to tap an old cask, or

make room for the admission of a new one. They have already extracted a quantity ; one of them has a glass at his lips, and is allowing the fine clear nut-brown ale to run slowly and enjoyingly in at an opening which can scarcely be called a mouth ; while the kitchen-maid, allured by the temptation of pleasant drink and social company, has left her broom on the floor, and is submitting with a demure patience to the fondling of a fellow servant. A lantern on the top of the barrel sheds a glimmering light along the floor, and shines on the faces of the happy group. In the meantime the Vigilant Mistress mistrusting her menials, and suspecting the cause of their loitering, descends the stair as if she trod on eggs ; her finger is at her lip, and both ears are open ; another step and she is among them—another moment and they will know the penalty which awaits on the double fault of wasting her time and consuming her liquor.

Of Maas little is known in England ; he was a disciple of Teniers the younger, and acquired from his master a taste of imitating simple nature, and a desire to paint the scenes which the land around afforded. He loved to wander among farm-houses, villages, and country towns ; he called them his school of study, and the people whom he found busied in them, his sitters and his models. A wedding supplied him with many studies ; to a dance he was indebted for ease and motion ; to a carousal he owed character and life ; and if he saw half a dozen

villagers gathered together he loved to get near them and make sketches. By this way of going to work he infused life and nature into his compositions. He excelled in scenes requiring spirit and humour. Having acquired distinction at home he desired to seek it abroad, and accordingly left Holland for Italy, where he travelled and studied several years. Of the masters whose works he consulted, or the cities which he visited, no one has told us; the style in which he excelled seems not to require acquaintance with the masters of the poetical and the historic; but he knew best—he doubtless felt the advantage of looking at the bright conceptions and grand harmonies of the Italian masters.

The works of this artist are far from numerous; Reynolds, in his tour through Holland, either did not see them or did not feel them; he has not mentioned his name or alluded to his paintings. Maas excels in clear and brilliant colouring: he is fond too of strong contrasts, sudden gleams of light amid thick darkness. He never equalled Teniers in his soft, sharp, brilliant touches, nor Jan Steen in his management of light and shadow; but he acquired a name which will be long heard of for vivid presentations of nature, for simplicity of conception, and a quiet sly humour. Holland is full of the pictures of her own masters: they are to be found in almost every house. “I have only to add,” says Sir Joshua, “that in my account of the Dutch pictures, which is indeed little more than a catalogue, I

have mentioned only those which I considered worthy of attention. It is not to be supposed that these are the whole of the cabinets described ; perhaps in a collection of near a hundred pictures, not ten are set down ; their being mentioned at all, though no epithet may be added, implies excellence." It is plain from this that the President considered only such pictures as he thought excellent worthy of attention ; but there are many fine works which approach near excellence, and the Dutch galleries number some from the hand of Arnold Van Maas among them.

The life of this artist was brief ; he fell sick on his way home from Italy, and died in 1664, before he could show his countrymen any specimens of his improved taste and skill, or give his fame the advantage of his Italian studies. Many of his designs and drawings are preserved in the cabinets of the tasteful and the curious. His pictures are scarce, and like all rare things bring high prices when exposed to sale.



PATRICK NASMYTH.

COUNTRY PUBLIC HOUSE.

THERE are instances abroad, but not many in this country, of the inheritance of a family lying in peculiar talents. Families here seem exhausted with producing one eminent person of their blood and name : we have no second Spensers, Shakespeares or Miltons ; neither have we a second Hogarth or a Reynolds. An eminent name becomes mute, and an undistinguished one comes forward and claims the applause of the world. In British art the most remarkable name is perhaps that of Nasmyth. The eldest of the family, Alexander, is well known as a very original and ingenious mechanist ; his portraits are numerous, he has the merit of having painted the only true likeness of the illustrious Burns, and his landscapes are of great excellence ; his eldest daughter, Mrs. Terry, all but rivals her father in ease and truth ; we have seen some of her river scenes as vivid and varied as nature : his youngest daughter, Ann, paints landscapes in a way worthy of her sister ; she copies from the hill, the tree, and the stream, and handles

all she touches with much sweetness : the pictures of his son Patrick Millar Nasmyth, are known far and wide ; the very fine natural scene which introduces this article will show that he was no common artist, and vindicate the little we have to say about his memory and his merits.

He was born at Edinburgh, 7th January, 1787, and named after Patrick Millar, of Dalwinston, who distinguished himself by applying steam to the purposes of navigation. He began to draw almost as soon as he could write ; nor was he long in making use of colours ; he may be said to have been born with the palette on his thumb. As Alexander held the chief place as a landscape painter in Edinburgh, he had many students, and Patrick, at a very tender age took upon himself the task of instructor, and became useful among the pupils. He studied pictures, but he studied nature more ; he loved to wander about the romantic hills and glens in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, studying the varied hues of the scene and the season : he was early familiar with the loveliness of spring, the bloom of summer, the beauty of autumn, and the majesty of winter. While he studied on the hills of Braid, on Salisbury Craigs, by Leith-water, or in the glen of Roslin, he imagined he was preparing himself for imitating Wynants, Hobbima, and Ruysdael. But though he fondly believed that he was walking in the footsteps of these masters, it was fortunate for his fame that he created a style of his own

from nature. In truth, all his landscapes have an island impress upon them ; his very atmosphere is British, as well as the verdure of the ground, and the foliage of the trees.

When Patrick Nasmyth was some three and twenty years old he came to London and exhibited in the British Institution a view of Loch Katerine, made memorable at that time by Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. His merits were acknowledged by many judges ; but though his works were full of truth and harmony, the brilliant conceptions of other landscape painters more than satisfied the public taste. He exhibited the accurate beauties of nature almost in vain, and found sufficient cause to complain of want of patronage. Though chance sent now and then a generous or a discerning customer, he was often without a market for his productions, and as his prices were never high, he had to dash scenes hastily off and sell them for a trifle among the righteous dealers in the article in order that he might live. He became a member of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, and contributed many pictures, some of which were sold from the walls ; but he was better known to painters than to the public, and it cannot I fear be affirmed that he ever earned an income worthy of his merits.

After he came to the south he sometimes wandered back to the north to refresh his sight, he said, with such nature as he had studied when a boy.

The Ettrick Shepherd relates that one summer morning he accompanied Patrick and his father to the hills of Braid where they looked upon the hay-fields. "The scene," said the Poet, "was quite delightful; what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the weather, and the rural group of hay-makers. Alexander Nasmyth, who was always on the look out for some striking scene of nature, called to his son 'come here, Patrick, and look at this! did you ever see aught equal to it? Look at those happy hay-makers in the foreground; that fine old ash tree and castle between us and the clear blue sky. I have hardly ever seen such a landscape; if you had not been stupid you would have noticed it before me.' 'I saw it well enough,' said Patrick, 'but I saw something else—look at that girl with the hay-rake in her hand!' 'Aye, now Patrick, that's some sense,' said Alexander, 'I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching.' There were three men and a very handsome girl loading a cart with hay. We walked on and the hay-cart overtook us, for Nasmyth would never cease either sketching, or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature. I remember too, that he made a remark, which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son ever attended much to. 'It is amazing,' said he, 'how little makes a good picture, and frequently the less that is taken in the better.'" We are not sure of the accuracy of the Shepherd's surmise: certainly the landscapes of the Nasmyths are not

crowded ; they have the freedom of nature, and the truth of perspective ; and we could point out some of their scenes where much liberty has been taken, unseemly parts improved, and all brought into science and harmony.

During this excursion with the poet, it has been said that Patrick Nasmyth, in a race with Alexander, the Ventriloquist, fell and hurt his breast so badly that he never recovered ; in short his death has been ascribed to it. “ I hope it is not so,” says Hogg, “ for though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art.” We scarcely know what the poet means by simpleton, for Nasmyth was a clear-headed, shrewd, and clever man, nor are we sure that his death ensued from the fall which he describes. Men of genius, with all their sensibilities, are more alive to the “ oppressor’s wrong and the proud man’s contumely ” than the dull and the obtuse ; fame deferred—works of merit achieved in vain—a cold lodging, into which hope alone enters—a body not always well covered, and hunger not always appeased, unite in conveying the meritorious and the gifted to their graves, without the help of hard falls or fits of fever. Nasmyth died 17th August, 1831, and was buried in Lambeth churchyard. The inscription on his grave-stone relates the rest. “ He was a native of Scotland, and his country was justly proud of his talents. As a delineator of landscape, the productions of his pencil, tasteful and vivid, reflect honour on that department of the

British School. In his manners he was as modest and unassuming as in his profession he was skilful and eminent. This stone was erected by the resident Scottish artists in London—a humble but sincere tribute to his memory.”

The picture which introduces this brief sketch represents a Public House in Hampshire, where, under the sign of the Jolly Brown Bowl the painter and his friends sometimes made merry. It was painted in 1825, and is justly esteemed as a fine specimen of Nasmyth's peculiar manner. The sunset is warm, the trees are in their beauty, and nature is soft and balmy. It is in the collection of John Slater, Esq.



PAUL POTTER.

THE YOUNG BULL.

MANY strange lessons may be read in the history of works of art ; they move about with the changes of fortune. Some of the pictures of Charles I. found their way into the hands of the republican leaders, others were disposed of in foreign lands, and not a few destroyed at home. We have in our day seen collections of the rarest kind dispersed to the four quarters of the world ; and on several occasions it has required a strong exertion of national feeling to hinder an Emperor of Russia, or a King of the Netherlands, from carrying away, by force of money alone, some of the very best paintings belonging to the richest country in the world. The beautiful picture, by Paul Potter, of which the engraving before us is a masterly copy, has undergone sundry vicissitudes of fortune ; the sum of twelve hundred guineas placed it in the suddenly formed gallery of Watson Taylor, and there it seemed to have a chance of abiding, when a wind from the west brought a change on its wings : the auctioneer invaded the sanctity of what he called the *Chef-d'œuvres* of the great masters, and the painting of the far famed “ Young Bull ” was consigned to the col-

lection of John Walter, Esq. of Bearwood. It is painted on panel, and measures fourteen inches and a half wide by seventeen inches and a half high.

The subject is simple : a bull, two cows, a stunted tree, a small knoll, and a clear sky, are the matters in hand : but genius can find materials for its creations in common and familiar things. One beautiful cow lies on the grass ; she seems to have satisfied herself on the rich herbage around, and is desirous of quiet ; the other, of a darker colour, and of a different breed, turns round to meet the bull, who has just left the herd in the meadows, and is in the act of advancing ; his broad breast, square front, and budding horns, are thus brought into the foreground. The group is natural and beautiful, the whole seems endowed with life and motion ; every vein and muscle are marked, and the variety of colour is touched in with wondrous felicity. The bull appears to be copied from a model which Potter made for a larger picture, now in the Museum at the Hague. The colour is a rich dark brown and the head of the animal is reckoned one of the happiest efforts of art. The pasture land is finely painted ; the sky is clear, with light clouds scattered over it ; other animals are grazing in the neighbouring grounds ; on the right is the trunk of a tree, where two small birds are perching, and on a stile which leads to other fields is inscribed “ Paulus Potter ; F. 1647.” It belonged to the gallery of Burgo-Master Hoguer, and was brought to

Erlestoke Park in 1817, and sold in the year 1832 along with many other noble pictures.

There have been whole families of artists in Holland: a correct eye, a clever hand, and a sound understanding, are more likely to be hereditary in a race than the higher faculty of imagination. Paul was the son of Peter Potter, an artist of some reputation, known in Enkhuysen, his native place, as a painter of landscapes and scripture pieces: his *St. Paul the Hermit in the Desert*, still exists, and is not without admirers: but he is better known through the fame of his son, whose genius he had the merit of discovering. Paul studied under his father, and before he was fifteen years old we are told by the biographers his skill was such that men looked on him as a prodigy. From his father he soon perceived that he could learn little; this made him turn to nature; he wandered about the fields making sketches; he watched the hues of the woods, the changes in the colour of grass or corn as the sun and wind passed over them; and he made himself acquainted with the looks and forms and ways of cattle. He had a quick hand, and unbounded patience; he copied nothing from others; he found nature to be the truest guide to life and originality; and he pencilled in the trunks of trees, the blades of grass, and the “ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted,” among the cattle with an elegance and an ease all but rivalling life.

“His subjects,” says Pilkington, “were land-

scapes with different animals, but principally cows, oxen, sheep, and goats, which he painted in the highest perfection. His colouring is soft, agreeable, transparent, and true to nature; his touch is free and delicate, and his outline very correct. His skies, trees, and distances, show a remarkable freedom of hand, with a masterly ease and negligence; and his animals are exquisitely finished and touched with abundance of spirit. He was certainly one of the best painters in the Low Countries, not only for the delicacy of his pencil, but for his exact imitation of nature, which he incessantly studied and represented in a lovely manner. His only amusement was walking in the fields, for the purpose of sketching every scene and object on the spot; and he afterwards not only composed his subjects from his drawings, but frequently etched them, and the prints are deservedly very estimable."

Fame is seldom obtained on easier terms than earnest and well directed study. A happy verse or a clever picture may be hit off in a random fit of inspiration, but all lasting works are full of knowledge and observation, and show their authors to have been intimate with the world around and with the human heart. It was the practice of Paul Potter to make small models in clay of his groups of cattle; he admitted the light upon them, and taking up his pencil delineated them in colours, distributing light and shade according to nature. Some of our ablest painters follow the same practice;

Wilkie frequently satisfies himself of the accuracy of his groupings in the same way ; and the *Juliet* of Thomson, a work of great poetic merit, was first sketched in clay. But the impatience of the world for something new compels artists to work hard and hurry their pictures from the easel : one or two paintings, no more than one or two books, will give fame to a man in these our latter days : the tree of imagination which bears but a couple of apples, though the flavour may be celestial, is considered as barren. Nevertheless, future fame will likely abide by those slowly produced and well considered things ; and this is worth the attention of all who desire to be heard of hereafter.

The works of Paul Potter are far from numerous ; they come seldom into the market, and when they make their appearance the competition among men of taste to possess them is sharp and eager. He was born in 1625 ; and never moved out of Holland ; he found the materials of his landscapes in the country around him, and when he died, in 1654, all his works on hand were purchased, finished and unfinished. One landscape, painted for the Countess of Solms, brought two thousand florins : another landscape with a Herdsman and Cattle, as large as life, was carried out of the Prince of Orange's gallery by the French, and placed in the Louvre. When the bayonets of the Allies dispersed the collections of Napoleon the picture disappeared, and is now likely in its original place.

Our artists should study in the manner of Paul Potter; he refused to take the attitudes and character of his animals from paintings however beautiful; nor did he dash a picture hastily or carelessly off, however much it was wanted; all with him is the offspring of study, yet all is nature. The exquisite skill and ability of his finish has been objected to, but the error is so rare that it almost amounts to a virtue. In truth, nature finishes all her works with a patient and cunning hand; the flowers of the fields, the leaves of the trees, the shells on the sea shore, are all created with a precision and beauty beyond the imitation of man. Those, however, who desire to approach her with the pencil must consider her earnestly; they will see no imperfect developements of parts; no want of harmony in her hues, and none of those hard, rigid, and coarse lines, which deform so many modern landscapes.



THE FRONTIER TRADER

Engraved by J. H. Johnson, from a drawing by J. H. Johnson

PHILIP WOUVERMANS.

THE SUTLING BOOTH.

“THE pictures of Wouvermans,” says Reynolds, “are well worthy the attention and close examination of a painter. One of the most remarkable of them is known by the name of the Hay-Cart; another, in which there is a coach and horses, is equally excellent. There are three pictures in the Orange gallery, hanging close together, in his three different manners; his middle manner is by much his best; the first and last have not that liquid softness which characterizes his best works. Besides his great skill in colouring, his horses are correctly drawn, very spirited, of a beautiful form, and always in unison with their ground. Upon the whole he is one of the few painters whose excellency in his way is such as leaves nothing to be wished for.” This is high and merited praise: the works of Wouvermans in this country support the opinion of the president.

The scene before us is one of a class in which the painter delighted; he seems to have cared little for inanimate landscape; the subjects on which he exercised his pencil were chiefly huntings and

hawkings ; regiments on the march, or armies enjoying the agreeable leisure of encampment ; farriers' shops, or the labours of the husbandman. This enabled him to introduce horses, in the delineation of which he excelled. Yet, beautiful as his horses are, they are ever subordinate to the sentiment of the scene ; they are only auxiliaries. In the work before us Wouvermans seems to have given his pencil considerable license : all around are indications of a martial encampment ; tents with displayed banners, and armed men moving about ; the sutler, sensible that he is a necessary evil, has raised his booth not wholly in sight, nor yet fairly out of view of the army, and displaying an empty flagon for a sign, proceeds to entertain such guests as his viands, and more particularly his liquors, allure. He has already obtained sundry jolly customers, among whom the good drink is doing its duty. One cavalier has his foot in the stirrup, probably to try how he can balance himself ; another, seated quietly in his saddle, has emptied the flagon, and holds it out to be replenished ; while a third, fixed on the top of an empty barrel, detains by gentle force the landlady, who seems alike willing to solace her guests with her society or her drink. Other mounted cavaliers are on the spur towards the Sutling Booth, and the spectator is left to decide whether the new comers are stung with thirst, or moved with anger at this laxity of discipline in their comrades. The picture is the property of James Platt, Esq.

Of the life of the distinguished painter we shall render some account. Paul Wouvermans, an indifferent artist, who lived at Haerlem, had three sons, who all followed his own profession. Of these, Peter painted figures on horseback, and had some taste in representations of female beauty; John executed landscapes in a pleasing style and rich tone of colour; but the most eminent was Philip, through whose works the name of Wouvermans takes a place in the ranks of original genius. He was born at Haerlem, in the year 1620; studied under his father, who could teach him little save the rudiments of his art, and completed his education in the studio of John Wynants, who declared that his pupil, in fine pencilling and true colouring, surpassed all living painters. Nor was this praise more than he merited; to others, as well as to his gracious master, he appeared a prodigy, and there were not wanting judges who asserted, that his pictures exhibited a happy selection of scene and a truth of representation all but magical.

When Reynolds visited the collections of Flanders and Holland, he was struck, as we have stated, with the skill of Wouvermans, and scarcely allowed one of his pictures to pass without a mark of approbation. He, in particular, noticed a gentleman and lady on horseback, conversing with a horseman whose hat was off; a man before them was playing on a bagpipe, accompanied by a man and woman dancing, while behind, and at a distance, other figures were

dancing to another musician, who stood up against a tree. This, he said, was the best Wouvermans he ever saw. Hazlitt, who felt beauties of every kind with a keen relish, says, in his notes on the Dulwich Gallery, "There are several capital pictures of horses, &c. by Wouvermans in the same room, particularly the one with a hay-cart loading, on the top of a rising ground. The composition is as striking and pleasing as the execution is delicate. There is immense knowledge and character in Wouvermans' horses—an ear, an eye turned round, a cropped tail, give you their history and their thoughts; but from want of a little arrangement, his figures look too often like spots on a dark ground. When they are properly relieved and disentangled from the rest of the composition, there is an appearance of great life and bustle in his pictures. His horses, however, have too much of the *manege* in them—he seldom gets beyond the camp or the riding school."

The sense of his merits, so well expressed by his English admirers, seems not to have been entertained by the wealthy and the influential in his native Holland. He excelled not in the art of making himself agreeable to those who made the patronage of painters the chief business of their lives, and, like our own Turner, was unpliant and proud. "He had not the good fortune," says Pilkington, "during his life to meet with encouragement equal to his desert; for with all his assiduity and extreme

industry, he found it difficult to maintain himself and his family. He seemed to be a stranger to the artifices of the merchants, who therefore imposed on him, under the disguise of zeal for his interests, and while they artfully enriched themselves by his works, continued to keep him depressed and narrow in his circumstances. Wouvermans could not help feeling the neglect with which he was treated, and it affected him so strongly, that a few hours before he died, he ordered a box filled with his studies to be burned, saying, "I have been so badly rewarded for all my labours, that I would prevent my son from being allured to embrace so miserable and uncertain a profession as mine." He died, after a short illness, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and, it is generally surmised, of a broken heart.

Yet, if we may credit other authorities, the genius of Wouvermans was perceived by the generous De Witt, who prevailed with the painter to execute a picture as a companion, some say rival, to one by Bamboccio. When those works were exhibited in public, says Houbraken, de Witt exclaimed, "All our connoisseurs seem to prefer the works of the painters who have studied at Rome; now therefore observe how much the work of Wouvermans, who never saw Rome, surpasses that of him who resided there for several years." This observation, which was received with general applause, was thought to have had too violent an effect on the spirits of

Bamboccio, and many imagined that it contributed to his death.

The designs of Wouvermans are all simple, and represent matters familiar to every age. His works cannot be said to be inventions : he selects objects from nature, and raises them by his exquisite skill of hand and sense of propriety into the regions of beauty. There is great sweetness in his colouring, great variety in the attitudes of his horses, and wonderful delicacy in the way he touches off trees, and force and harmony in his light and shade. It has been remarked, that his knowledge of nature was so extensive as to hinder him from repeating his back-grounds, or imitating his own distances. He had skill in architecture ; some of his scenes, where fountains are playing, cattle grazing, and ladies hawking, contain glimpses of temples among trees, equally picturesque and elegant. “ The pencil of Wouvermans,” says his biographer, “ was mellow, and his touch was free ; though his pictures were finished most delicately, his distances recede with true perspective beauty ; and his skies, air, trees, and plants, are all exact and lovely imitations of nature. In his latter time his pictures had rather too much of the greyish and blue tint ; but, in his best days, he was not inferior, either in correctness, colouring, or force to any of the artists of Italy.”



GERARD TERBURG.

THE TRUMPETER.

THIS is a very pleasing picture: the characters are well marked, and the story distinctly told. It cannot miss to be felt far and wide: drowsy commanders are not peculiar to Holland, nor a love of innocent drollery confined to its ladies. The painter is something of a satirist: he has imagined a military leader, become corpulent during the tranquillity of a long peace, taking his evening indulgence without the fear of the enemy before him. His fighting days seem to be over; his body is equal to the filling up of a trench or the closing of a breach, and how he will be able to get on horseback—for his spurs denote the equestrian—seems unimaginable, save through the aid of a crane. He has fallen asleep; his massy arms are folded heavily over his ample body; his wig is a little awry, and the wine-flask, which may be blamed for this, stands quite handy. The lock of his pistol is closely wrapt in a handkerchief, lest it should go off of its own accord; the plumed hat has fallen on the floor, while his immense spurs appear disposed to invade his own shins.

Into the presence of this military worthy, a trumpeter comes with a letter: it cannot be upon business of pressing emergency, from the quiet and amusing way taken to rouse the commander from his repose. A little cock-nosed, joyous-eyed damsel advances upon him, with the letter in one hand and a straw in the other, and is just in the act of applying the latter to his nose—such is the skill of the artist, that we almost pause with the hope of seeing the huge slumberer arouse himself. The trumpeter seems to enjoy the sport after his own way: his hat is under his arm as a mark of respect; his instrument is in his hand to betoken his vocation, while with his left he is scratching his head and smiling, more in the eyes than with the lips, for he is not unaware that gravity will best become him when his leader awakes. The rich loose dress of the young woman, and the military splendour of the trumpeter, form a fine contrast. The skill of the painter in portraiture has been employed wisely in this picture; we almost envy Mr. Artis, the spirited collector, the possession of a work of such talent; it measures about two feet six inches square, a size larger than what is usual with the artist.

The name of the painter, Gerard Terburg, holds no undistinguished place amongst the artists of Holland; his pictures are always welcome to the market when varying taste or change of fortune scatter collections; and on the day of sale we are without fail reminded that Reynolds in his tour bestows high

commendations on several of his productions. He was born at Zwoll, near Overijssel, in the year 1608, and studied painting under his father, who had spent some years, not unsuccessfully, at Rome. There can be no surer proof given of the mechanical nature of Dutch art, than the circumstance of whole families working away, palette on thumb and brush in hand, from generation to generation. When we read the history of art in Holland, we are reminded of the story of the priesthood among the Jews; and yet it rarely happened that more than one of a name arose to any thing like eminence. Terburg studied portrait painting in his youth; was accounted clever in seizing character, and having collected a small purse of money, resolved to see the world, and know what the artists of other lands were doing.

He made his appearance in England during the stormy times of the great civil war—we know not that he obtained any employment. Charles, whose taste was undoubted, found more serious matters to settle, than elegance of expression and harmony of colours. From England Terburg went to France, where he staid a short while, and thence proceeded to Rome, considered then, as now, the seat of arts, and the proper spot for inspiration. He seems not to have studied much, or else with little effect, for his biographers accuse him of adhering to his old modes of handling, his old class of subjects and his old style of design, in spite of all the brilliant examples of the Italian collections.

“The subjects,” says Pilkington, “which he loved to paint, were conversations, persons engaged at different games, performers on musical instruments, droll adventures, and domestic incidents, all copied from nature, but without that embellishment which is the result of elegance of choice. He finished his pictures highly with a light and agreeable touch ; his colouring is lively and transparent, and he shows a pleasing and skilful management of the *chiaro-oscuro* ; but he wanted a better taste of design.”

In the year 1648 we find the painter at Munster, then the seat of Congress for the settlement of peace on the continent. There he painted the portraits of the chiefs of the various nations in one grand composition, which procured for him an invitation from Count Pigoranda, the Spanish minister, to go to Madrid in his suite. Of the portraits which he painted in Spain we have no account ; but he seems to have given satisfaction, for the king conferred on him the order of knighthood, and presented him with a massy chain and medal of gold. Though his chief excellence lay in portraiture, Terburg is perhaps as well known in this country through his smaller pictures ; they are like the work which precedes these remarks—full of character, and give us an all but living image of the people among whom he studied. Compositions indeed of a more mental or poetic kind the good folk of Holland seemed not to relish ; and though perhaps the taste of England stands a degree or two higher in the scale of art, our

exhibitions show sufficiently that our hearts are with domestic scenes and subjects of ordinary life.

Little remains untold of the story of Terburg; he was fond of introducing white satin in his compositions, and, as he executed it well, he was careful to dispose it so as to receive the principal light. "The most considerable of the Dutch schools," says Reynolds, "are Rembrandt, Teniers, Jan Steen, Ostade, Brouwer, Gerard Douw, Mieris, Metz, and Terburg; these excel in small conversations." Besides this, Sir Joshua mentions the painter thrice—"A conversation by Terburg, a woman sitting on the ground bearing her elbow on a man's knee, and resting her head on her hand:" this is in the gallery of the Prince of Orange. In the collection of Greffier Fagel he found another by the same hand—"A girl receiving a letter from an old woman;" and in the cabinet of M. Gart, at Amsterdam, he observed "Portraits of Terburg and his wife—small whole-lengths." The silence of the president indicated excellence in the pictures. The painter died at Deventer, in the seventy-third year of his age.

It has been elsewhere remarked that the Dutch School of Painting sprung into eminence at once. "It is true," Sir Joshua says, "an artist, by a close examination of the works of the Dutch painters, may in a few hours make himself master of the principles on which they wrought, which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain." The most distinguished painters of

character, nevertheless, lived all within the limits of a century. Teniers was born in 1610; Rembrandt in 1606; Brouwer in 1608; Gerard Dow in 1613; Metzu in 1615; Mieris in 1635; and Jan Steen in 1635. "Painters should go," continues the President, "to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting, as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages. They must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge." There are many of the finest compositions of the Dutch painters in our English collections: those which graced the walls of Carlton Palace were chiefly gathered by his late Majesty, and were individually excellent. Some choice ones are in the Stafford Gallery: of these Hazlitt says "There are two Teniers's, a fair and boors' merry making, unrivalled for a look of the open air, for lively awkward gesture, and variety and grotesqueness of grouping and rustic character. There is a little picture by Le Nain, called the Village Minstrel, with a set of youthful auditors, the most incorrigible little urchins we ever saw, but with admirable execution and expression. The Metzus are curious and fine; the Ostades admirable. Gerard Douw's own portrait is certainly a gem. We noticed a Ruysdael—a dark, flat, wooded country, but delectable in tone and pencilling."



THE GREAT HILL

and the other side of the river

CLAUDE.

HAGAR AND THE ANGEL.

A GERMAN artist, who desired to be classical, painted the matrons and warriors of Troy carrying the dead body of Hector along the streets ; all was natural, and even noble ; yet scholars laughed, for the mourners were taking the corse into a Gothic church, instead of a Greek temple. The sentiment was right ; the same may be said of the picture before us ; the castle on the distant hill, and the one arched bridge over the adjacent stream, are matters pertaining to castles of the middle ages, rather than to patriarchal history ; all else is natural and true. The landscape, though very small, is of great beauty ; the sunshine is painted in a way truly vivid ; it glows on the hills and on the stream, and is only prevented by the green and cooling foliage of the trees from filling the air with a splendour fit only for the eyes of angels.

The picture belongs to the National Gallery ; it measures only one foot eight inches high, by one foot four inches wide, and was purchased out of the collection of Mr. Daune by Sir George Beaumont, who bequeathed it to his country. So much

did the latter admire it, that he always took it with him when he went from London to Coleorton; it was seldom out of his thoughts, and the influence of its beauty may be traced in several of his own pictures. Ottley, in his catalogue, gives an inventory of what it contains. "A broad river, with cattle drinking, and a small boat: a bridge of a single arch, a village situated on a rocky eminence, some distant hills, and a groupe of three trees in the foreground, constitute the present landscape, in which Claude has painted that passage in the story of Hagar, where, upon her first flying from the habitation of Abraham, to avoid the severity of her mistress, she is ordered by an angel to return home."

The story is clearly told; Hagar having fled from the house of Abraham, is represented seated despondingly under a bush in the wilderness; an angel appears to her, and with her hands clasped beseechingly together, she looks up in his face. Her celestial visitor strengthens her with one hand, and with the other points to the distant abode of Abraham, and seems to be urging her to return to the shelter of his roof. The river, indeed, is broad, but there is both a boat and a bridge, nor is the journey seemingly a long one. The picture embodies four verses of the sixteenth chapter of Genesis.

"7. And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness—by the fountain in the way to Shur.

8. And he said, Hagar, Sarah's maid, whence

camest thou? and whither wilt thou go? and she said, I flee from the face of my mistress, Sarai.

9. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands.

10. And the angel of the Lord said unto her, I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, that it shall not be numbered for multitude."

There is little of the desert in the composition; the land looks fruitful and well watered, and a bevy of shepherds and maidens, dancing to lute and dulcimer, would be more in keeping with the scene. It is painted in Claude's most happy and finished manner, and is the admiration of all who know what art and nature are. That exquisite delicacy of execution praised by Hazlitt may be found here—those "fine oleaginous touches of Claude" admired by the impetuous Barry. All the compositions of this great painter are remarkable for a certain poetic dignity of conception as well as brilliancy of handling. His dewy air and his agreeable sunshine—the graceful elevations of his temples—the sloping ascents and tower-crowned summits of his hills—his pure running streams and his almost breathing flocks—and his growing woods and his delicious greenswards, where the scent of flowers and the song of the grasshopper without question abound, have exhausted praise and are not amenable to criticism.

It has been remarked of the landscapes of Claude,

that they represent scenes where civilization has exerted its influence ; where architecture has reared her temples, and nature, recalled from a state of unpruned wildness, is producing the pine-apple and the grape. This is only to say that he differs from some other painters : he had no sympathy in savage grandeur and rude magnificence ; the terrible clouds of Wilson, and the immortal mountains of Poussin were not within the circle of his genius ; his soul was with the lovely and the serene—with the rising and the setting suns of summer and harvest, when the hills are covered with flowers, and the smell of pressed grapes is in the land. We cannot look on his scenes and be unhappy : neither robberies nor murders are in keeping with the heavenly air of his hills and vallies ; he desires not to remind us that wrong and injustice are in the world : his very storms are more agreeable than the sunshine of others ; and the living creatures who are moistened with his gentle rains, receive them as a sort of benediction.


$$H_{\infty} = \lim_{t \rightarrow \infty} H(t) = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{\alpha} + \frac{1}{\beta} \right) = \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{0.0001} + \frac{1}{0.0002} \right) = 7500$$

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

KEMBLE AS HAMLET.

THIS is a good specimen of the part real and part imaginative works of art so common in our English School. When questioned to what class the picture belonged Lawrence hesitated, and at last said, "I call it a half history picture." It may, however, be regarded as a portrait; in look, action, and dress, it is no more than Kemble was when he acted the part of the Prince of Denmark: all that belongs to the painter is the art which embodied it. Lawrence resolved to reach a grace above the art of mere portraiture; he sought for the philosophic Dane in the person of the great actor, and caught much of his stateliness and contemplative melancholy: the fine figure, the fine posture, and the graceful colouring pleased the multitude, and silenced, but did not satisfy, criticism.

In figures of this kind Reynolds loved to show the fascination of his colours; Barry, too, attempted them, and concealed penury of thought in extravagance of action; and much of the fame of Romney came from the same source—the lovely form of Lady Hamilton supplied him with what he had not

imagination to conceive, and while she condescended to sit for goddesses and nymphs the painter made beautiful pictures. Had Kemble not appeared as Hamlet, Lawrence probably would have refrained from evoking a Hamlet of the fancy from the pages of Shakspeare : the painter's genius was imitative rather than creative. There is a touch or so of poetry about this and other works of the "half history" kind ; still they are portraits ; nor do they bring high fame to the artist like productions of pure imagination. Here the painter is in the situation of the biographer : let the narrative be ever so true and characteristic, half the merit and more is ascribed to the subject :—such is the penalty which portrait limners and memoir writers must pay. The original of the engraving before us is now in the Gallery of His Majesty ; we remember it in the possession of Mr. Chantrey, from whom it passed again into the hands of Lawrence, for, we believe, little or—nothing.

This very successful painter was born at Bristol on the fourth of May, 1769 ; he was the youngest of sixteen children, and the son of a man who had been attorney, exciseman, actor, farmer, and publican. One who knew Lawrence, when he was a child, said he had very bright eyes, and a voice melodious and sweet ; his father, who at that time kept an inn at Devizes, turned his good looks and fine voice to advantage ; he taught him to spout select passages from the poets for the entertainment of his customers.

Before he was five years old he had stood on a table and astonished the guests by reciting speeches from Milton, and odes from Collins ; this he did to please his father—to please himself he learned to draw likenesses—and he did this, though then very young, with so much skill, that some who did not chuse to hear his recitations, condescended to have their portraits taken by one, whom the newspapers of the day called the wonderful boy of Devizes.

When Lawrence was but ten years old his name had flown over the kingdom ; he had read scenes from Shakspeare in a way that called forth the praise of Garrick, and drawn faces and figures with such skill as had obtained the approbation of Prince Hoare ; his father, desirous of making the most of his talents, carried him to Oxford, where he was patronized by heads of colleges and noblemen of taste, and produced a number of portraits, wonderful in one so young and uninstructed. Money now came in ; he went to Bath, hired a house, raised his price from one guinea to two ; his Mrs. Siddons as Zara was engraved—Sir Henry Harpur desired to adopt him as his son—Prince Hoare saw something so angelic in his face, that he proposed to paint him in the character of Christ—and the artists of London heard with wonder of a boy who was rivalling their best efforts with the pencil, and realizing, as was imagined, a fortune.

Provincial reputation sometimes fails when tested in London ; Lawrence in his seventeenth year re-

solved to make the experiment ; and, collecting his pencils, set up his easel in the metropolis—nor was the venture unsuccessful. His studio soon became the favourite resort of the fashionable and the fair ; young ladies loved to have their looks recorded by one whom they called the handsome prodigy, nor did they like him the less for his fine drawing, his pleasing colours, and the graceful air with which he endowed all his portraits. Nor was he insensible of his own merit ; when some eighteen years old or so he said, “ excepting Sir Joshua Reynolds for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London.” This, as Gainsborough and Romney, and Hoppner and West, were then in full fame, was decided enough. The fascination of his manners had a good deal to do with his success ; he talked himself as well as painted himself into reputation ; he pleased his sitters by listening with polite deference to all their remarks, and he had the art of soothing them into the mood that suited his pencil by that indescribable sorcery of conversation which dealing in nothing original or profound, yet wins its way to the heart. “ He recited passages from Milton,” said Fuseli, “ very much like Belial, but deucedly unlike Belzebub.”

To relate the history of the works of Lawrence, would be to pronounce the names of all who were lovely or distinguished in England during a period of forty years. The King was so much pleased with

his manners and his talents, that he caused the rules of the Academy to be broken to admit him; the influence of the throne sent flocks of titled sitters to the studio of one whom His Majesty delighted to honour; and though eminent painters lived when he commenced, and others equally eminent arose during his career, it cannot be said with truth that his ascendancy was ever in danger, or that a rival eclipsed his brightness. Yet amid all his success he could not be called either fortunate or happy. He had, it is said, ungenerously violated some engagements of the heart in his youth, and was at times melancholy: and from whatever cause it arose, it is certain that wealth fell upon him as rain into a sieve; gold poured upon him as it never poured upon painter either before or since, and yet he was not only poor—he was embarrassed. He kept no splendid establishment; he gave no expensive dinners; he exacted high prices from his sitters, and was paid large sums by engravers for leave to work from his pictures; yet he lived from hand to mouth, and died in debt. His health had been for some time declining: his looks were faded, and he had lost something of his uncommon brightness of eye when we had the pleasure of seeing him last. He died at his house in Russell Square, on the seventeenth of January, 1830, in the sixty-first year of his age.

The fame of Sir Thomas Lawrence arises chiefly from the fascination of his female portraits; his

male heads are less manly than those of Reynolds, and want force of expression. The eyes of his ladies have perhaps never been equalled for liquid brilliancy, and that light which is of heaven. Fuseli swore his eyes were equal to those of Titian—the force of praise could no further go. His colouring has been reproached with feebleness; his drawing with lack of vigour; nor have critics been wanting who perceived something unholy in the looks of his ladies. “Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence shall paint my mistress,” is an expression imputed to a witty poet. He tried the historic. “The Satan,” he said, “answered my secret motives in attempting it; my success in portraits will no longer be thought accident or fortune; and if I have trod the path with honour it is because my limbs are strong. My claims are acknowledged by the circle of taste, and are undisputed by competitors and rivals.”



BENVENUTO GAROFALO.

VISION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

THIS fine picture is the offspring of a devout legend. It is related that St. Augustine having been for some time engaged in an attempt to render the doctrine of the Trinity familiar to ordinary understandings, was warned by a vision to desist. He had retired, it seems, to the solitude of the wild sea-shore, and was in the midst of his meditations when he observed a more than earthly child, seated nigh him, pouring water from the sea into a small hole in the sand. The saint understood the rebuke, and gave up his meditations, for he concluded that he might as well hope to empty the ocean into a mole-hole as reach the height of that sublime mystery. It is added, that he was nothing pleased with the interruption, and felt much inclined to rebuke the warning angel; something of this feeling is impressed upon the picture.

A good judge has supposed that the painter in producing this picture, obeyed rather the instructions of some patron than the impulse of his own genius. The figure of St. Lawrence in the distance, the Holy Family above, and the St. Catherine

beneath, are, he thinks, all superfluous. This is a matter of taste; certainly the Holy Family adds largely to the magnificence of the scene; the St. Catherine might have been spared. "The figure of St. Augustine," observes Ottley, "dressed in the robes of Episcopacy, is simple and dignified. His pen is in his hand, and he turns towards his infant monitor, listening with no great share of complacency to the sentence which discourages him from proceeding in a work on which he has bestowed so much pains. The modest figure of St. Catherine stands behind. The sober tint of her vestment is well contrasted with the rich crimson of his mantle, and by being kept, in great part, in shadow, produces in union with the dark parts of the rocky landscape, and the foreground, a broad, deep mass, which gives increased importance to his figure, and throws it out with great effect. The magnificent representation of the Holy Family, seated above, in the clouds, and attended by the celestial host, is beyond all praise. Equal in elegance to the most admired performances of Parmigianino, is the varied and well contrasted groupe of angels, playing on musical instruments: whilst the larger figure of the Madonna possesses an imposing dignity, joined to a beauty of character, of which the productions of modern art offer few parallel examples; the whole abundantly testifying the advantage which the artist derived during his stay at Rome, from the contemplation of the sublime remains of ancient

sculpture." It may be added, that the landscape is a grand one ; the quiet sea, and the abrupt and rocky shore, harmonize well with the sentiment ; the colouring is a splendid specimen of the old School of Ferrara. The dimensions of the picture are two feet eight inches long, by two feet and an inch high, it formerly belonged to the Carsini Palace at Rome, was purchased by the Rev. Holwell Carr, and now graces the walls of our National Gallery.

Benvenuto Tisi, or, as he is generally called, Il Garofalo, has been frequently confounded with an artist, who flourished during the same period, named Gio. Batista Benvenuti, a native of Garofalo, and from his father's occupation denominated Ortolano, the gardener. The former was the most eminent ; he was born of a good family at Ferrara, in the year 1481, and obtained the name of Garofalo from generally painting a gilliflower, some say a violet, in the corner of his pictures. He first studied painting under Domenico Panetti, he then became a pupil of Boccaccino Boccaccini, at Cremona, and remained with him two years. At the age of nineteen he went to Rome, and studied most of the day and not a little of the night, under Giovanni Baldini, the Florentine, we find him next in Mantua, with Lorenzo Costa ; after two years study he returned to Rome, where his genius acquired for him the friendship of Raffaele, who instructed him in the true principles of designing and colouring. We are thus particular

for the purpose of shewing young painters the propriety of studying under various masters, and the necessity of preserving at the same time their own natural and original style like Garofalo.

In the year 1507, this eminent painter returned to Ferrara; his fame followed him from Rome, and the Duke employed him on some national pictures, which his biographers say were executed in the noblest style of art. "He imitated Raffaele in design," says Lanzi, "in the character of his faces, and in expression, and considerably also in his colouring, although he added something of a warmer and stronger cast, derived from his own school. Rome, Bologna, and other cities of Italy, abound with his pictures from the Lives of the Apostles. They are of various merit, and are not wholly painted by himself. In his large pictures he stands more alone, and many of these are to be found in the Chigi Gallery. The Visitation in the Palazzo Doria, is one of the first pieces in that rich collection. This artist, in allusion to his name, was accustomed to mark his pictures with a violet, which the common people in Italy call garofalo. It does not appear that he had any share in the works which were executed by Raffaele and his scholars."

These remarks of Lanzi, are supported, it is said, by that noble painting of the Raising of Lazarus, from the pencil of Garofalo, in the Chapel of the Church of St. Francis, at Ferrara; and also his picture of the Murder of the Innocents, in the

same place. The attitudes, the grouping, and the expression, are said to be so admirable that both compositions might be mistaken for the work of Raffaele, were it not for the warmer glow of colour which distinguishes the painter of Ferrara. The most exquisite of his productions is, however, said to be the Adoration of the Magi, in the Church of St. George, in his native place ; at least, to this picture, his rising into notice is imputed, and it is supposed to have brought him more commissions than he could well execute. His chief patrons seem to have been churchmen ; for his best and largest pictures are of a devout character. He was, in fact, a commentator on the New Testament, and strove, by his splendid designs, to explain the mysteries of the Christian religion to the multitude. He succeeded, as other artists succeeded ; his interpretations were acceptable till printing and the reformation brought the light of knowledge to the nations and men grew content with the written, instead of the painted word.

Garofalo lived honoured in his native land to a good old age. He had the misfortune to lose the sight of one of his eyes, yet he painted with as much delicacy and spirit as ever ; in his sixty-ninth year he became totally blind, and his chief enjoyment arose from the company and conversation of his friends. He survived the loss of his sight nine years, and died in 1559. His pictures, particularly his small ones, are very rare, and are scarcely to be

found, save in the Galleries of Italy; they never appear at sales; the warmth of the colouring renders them difficult of imitation; few of the makers of simulated articles have succeeded in manufacturing “Garofalos.” In accuracy of drawing, elegance of grouping, and calm vigour of expression, he is said to do all but equal Raffaele; his shadows are deeper, and his colouring is more glowing. He approaches the head of the Roman School, in the propriety and unity of his compositions; and for this his works might be studied by all who desire to tell a story, either holy or profane, on canvas. He painted landscapes also; two are in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna; they are said to be conceived in fine taste, and with abundance of force, but too dark. The scenes of some of his scripture paintings incline to the same character; the rock-crowned hills, and the sea, and sky of the picture before us are darker than seems consistent with heavenly visitants. This was for the purpose of making his Holy Family flash out on the spectator, and this he has accomplished, but not without sacrificing somewhat the relative harmony of the various parts.





THE END OF THE WORLD

PARMEGIANO.

VIRGIN AND CHILD.

A curious and not uninteresting volume might be written on the adventures of works of art. The polished people of Greece little imagined that their gods and goddesses would be carried into captivity by the barbarians of the north, by men despising them as idols, but admiring them as efforts of genius. To come nearer our own day, the effeminate inhabitants of Italy never, perhaps, for a moment supposed that an invader would come upon them, coveting their wealth less than their works of art; and still less probably did that most tasteful of all conquerors surmise that he should live to see his magnificent collection of pictures dispersed; many, but not all, finding the way to their original owners. Among the pictures which returned not to their proper proprietors, is the one before us, the *Virgin and Child*, by Parmegiano. When the French army entered Naples, this truly beautiful work was seized along with many others, cut out of its frame, and sent to Paris. In the lapse of time the arms of the allies performed the part of an auctioneer's hammer to the pictures of Napoleon—the *Virgin*

and Child left Paris, but did not find the road to Italy; it is now in the very select collection of John Slater, Esq.

The following description of this fine work is written by Sir Robert Strange, who admired, and it is believed engraved it. "This picture was shewn to me at Naples, as representing the portrait of the favourite of the painter, but whether it is so, or is only an ideal head of the Madonna, I shall not decide. The mother gently feels with her finger the teeth of the child; the head of the latter is much in the style of Correggio, and the head and hand of the mother are both elegant and graceful; indeed, the works of Parmegiano abound with grace." To this we may add, that though the halo round the head of the mother indicates divinity, yet the action of her hand, the anxiety of her eye, and the peculiar look of the child, unite them closely to domestic life, and give them a place in our affections. Had the painter bestowed a little more of celestial sentiment and hue he would have raised his work out of the region of human sympathy—made a grander, but a less touching picture.

Of this great artist much has been said and written. Francesco Mazzuoli called Parmegiano or Parmigianino, was born at Parma, in the year 1503, his father died when he was very young, and his uncles, both skilful artists, instructed him in painting, and directed him to the contemplation of the works of Raffaele. This he did with such success,

that at the age of sixteen he produced some noble works both in fresco and oil ; he then told his friends that he wished to visit Rome ; they supplied him with money and with advice, and he set out for the eternal city. There he made the antique statues his chief study, though he did not neglect to look at Raffaele, and the wondrous works of Michael Angelo. His compositions attracted the notice of Pope Clement VII., who employed him largely ; he was sensible of this kindness, and painted a Circumcision as a present to his Holiness, which artists contemplated with astonishment. The composition was not only of the highest kind, but the artist had admitted three different lights without disturbing the general harmony of the picture. “ The light,” says one of his biographers, “ diffused on the principal figure was from the irradiation of the infant Jesus ; the second was illuminated by a torch carried by one who attended the sacrifice ; the others in the open air were enlightened by the early dawn, which showed a lovely landscape diversified with a number of cottages and villas.”

It is related that when the soldiers of the Constable Bourbon stormed and sacked Rome some of them burst in upon Parmegiano, who was too intent on his studies to regard passing events, his composure, together with the great beauty of his compositions, awed, it is said, the rude soldiers for a time ; they looked and marvelled, till one less tasteful than his

comrades commenced plundering, and they all fell on and stript the painter of his property.

“ The prevailing character,” says Lanzi, “ in which this artist greatly shone was grace of manner ; a grace which won for him at Rome that most flattering of all eulogies, that the spirit of Raffaele had passed into Parmigianino. Among his designs are to be seen repeated specimens of the same figure, drawn for the sake of reaching the highest degree of grace in the person, in the attitudes, and in the lightness of his drapery, in which he is admirable.” His proportions have been censured as inclining to the lengthy : and his colouring has been accused of being graceful rather than glowing. His celebrated Madonna is long in body and long in the fingers, and has been called the long-necked Madonna, for the same reason as the Townleyan Venus is called the long-sided Venus. The sentiment of his compositions prevails over all defects, and has raised the name of Parmegiano high among the children of genius. He died of a fever in 1540.



DAVID TENIERS.

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

THOSE who imagine that the merit of Teniers consists in faithful delineations from nature, do the great artist gross injustice. He extracts the poetry out of humble life as the bee sucks honey from weeds and flowers, and may be called the Burns of domestic painting. All that he paints is from nature; but then it is nature seen with the eyes of genius through the medium of science—not nature beheld by ordinary eyes. In this the poet and painter bear a close resemblance. The bard, in his matchless lyrics, sketches a landscape in its spring or summer glory and then lends to it life and soul by the presence of some rustic gentle one, who moistens her feet in the morning dew, and singing of love as she gathers flowers, brings to her cheek

“ A crimson still diviner.”

The artist commences in the same manner: he sees three rustics chaffering about the price of a litter of pigs; he thinks there is matter in them for a picture; he begins his sketch; his own soul enters into the figures as they grow beneath his hand; he distri-

butes the parts which he desires them to act in his humble drama, and concludes by producing something infinitely superior to the raw materials which supplied the hint. Ordinary eyes would see the poet's mistress and the painter's group without perceiving the elements of song or of painting about them: nay, we may admit that to other eyes than those of the inspired, the former might seem much of a broomstick, and the latter gross heavy clods of the valley. Nature in this way presents the raw material to genius, and, save for the portrait painter, never produces a finished article which can be copied literally without modification. This is all we mean by saying that the delineations of the painter are not faithful transcripts from nature.

It is related of Teniers that he loved to frequent market-places, where bargains were going on and merry-makings, where nature had fair play, and men did what was right in their own eyes. This was for the sake of observing character and making sketches of those odd yet picturesque postures, which men unconsciously take where there is no constraint, and hand and tongue have full license. The picture before us confirms the account of the biographer: it smacks of the market-place where sharp bargains are struck, and represents the farm-yard of a husbandman—with open sheds and hacks for cattle and pens for holding swine. The proprietor, an old man, grey-headed, covetous but not clever, has been showing the tenants of his sty to a purchaser young

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and shrewd, and is submitting, rather than agreeing to a bargain which the other is concluding with him. A third acts as umpire, and looking in the young pig-dealer's face seems to say "Don't take in a man who might be your grandfather." The pigs are latched up in the pen and are probably lending a grunting accompaniment to the earnest clamour of tongues deciding upon their fate.

This picture has been pronounced by judges, a study from nature freely painted, with much force of character and effect, in the clear silvery manner of the artist. The young bargain-maker is supposed to be Teniers himself, for the resemblance is not little; the old husbandman was copied from his gardener, a personage found in other pictures of the artist; the third figure is believed to be another of his domestics, and is introduced as a witness of the compact, according to the usage of thrifty and suspicious Holland. The figures are of larger size than usual in the cabinet pictures of Teniers; and from the free manner in which they are handled are believed to have been dashed off at one heat of the fancy. The picture is in the collection of John Slater, Esq.

The works of Teniers are numerous in this country—and their worth has been fully felt. His vivid colouring; his lively and humorous presentations of character; his droll and sprightly delineations of scenes of humble life; unite in making him welcome to English taste which has ever inclined

more to the domestic than to the historical. In all collections which are considered complete, Teniers is to be found: he cannot be said to have many followers here; for though we incline much to merriment and joviality, we have also serious moods, and the painter who desires to hold the mirror up to Old England, must mix the serious with the comic, and the pathetic with the humorous—things sad with things ludicrous—as they are in Shakspeare and Burns—and in nature.





LEONARDO DA VINCI.

CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS.

THIS fine picture was bequeathed to the nation by the Rev. William Holwell Carr, and though some critics surmise that it is not from the hand of Da Vinci, but wrought by a gifted pupil from his drawings, it has ever ranked high as a work of art, and is certainly an admirable specimen of the tranquil power of the great painter. The heads are stamped with individuality of character; the necks and hands are drawn with great knowledge of outline; the foldings of the draperies are natural and simple, and the whole is richly coloured, and finished with consummate delicacy. Those who say it is deficient in energy of character, forget that a calm godlike grandeur is the ruling sentiment in all that we know of the Saviour. The artist has felt this, and embodied it with his usual felicity: muscular vigour, and the energy of action, would be unbecoming a being so gentle and divine; this calmness has been called coldness by some who love violent action in the body, and a head thinking with all its might till thought seems painful.

Leonardo da Vinci was a natural son of Pietro, a Florentine notary ; Durazzini, in his panegyrics on illustrious Tuscans, fixes his birth in the year 1450, but eloquence has been compelled to yield to fact ; he was born, according to the registry, in 1452, in Lower Valdarno, in Tuscany. Nature endowed him with a genius elevated and penetrating ; he was one of those rare men fitted to excel in many pursuits ; he was not only a painter, but he wrote himself mathematician, mechanic, musician, and poet ; he excelled also in all genteel accomplishments—he was admired for his dancing, his fencing, and his horsemanship. “ He was so perfect in all,” says Lanzi, “ that when he performed any one, the beholder was ready to imagine that it must have been his sole study. To vigour of intellect, he joined an elegance of features, and of manners that graced the virtues of his mind ; he was affable with strangers, with citizens, with private individuals, and with princes he lived on a footing of familiarity and friendship.” To do all this cost him no effort ; his birth was humble, but his mind ranked with the highest.

He began his studies in art early ; Verrochio taught him painting ; that he soon excelled his master has been admitted by all his biographers, but they have not all remarked, as Lanzi has done, that like his teacher he designed more readily than he painted ; this is true of him through life. He studied mathematics and sculpture ; the former gave

him a knowledge of quantity, the latter of outline ; he prized elegance more than dignity, and calm tranquil expression more than passionate action. He studied art through nature ; the horses of his pictures and models were found in his own stables ; he represented them in motion, for he knew they could not think, and held with the old writer, that the three noblest sights in the world, are a man thinking, an eagle flying, and a horse at full speed. As a sculptor his merits are of a high order ; his statue of St. Thomas is worthy of being named with some of his pictures ; and the horse in the church of St. John and St. Paul at Venice, and the three statues cast in bronze from the models by Rustici for the church of St. John at Florence, have been commended for their perfect relief and roundness, their grace of action, and truth of expression. As a painter he ranks with the highest ; his lofty thoughts, his fine proportions, his calm grace, and his truth of conception have perhaps never been surpassed ; yet there is visible in his compositions, as Mariette has remarked, something of the meanness of the old school, which connects him with the past and the present in painting.

The life of Da Vinci may be divided into four periods : the first includes the time of his youth, and his stay in Florence. To this era may be referred some of his least perfect compositions in which the lessons of Verrochio are said to be visible. The characters are not so fully developed, the

shadows so natural, nor the draperies so simple and elegant as in his maturer works. A Christ produced by his pencil in those days, reminds us of the gothic school. The child lies on a bed richly ornamented, attired in a magnificent dress, and covered with pearls and precious stones. The second period carries the painter to Milan, where he astonished Lodovico Sforza less by his pencil, than by his performance on the lyre ; a curious new instrument, chiefly of silver, fashioned by his own hand. The envy of the musicians of Milan was awakened ; they challenged him to a public contest, where they were not only vanquished

On the ten-stringed instrument
And on the psaltery,

but were compelled to acknowledge that the eloquence of his conversation, and the originality of his extemporaneous poetry, were alike unrivalled. The third period brings Da Vinci back to Florence, and is associated with some of his happiest works. To his second residence in his native city we owe that portrait of Mona Lisa, which was the labour of four years, and is still unfinished ; the cartoon of St. Anna, prepared for a picture in the church of the Servi ; and that still more celebrated cartoon of the battle of Niccolo Piccinino, intended to dispute the palm of excellence with Michael Angelo. Another picture assigned to this period is a Holy Family, lost during the sack of Milan, but which after many

vicissitudes made its appearance in Russia. In the back-ground, is a woman, or rather an angel, of a beautiful and majestic countenance, standing in an upright position. It bears the cipher of Leonardo ; a D interlaced with an L and a V, as seen in the picture of the Signori Sansitali, at Parma. The visit of Da Vinci to Rome, where his stay was short ; or his professional journey to Paris where he died suddenly before he had been able to display the fascinations of his pencil, may be named as the fourth period of the painter. The repose of old age was denied him ; the rising genius of Michael Angelo seems to have disturbed him too much ; the latter, animated by genius, and eager after distinction, executed his commissions with astonishing rapidity, while Da Vinci, slow, fastidious and procrastinating, was willing to begin and loth to finish. Vasari says, the former gave the world works while the latter amused them with words.

“ He had two styles,” says Lanzi, “ the one abounded in shadow, which gives admirable brilliancy to the contrasting lights ; the other was more quiet, and managed by means of middle tints. In each style the grace of his design, the expression of the mental affections, and the delicacy of his pencil are unrivalled. Every thing is lively in his paintings ; the foreground, the landscape, the adventitious ornaments of necklaces, flowers and architecture : but this gaiety is more apparent in the heads. In these he purposely repeats the same idea and gives them

a dawning smile which delights the mind of the spectator. He did not consider any of his pictures complete, but from a singular timidity often left them imperfect. He was never pleased with his labours if he did not execute them as perfectly as he had conceived them, and being unable to reach the high point proposed with a mortal hand, he sometimes only designed his work, or carried it to a certain state of completion. Sometimes he devoted to it so long a period as almost to renew the example of the ancient, who employed seven years over his picture." But works which seemed imperfect to Leonardo da Vinci have been accepted as finished by the world: his conceptions were too noble for his hand to embody, and as he never pleased himself he called his pictures imperfect. Even his Last Supper he regarded incomplete, though all history agrees in celebrating it as one of the most masterly of human works. He established the Milanese School, and by his investigations as well as his pictures, gave a philosophical dignity to painting, which was consummated by the pencil of Raphael.



FRANCIS MIERIS.

A DUTCH ALE-HOUSE.

THIS fine picture, the work of Francis Mieris, has been for some time in England ; it was purchased from the well-known collection of Mr. Parke, of Dean Street, by John Slater, Esq. and is distinguished among his pictures by its marked peculiarity of character and the elaborate elegance of its finishing. It represents the interior of a Dutch Cabaret or Ale-house ; the owner, a substantial sort of person, with a warm fur cap, a close buttoned doublet, and the everlasting pipe in his left hand, is called upon by his daughter, a plump well favoured girl, to decide upon the merit of a new opened cask of ale. He holds the glass, with the sample, between him and the light ; a sort of doubt or hesitation is dawning upon his face ; another moment and he shakes his head and condemns it as weak in malt and strong in water ; brewed at the rate of a handful of barley to a hogshead of the pure element. He presses his forefinger on his pipe to keep it fit for his lips ; a bird-cage hangs at one side of his window to show that he loves a song ; a vine creeps up at the other to intimate that he is not averse to

wine, while dried fish suspended from the window-sill seem plainly to say that he is a dealer in food as well as in drink. The picture is a fair specimen of the Dutch School, where much is made out of little, and scenes which please the world are manufactured from the ordinary pursuits of life.

A brief account of the painter may not be uninteresting. Francis Mieris was born at Leyden, in 1635, he studied with Vliet, one of the ablest artists of the Low Countries, and afterwards under Gerard Douw, whose taste and talent were nearly akin to his own. Under his second master he soon surpassed all other students, and was called by Gerard the prince of his disciples. From the studies of Douw he went to that of nature, and acquitted himself so wisely and so well, that he soon became distinguished for an unusual sweetness of colouring; a neat and delicate touch, a correctness of drawing which none of his masters could teach, and a singular transparency, combined with wonderful force and freshness.

The merits of Mieris attracted the eye of Reynolds on his visit to the Low Country Galleries, and he ranks him seventh on the list of those whom he reckons excellent in their kind. His notice of the painter is of the briefest. In Hope's Gallery in Amsterdam, he saw "an old man by Mieris, with a glass of wine and shrimps on the table; a woman behind, scoring the reckoning; a fiddle lying in the window." And in the Gallery of the Prince of

Orange he noticed “A picture of Dutch Gallantry, by Mieris ; a man pinching the ear of a dog, which lies on his mistress’s lap.” The heart of Reynolds was with the Historic School ; his hand was with the Portrait one ; and he had no sympathy for works which displayed little imagination, and which he considered remarkable chiefly for the science displayed in the execution. He could render no account, he observed, of the Dutch pictures, but such as would be barren of entertainment. “One would wish,” he says, “to be able to convey to the reader some idea of that excellence, the sight of which has afforded so much pleasure ; but as their merit often consists in the truth of representation alone, whatever praise they deserve, whatever pleasure they give when under the eye, they make but a poor figure in description. It is to the eye only that the works of this school are addressed.” This last sentiment has been applied to all paintings, by Johnson ; but it is true neither in reference to the Italian, the Dutch, nor the English Schools ; wherever human action is represented, human thought is awakened by the contemplation. Take one of the pictures of Mieris for instance, as described by Sir Joshua, “A man pinching the ear of a dog which lies in his mistress’s lap.” The moment we look we begin to consider what the man’s object can be ; conjecture is busy, and we are not satisfied till we have assigned a reason for the pinching of the lap-dog’s ear.

By several judges Mieris is reckoned superior to Gerard Douw, in vigour of design and accuracy of drawing ; he stands below him in the lists of Reynolds. His pictures here are high-priced and rare, nor are they numerous in Holland : he excelled in conversation-pieces ; in the painting of silks and velvets, and was such a master in imitation, that the different kinds and the fabric of the cloth might easily be distinguished. He painted many portraits, he was fond of delineating persons performing on musical instruments ; patients attended by the doctors ; chemists at work in the laboratory ; mercers exhibiting their silks and satins to fastidious ladies ; and, in short, he found a subject in all domestic matters, and handled the most difficult things with equal discretion and effect. When any one wished to purchase a picture from him, he turned to his books and multiplying the time he had taken to paint it by a ducat per hour, made the result the price. This mechanical mode of valuation was pronounced by many, unjust. The pictures soonest done are sometimes done most happily, while those on which much time is expended may be cold and laboured. He stuck to his system and found it profitable.

Mieris was a considerate and generous man. Houbraken relates an incident in his life much to his honour, and illustrative of his character. “ He had conceived a real friendship for Jan Steen, and delighted in his company, though he was by no

means so fond of drinking freely as Jan was accustomed to do every evening at the tavern. Notwithstanding this he often passed whole nights with his friend in a joyous manner, and frequently returned very late to his lodgings. One evening, when it was very dark, and almost midnight, as Mieris strolled home from the tavern, he unluckily fell into the common sewer, which had been opened for the purpose of being cleansed, and the workmen had left it unguarded. There he must have perished, if a cobbler and his wife who worked in a neighbouring stall had not heard his cries and instantly ran to his relief. Having extricated Mieris they took all possible care of him, and procured the best refreshments in their power. The next morning, the painter having thanked his preservers, took his leave, but particularly remarked the house that he might know it again. The poor people were totally ignorant of the person who had been relieved by them, but Mieris had too grateful a spirit to forget his benefactors, and having painted a picture in his best manner, he brought it to the cobbler and his wife, telling them it was a present from the person whose life they had contributed to save, and desired them to carry it to his friend Cornelius Plaats, who would give them the full value for it. The woman unacquainted with the real worth of the present, concluded she might receive a moderate gratuity for the picture, but her

astonishment was inexpressible when she received the sum of eight hundred florins."

Mieris had two sons, John and William, both of whom obtained distinction as painters; the former died early, but the latter lived to a good old age, and in his pencilling, and harmony and delicacy of finish, all but rivalled his father. Among the chief works of the elder Mieris is reckoned the portrait of the wife of Cornelius Plaats; large and tempting sums have been offered for it in vain. Another of his best pictures represents a lady fainting, and a physician applying remedies to relieve her: the painter's price for it was fifteen hundred florins; the Grand Duke of Tuscany afterwards offered three thousand, but money could not purchase it, he procured a fine work instead, a girl holding a candle in her hand, considered by many inestimable. He died in 1681, aged forty-six years.





ADORATION OF THE KINGS

VAN RYN REMBRANDT.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

POEMS lose something of their peculiar excellence in the hands of the most accomplished translators: the same may be said of pictures—the most skilful engravers cannot well reproduce them without an abatement of their beauty. This is true of the works of Rembrandt: the vivid force of his light and shade, and the pith and originality of his characters, conceal defects in proportion or detail, which become visible when the charm of his colouring is withdrawn.— Though the glory of the colouring is eclipsed, expression belongs as much to the graver as to the pencil; and this will ever maintain, even in prints, the fame of Rembrandt: for though not without equals, few or none have surpassed him in impressing mind upon his productions. We are not sure that he is popular in England: his boldness and happy extravagance alarm the timid, and dispose those with souls, spell-bound by the proprieties of art, to talk of him rather as a meteor of painting than a fixed light.

Rembrandt was born in a little village near Leyden, in the year 1606; his father was a miller, and

the young artist is imagined to have taken the hint of his singular light and shade from the sunshine streaming through the mill-wickets among the moving and dusty machinery ; others ascribe his love of strong contrasts to his studies under Jacob Pinas, whose works had a touch of the extravagant, and through that recommended themselves to young and uncultivated minds. How a love of art came upon him no one has told us. We are not, however, left in the dark respecting his change of name ; the church baptized him Gerretsz : but as he spent most of his youth on the banks of the Rhine, the world, when he began to be distinguished, called him Van Ryn, and by that name he is now known wherever art is admired.

Though he studied under several masters, he accepted of them only as guides in mechanical execution : in all other matters he resolved to think for himself. He took nature for his instructress, and in her company mused on wild sea shores, caverned glens, ruined towers, and all such scenes as caught his young eye or affected his fancy : nor was he slow in finding suitable inhabitants for his landscapes ; his imagination readily peopled them with savage banditti, gloomy saints, and other “ cankers of a calm world and a long peace.” Though careless about the graceful or the beautiful, he loved the stern and the grand ; with a touch of the “ savage Rosa” in his taste, he sympathized largely with nature, and enjoyed the ludicrous as

well as the solemn, the tender as well as the stern. Yet in all these matters he neither felt nor acted like other artists; he looked on all through the medium of a light, startling though natural, and had colours ready to embody the vivid hues his fancy conceived: whatever he touched rose into light; out of common things he produced striking pictures: give him an old house, a stream of water and a mill-wheel, and he could work wonders.

For some time his labours were unprofitable. Rembrandt, like other young artists, had to discipline his hand and bring order among the creations of his fancy before he could hope for fame and patrons. A sensible friend, it is said, advised him to quit his country village, and try his fortune at the Hague. He did so; a dealer, a righteous one, offered him a hundred florins for an early picture, the first one he saw. This opened Rembrandt's eyes to his own merit. Purchasers flocked to the studio of an artist whose works bore a new impress of thought upon them, and who had daringly broke through all rules save those of nature. From the Hague he moved to Amsterdam, where he found his fame already high; all his pictures were purchased at large prices, as fast as he could paint them, and the sons of wealthy men, smit with the double desire of riches and distinction, were eager to be numbered among his pupils. Nor was this eminent man insensible to the advantages of wealth; he was a citizen of a commercial community, where

much is weighed in a golden balance. That he exacted one hundred florins a year from each pupil has been ascribed to avarice, but the imputation cannot be sustained on such grounds. He, however, touched up with his own pencil such copies as his pupils made from his works, and sold them—sometimes it is said—as his own, and obtained considerable sums by this adroit management. His income was augmented, too, by what one of his biographers calls the artful way in which he sold his etchings. It is difficult to determine, from such vague expressions, the extent of the painter's culpability. A man of genius should be above all that is sordid; yet he has a right to make as much as he honestly can by his talents. He who paints a picture, and demands a high price for it, may be accused of overrating his abilities—but as he compels no one to purchase it, he cannot be charged with imposing upon the world. Paintings are not the necessities of life, and the highest price they can fetch is, for the time, the right price.

He refused to confine his talents to domestic painting—he tried the historic; and as scripture subjects were mostly in demand, he dashed off, in an inconceivably short time, Ahasuerus, Esther and Haman, the Woman taken in Adultery and St. John Preaching in the Wilderness. Though rapidly done, these pictures are exquisitely finished; but then the finishing of Rembrandt was not accomplished by innumerable and timid touches, but by a hand which

had acquired mastery in the calling by long practice, and by the confidence which genius and fame confer. His skill in handling a subject was not greater than his perception of human character. Some of his portraits cease to be external resemblances only; they take their place among the ideal or historic; we never ask the name of the individual as we gaze; we see before us the representative of a passion or of a class, and are content. That his drawing is sometimes out of proportion—that the antique was exhibited before his eyes in vain—that he wanted poetic elevation of thought—and loved what was gross rather than what was elegant—are charges brought against him by critics and biographers; and they may be all answered in a word—his powers of expression and happy vigour of light and shade triumphed over all deficiencies.

Hazlitt felt strongly and expressed happily the merits of Rembrandt. The picture of a Man with a Hawk, in the Grosvenor Gallery, haunted him on his way home. “What is the difference,” he asks, “between this idea, which we have brought away with us, and the picture on the wall? Has it lost any of its tone—its ease—its depth? The head turns round in the same graceful moving attitude; the eye carelessly meets ours; the tufted beard grows to the chin; the hawk flutters and balances himself on his favourite perch, his master’s hand—and a shadow seems passing over the picture, just leaving a light in one corner of it behind, to give a

livelier effect to the whole. There is no mark of the pencil, no jagged points or solid masses—it is all air, and twilight might be supposed to have drawn his veil across it. There are no means employed, as far as you can discover; you see nothing but a simple, grand, and natural effect.” The pictures of this great master are numerous and of high value; his prints are also plentiful, and bring large prices. He died at Amsterdam, in the year 1674. His memory is charged with love of money, and a fondness for low company. Of his merits as a painter there cannot well be two opinions.

The Adoration of the Magi belongs to the Collection of His Majesty. The subject requires no explanation; it is handled, in many parts, in the happiest manner of the painter: it also exhibits some of his defects. The unity of the composition is remarkable, but some of the figures are out of proportion, and deficient in dignity.





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BENJAMIN WEST.

CHRIST REJECTED.

THE genius of Benjamin West was of the quiet, calm kind; he had little passion and little energy; nor did he share largely of that grandeur of soul which distinguished Raphael and other great masters in the calling. He was, however, inferior to none in the art of telling a story on canvas; whatever he desired to impart was related with a clearness and precision which required no interpreter; he was no painter of splendid conundrums or magnificent riddles. He was a skilful draughtsman, or, in other words, was well acquainted with the proportions of the human form, and rarely erred either in unity of parts or in connecting all the groups of his largest pictures by the sympathy of one ruling sentiment. The picture of Christ Rejected will support most of our assertions.

The object of the painter was to show Jesus rejected by the Jewish High Priest, the Elders, and the people of Jerusalem, when brought before Pontius Pilate. The Roman has said, "I find no fault in this man wherewith you accuse him;" and the accusers are answering, "We have a law, and

by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God ; therefore away with him, and crucify him." On the right side of the picture are the Roman soldiers, with Christ in their custody ; the centurion, their commander, is pondering on the awful crisis. Next to the soldiers stands our Saviour, with something of divine composure in his looks—a consciousness of his approaching atonement seems to be present to his mind. Pilate is soliciting the rulers and people in his behalf ; but the High Priest stretches out his arms, and, with much bitterness of feeling, exclaims, " Away with him !" Behind the High Priest is a throng of persons, all expressing hatred of Christ, and insulting him with looks, gestures, and language. In the front of these is Joseph of Arimathea, with James, the less, and St. Peter, who, filled with remorse for having denied his Saviour, " went out and wept bitterly." In the middle of the foreground is Mary Magdalen mourning on the fatal cross ; near her is the third Mary and the pious women from Galilee, to whom our Saviour said, " Weep not for me, ye daughters of Israel." " It was Mr. West's aim, in the delineation of this subject," these are the words of his catalogue, " to excite feelings in the spectator similar to those produced by a perusal of the sacred texts, which so pathetically describe those awful events. As part of the means for accomplishing this end, several incidents, which were in connexion with the main circumstance, were introduced to contrast

with the meekness and sufferings of the ‘Man of Sorrows,’ and to show the simplicity and purity of the Gospel dispensation in opposition to the gaudy and earthly objects of the Heathen and Jewish systems. The delineation of nearly the whole scale of human passions, from the basest to those which partake most of the divine nature, has thus been necessarily attempted.” The original picture belongs to Lord Darnley.

Benjamin West, the son of John West and Sarah Pearson, was born at Springfield, in the State of Pennsylvania, North America, on the 10th of October, 1733. His mother, it seems, had gone to hear one Edward Peckover preach about the sinfulness of the Old World and the spotlessness of the New, and, terrified and overcome by the earnest eloquence of the enthusiast, she shrieked aloud, was carried home, and, in the midst of agitation and terror was safely delivered of the future President of the Royal Academy. When the preacher was told of this he rejoiced, “Note that child,” said he, “for he has come into the world in a remarkable way, and will assuredly prove a wonderful man.” The child prospered, and when seven years old began to fulfil the prediction of the preacher. He was set to rock the cradle of his sister’s child, and was so struck with the beauty of the slumbering babe, that he sought a sheet of paper, and drew its features in red and black ink. “I declare,” cried his astonished sister, “he has made a likeness of little Sally.”

He was next noticed by a party of wild Indians, who, pleased with the sketches which Benjamin had made of birds and flowers, taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they stained their weapons; to these his mother added indigo, and thus he obtained the three primary colours.

In those days America had no academies, nor even teachers of the mysteries of art. West had, therefore, the task of educating himself—and he seems to have set about it in a way at once original and brief. He looked at prints and he looked at nature—and, making the one correct and animate the other, he succeeded in forming figures and groups, which his wondering relatives called historical or scriptural pictures. He also tried the effect of letting light drop on an object through a small aperture, and thus acquired a knowledge in light and shade. He persuaded some of his neighbours to sit for their portraits, and so obtained some mastery in character, while of all strangers he inquired about pictures and the art of working in oils, and made many experiments in pencils and colours.

It was soon rumoured about that the son of John West was afflicted with a strange passion for painting, and a meeting of the “Friends” was held to consider whether this was to be regarded as a blessing or a visitation of Providence. The spirit of speech came strong on one John Williamson; “A man child has been born,” he said, “on whom

God has bestowed some remarkable gifts of mind ; and you have all heard that, through something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind ; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth genius for art ! Shall we question his wisdom ? Can we believe that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and good purpose ? I see the divine hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth."

The result of these communings and forebodings is known to the world. West, having made some progress with the pencil in his native land, went to Rome, where he was soon noticed not only for his skill in portraiture, but for his historical compositions. On his way back to America he wandered to London, and was persuaded by some of his countrymen to set up his easel in a rich land, where sitters for portraits and purchasers of pictures abounded. Fortunately for West, a strong though not a permanent love for historical painting had come upon the English people. He saw and profited by this. A divine was charmed with his felicitous handling of a scripture subject, and a statesman was pleased with his skill in embodying a classic one—and one or both introduced him to George the Third, who knew little about painting, but was pleased with the calm devout look of the

gifted American. He was now in the royal road to fame and fortune :—he painted many noble pictures for the King ; the best of these are at Windsor, and represent the achievements of the English under our Edwards and Henrys. The colours are rich and glowing ; the characters are numerous and well delineated, and the scene, whether of battle or of truce, is clearly and happily embodied.

West was widely known and much respected. On the retirement of Reynolds he was elected President of the Royal Academy, which he had aided in establishing ; and though no scholar was much of a gentleman, and gave dignity to his place. The illness of the King was injurious to the interests of the painter ; in his old age he was, in a manner, repulsed from the Court, and compelled to work for subsistence as well as fame. He did all this with an alacrity only equalled by his success ; nor did he repine or complain, but was contented and cheerful. He died on the 11th of March, 1820, full of years and honours, and was buried in St. Paul's, by the side of his friend and fellow-labourer, Sir Joshua Reynolds.



NICHOLAS BERGHEM.

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

BERGHEM is numbered with those artists who sought to give to the school of Holland something of the airy elegance and grace of the Italian, and laboured to render nature more poetic and polished. He was no lover of scenes of rustic excitement, where men inflamed by drink and contradiction become fierce and savage; he loved the quiet, the retired, and the beautiful; his favourite studies were the brook-banks, the budding trees, the browsing cattle, and the piping shepherd; he rejoiced in the songs of the birds, the ripening fields of grain, the freshening showers, and the rising sun, glancing on tree and town, all but conscious of the life and loveliness below.

The picture from which this fine print is taken is the property of Beilby Thompson, Esq. M. P. and will go far to exemplify what we have said respecting the peculiar genius of the painter. The scene lies by a quiet lake, to the cool waters of which some cows and a little flock of sheep and goats have been driven, for the twofold purpose of giving them the pleasure of the shade of two or three old flourishing

trees, and relieving them from their burthens of milk. An idle shepherd-boy lies on the grass, a traveller with his ass and panniers is approaching, while the sun scattering his splendour on the neighbouring hills, and on the remains of an old tower, makes his way through the foliage of the woods, and glimmers along the ground, on which three maidens are busied with their cows and goats. The whole is strictly rural, and worthy of contemplation, from the repose given the spectator's eye and the sentiments of happiness awakened in his mind: this is one of the chief purposes of painting and poetry; we turn not to the page of the poet, nor to the picture of the artist, to give pain to our hearts, and obtain an hour of misery. No; we read and we look—shut our eyes on the world and its ways amid their natural creations—and forget ourselves and are happy.

Nicholas Berghem, the son of a painter of little eminence, was born at Haerlem in 1624, and was taught the first principles of the art in which he was destined to excel—first by his father, who could teach by precept though not by example, and finally, by Van Goyen, Jan Wills and Weenix. “He had,” says Pilkington, “an easy and expeditious manner of painting, and an inexpressible variety and beauty in the choice of scites for his landscapes; executing them with a surprising degree of neatness and truth. He possessed a clearness and strength of judgment, and a wonderful

power and ease of expressing his ideas ; and though his subjects were of the lower kind, yet his choice of nature was judicious, and he gave to every subject as much of beauty and elegance as it would admit. The leafing of his trees is exquisitely and freely touched ; his skies are clear, and his clouds float lightly as if supported by air. The distinguishing characters of his pictures are the breadth and just distribution of the lights ; the grandeur of his masses of light and shadow ; the natural care and simplicity in the attitudes of his figures expressing their several characters ; the just gradation of his distances ; the brilliancy and harmony as well as the transparence of his colouring ; the correctness and true perspective of his design, and the elegance of his composition ; and where any of those marks are wanting no authority ought to be sufficient to ascribe any picture to him."

Berghem was of a pleasant temper, his nature was like his landscapes cheerful and quiet ; he loved to sing at his easel, nor was he one who believed in the influence of set times and seasons, for he rose early and painted late, and always wrought happily when in good health. He was a careful finisher of his works ; nature he said finished all hers with much minuteness, and artists ought not to be wiser in their own conceit than nature. His cows and his sheep, his trees and his flowers, his rocks and his hills, his valleys and his streams are all executed with equal care and precision. One of his largest,

some say one of his best pictures, was painted for the Chief Magistrate of Dort; the scene was laid in a wild and mountainous country; woods were scattered here and there, flocks of sheep spotted the uplands, streams sparkled as they ran, oxen ruminated on the brook-banks, shepherds and shepherd-maidens reposed or watched their flocks, while over all the sun shed a light at once brilliant and gladsome, which seemed to cheer the cattle, and bestow life and beauty on all. His pictures were in such demand that the price was generally deposited with him before he put the canvas on the easel; they are rarely seen at sales, and always fetch high prices. He died in his native land in the year 1689.



JAN STEEN.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

“JAN STEEN,” says Reynolds, “has a strong manly style of painting which might become even the design of Raphael, and he has shown the greatest skill in composition and management of light and shadow, as well as great truth in the expression and character of his figures.” Every word of this equally brief and happy description is realized in the picture of “The Mountebank.” The scene is laid in a country village, which seems to require the repairing hand of the mason as much as its old and time-worn inhabitants need the skill of the “Mediciner.” War as well as years seems to have been dealing with both, and left visible traces behind; nigh a shattered tower and contiguous to several rustic dwellings the Medical Mountebank has pitched his tent, mounted his stage, and aided by a Merry Andrew, whose face yields more mirth than his fiddle yields of music, and a demure and solemn associate to countenance his pretensions, he stands, phial in hand, lecturing the gathered and still gathering people. The whole scene is full of character and life; such variety of human emotion

can only be found in the pictures of Hogarth, and without doubt our great dramatic painter had Jan Steen in his mind when he conceived one or two of his compositions. Butler must have been musing too on something similar, when he drew the memorable conclusion,

Surely the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat.

Here we have people gray with time panting to have their youth restored; the lame have crawled or hobbled forth with the hope of being sent home skipping and leaping; while one worthy old dame is hurrying with her half-dead husband in a wheelbarrow, that he may have the benefit of that blessed tincture which restores vigour to man, as the sap of spring restores beauty to the trees of the garden. The motley audience are full of hope, the bald see in fancy the waving of luxuriant locks, the pale and the withered anticipate bloom and beauty, the frail and crippled have visions of health and strength, and all seem to be looking for a change, save a plump and ruddy maid, who, with bare arms, bare neck, and bare feet, ventures among the groups with her pitcher on her head, and pauses that an old man leaning over his staff may steal a look at her of mingled affection and envy. Perhaps the only melancholy personage present, is a half-starved monkey, on the extremity of the pole right over the stage; the mountebank has uncorked

the phial containing his blessed elixir ; the effluvia seems to have reached pug, and the arched-up back and the puckered-up face indicate that the odour is at least not fragrant. The picture is in the very interesting collection of Charles Heusch, Esq. of Bedford Square, and is of the cabinet size.

Jan Steen was born at Leyden, in the year 1636. A taste for art came upon him when a child ; he drew with so much skill that his father, who designed him for a brewer, placed him under Nicholas Knuffer, with whom he mastered the science of painting, but he completed his education in the studio of John Van Goyen, with whose daughter he fell in love, and married when he was some twenty years old or so. The produce of his pencil was so trifling that his father established him in a brewery at Delft ; but the daily sight of liquor and the practice of proving the strength of it, were too much for his resolution—he gave way to intemperance, and the speculation failed. His second choice of a business was no wiser than the first, he opened a tavern, but he drank as stoutly as his customers did, and the profits were found unequal to the maintenance of his household. His biographers have expressed both sorrow and anger with him on account of these injurious habits of indulgence, and some of them seem to think that for a time the painter was lost in the toper. They have not, however, explained to us how he happened, while keeping the brewery and the tavern, to improve his

eye and hand, both in composition and colour and paint some of his best pictures. He relinquished the tavern, and betaking himself to the pencil obtained what he coveted—livelihood and fame.

He sought for his subjects in living life around him, and, like a true genius, found them in abundance. As he desired to deal with the drolleries and merriments and enjoyments of life, he frequented fairs and weddings, and tippling bouts, and never returned without an increase of knowledge;—when he saw a little of what he wanted his fancy made out the rest. “Few painters,” says Pilkington, “have animated their figures more than Jan Steen, or equalled him in the strength of expression. His drawing might sometimes be censurable, but his design was generally correct, his figures well disposed and his characters strongly marked; his touches light, easy, and free; and his colouring appears always lively and natural. A capital picture of his painting is a Mountebank, attended by a number of spectators, in which the countenances are wonderfully striking, full of humour and variety. Another of his remarkable pieces represented a wedding; it consisted of the parents, the bride, the bridegroom and a notary. Every person in the composition was exceedingly natural, with surprising expression in the old as well as the young. The notary is engaged in attending to the words which he has to write down; the bridegroom appears in a violent agitation as if dissatisfied with the match,

the bride seems to be in tears. The subject of another picture was the funeral of a Quaker; in which each face was distinguished by so strong, so droll, and so humorous a cast of features as to excite mirth in the beholder." Reynolds helps us in his own brief way to the character of another of this painter's compositions. "Cabinet of M. Gart, Amsterdam. Drinking and gaming by Jan Steen, a large composition of about twenty figures, well drawn and coloured; one of the women who has thrown her leg over a bag-pipe-player, has a great degree of beauty." The free and indecorous expression of some of his pictures cannot be better intimated than in the words of the president.

The works of Jan Steen brought moderate prices while he lived, at his death in 1689, they rose in the market at once. They are far from numerous; he painted only when he desired to raise money, and sold only to supply immediate demands. He was not a regular manufacturer who wrought off a certain number of yards of coloured canvas per week; he painted by fits and starts, and as he generally took to the easel only when the spirit commanded he was enabled to give a force and character to his compositions, not common amongst his brethren. It has been urged as a fault in his pictures that as some of his figures are ill-drawn, he was consequently less skilful in the human form than became such a master. Part of the original humour of the conception seems to reside in the odd shapes and

queer looks of the principal characters ; bestow scientific beauty on their bodies and the drollery is abated ; a handsome figure trying to enact Apollo is not so laughable as one with bow-legs and a hunch-back putting on the god.

Jan Steen stands third in Reynold's list of eminent Dutch Painters ; he places only Rembrandt and Teniers before him ; the colouring of the latter is unequalled, while in force Rembrandt is more than a match for any artist of that school. Our own Wilkie has sometimes been compared with Jan Steen, but the comparison is not happy ; they have both exercised their talents on humble themes, and handled them with singular force—there the resemblance ends. There is a moral dignity and a quiet pathos amid Wilkie's humour, which reminds us much of the poetry of Burns ; Jan Steen on the other hand seemed satisfied with a vivid presentation of life ; to raise a laugh and obtain a purchaser seemed his chief object, and this he never failed to accomplish. His pictures are rare in England.



DOMENICHINO.

TOBIT AND THE ANGEL.

THIS picture tells its story in a clear and elegant way. The youthful Tobit kneels at the brink of a river, and seizing the fish with both hands looks up to the angel, who appears to be instructing him what to do with it. The landscape is as beautiful as the figures; a dewy freshness seems shed over stream and tree and tower: "and though," says Ottley, "every part is delicately finished, such is the freedom of the pencilling, that the whole seems the work only of a few hours." The picture is painted on copper, is seventeen inches high by thirteen inches wide, and formerly belonged to the Colonna Palace. It is now in the National Gallery, to which it was bequeathed by the Rev. William Holwell Carr.

Domenichino, of the family of the Zampieri, was born at Bologna in the year 1581; he studied some time under Denis Calvart, and making less progress than his talents promised, was removed to the studio of the Carracci, and continued there for a number of years slowly and visibly improving both in conception and drawing. He was thoughtful and stu-

dious—slow of speech and not quick of hand—his more volatile companions interpreted these into signs of natural dullness, and many were the caricatures which he had to pardon, and the jokes he had to endure at their hands. Regarding all such matters as trifling, he endeavoured by incessant study and labour to gain the mastery of his art; he was secretly encouraged by Annibal Carracci, who observed from the first the fine genius which to his more piercing eyes lay bright under a surface which concealed it from others. Some one remarked to Annibal that his pupil Domenichino promised to be any thing but a great painter, “Give him time,” said Carracci, “and he will be an honour to us all.” His great master saw that his ideas were judicious, and that his soul was touched with whatever was beautiful and sublime—and prophesied accordingly.

Yet critics have not been wanting who, after admitting the good sense, reflection and science in the pictures of Domenichino refused to consider them as efforts of genius. It is true that we have pictures in public collections, and painters who have been honoured by academies, in neither of which true genius can be detected. Men may acquire the science of the profession, and become skilful in the art of manufacturing handsome limbs and elegant bodies and heads, made in conformity to rule, and may also be able to unite them together; but without genius they cannot endow them with passion or with feeling; they can at most but give

a sort of convulsive animation, such as galvanism communicates to a dead body. To artists of that stamp Domenichino did not belong; he infused meaning and soul into all his works; his quiet grandeur has been mistaken for coldness, and his well-arranged and harmonious groups have been numbered with things mechanical. Lanzi speaks of him with a sort of frosty civility compared to his raptures about other of the brethren. "He became celebrated," says the Abbé, "for his design; was employed chiefly in friezes for chambers, in architecture and landscape in fresco, sometimes in conjunction with Dentoni and Colonna,—sometimes alone. He was also a finished artist of pictures for private rooms, occasionally exhibiting there copious histories, as in that we read of in the full and well drawn up catalogue of the Sig. Canon Vianelle's pictures at Chioggia. It presents us with the entrance of the Pontiff into the city of Bologna. It is not surprising that he should be acknowledged and esteemed even in the Venetian territories, having been the preceptor of Fumiani, and master of Pierantonio Cersa, who painted a good deal for the Paduan State." The fame of the painter for a loftiness of expression sometimes reaching the sublime, seems well established in the world, and cannot well be shaken by the cavils of the fastidious and the critical.

Domenichino united high qualities in his compositions; he excelled in landscape as well as in historical painting, and loved to blend the classic ele-

gance of his groups with the simple loveliness of nature. His trees, vales, streams, mountains and skies, covered with sunny clouds, are blended into one grand harmony. It is nevertheless true of some of his compositions that they have an architectural or bloodless sort of look, and seem to have been painted as compositions to fill up a certain space as we see statues on a building, which express nothing and are only figures. Reynolds described Domenichino's picture of Susanna and the Elders in these depreciating words: "She is sitting at a fountain; the two elders are behind a balustrade; her head is fine, as are those of the old men, but it is upon the whole a barren composition. There is as much expression in the Susanna as perhaps can be given, preserving at the same time beauty; but the colour is inclinable to chalk; she is awkwardly placed by herself in the corner of the picture, which appears too large for the subject; the canvass not being sufficiently filled."

This great painter loved music, coveted solitude, was of a mild temper, and of a courteous deportment. His merit drew down envy; he was insulted and persecuted by his brethren, and died in 1641, not without suspicion of poison.



WATTEAU.

LE BAL CHAMPÊTRE.

HAZLITT has characterized Watteau, and described this picture in language too exact to be amended, and too felicitous to be easily equalled. "We find here," he says, speaking of the Dulwich Gallery, "two very clever specimens of the court painter Watteau, the Gainsborough of France: they are called *Le Fête Champêtre* and *Le Bal Champêtre*. There is something exceeding light, agreeable, and characteristic in this artist's productions. He might almost be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvas; so fragile is their texture, so evanescent his touch. He unites the court and the country at a sort of salient point—you may fancy yourself with Count Grammont and the beauties of Charles the Second, in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette and nod gracefully overhead, while the figures below thin as air and vegetably clad in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and

Dryads of the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of Watteau. In the Bal Champêtre we see Louis the Fourteenth himself dancing, looking so like an old beau, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety, but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily, zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now, nor do we devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenths are extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of Watteau."

This eminent painter seems to have been born for the times; he has entered into all the joyous frivolities and magnificent nothings of the gayest court of the gayest nation in the world, with a happiness of heart and hand almost unknown in art. Others worshipped Nature and loved to delineate her slumbering by some fountain's forbidden brink; or awakening love in all bosoms by the unconscious roguishness of her eyes, and the all but celestial graces of her person; the deity whom Watteau worshipped was Fashion; the simple loveliness of woman, as heaven made her, was nothing to him; he looked upon her as incomplete, till the tirewoman, with her rustling silks, her dimpling satins, and her round tires like the moon came and equipt her

"For midnight dances and the public shew"—

and adjusted with a cunning hand her patches, paint, and jewels. The perfume of a court was sweeter with him than the perfume of nature, with all her glory. Look at the picture before us, all is quaint and artificial from the ladies to their lap-dogs. The architecture has a touch of the fantastic—the ancient statues,

“ Women to the waist and fair,”

are placed there as a foil to the flounced and furbelowed madames, who, laced, and pinned and puckered from head to heel, are gazing at the self-complacent movements of their gracious sovereign.

Anthony Watteau was born at Valenciennes in 1684; a love of art came on him early, but an indifferent instructor marred for a time the bounty of nature, and he studied long before he painted any thing worthy of public notice. He quitted his native place, and going to Paris, found subsistence in designing theatrical decorations;—he aided in ornamenting the Opera House, but when that task was done he was left destitute, and only saved himself from absolute starvation by working for picture dealers. Fortune at length grew weary of persecuting him, he became accidentally acquainted with Claude Gillot, a master in all things grotesque, who took him to his house, revealed the secrets of his profession, and read him a chapter on the world and its ways. Under this new instructor Watteau prospered, he obtained admission to the Gallery of the

Luxembourg, took Rubens for his master in colour, and studied with so much success that he soon produced works not only agreeable in conception, but pleasing in light and shade, and harmonious in combination as well as colouring. Professors of painting generally say to their scholars study the historic : the public, who has a voice in all matters, whispers, paint the domestic. Watteau obeyed the voice of the Academy and failed—he listened to that of the public and succeeded. From Jupiter and Juno, and all the celestials of Olympus, who at that period infested painting as well as poetry, he turned to scenes dear to the hearts of the Parisians, and recorded

“Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;”

and found men to purchase as well as praise. In painting court conversations—balls, given half under cover and half in open air—masquerades, among trees hung with dazzling lights and artificial garlands—pastoral scenes, where ladies dragged their embroidered trains by the side of artificial fountains and pieces of prepared water—he excelled.

His health sunk under incessant application, and in 1720 he came to London to consult the eminent Dr. Mead, who advised him to study less and amuse himself more ; and in order to keep him from sinking into poverty, for Watteau was never rich, he commissioned from him a couple of pictures, leaving the subjects to his own taste. Change of air, or rather change of scene, made him look up a little ;

he felt however that "death was with him dealing ;" and, returning to Paris, sickened and died, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He left behind him many drawings in red and black chalk, a few etchings, and a fame which will not soon suffer an eclipse in France.

"Watteau," says Pilkington, "made the colouring of Rubens and Vandyke always his model. He was indefatigable in designing ; never permitting his pencil to be unemployed, as may be readily conjectured from the great quantity of works which he sketched and finished. His subjects are generally comic conversations, the marchings, haltings, or encampments of armies, landscapes and grotesques—all which he finished with a free flowing pencil, a pleasing tone of colour, a neat and spirited touch, and they are also correctly designed. The figures which he introduces in his compositions, in whatever character he designs them, have a peculiar grace in the airs of the heads, and somewhat becoming in their attitudes ; their actions are easy and natural, and they are always agreeably and skillfully disposed. The colouring of his landscapes is lively ; but though his trees are touched with freedom, they have a nearer resemblance to those of the Tuilleries than of natural scenery."

He has had few followers in this country ; what was natural to him was unnatural to his imitators ; the fashions, both of dress and of all else in the days of Lewis the Fourteenth, are changed and gone ;

they seem strange and stiff in our eyes, and when we see them introduced in a picture we cease to be a spectator. Stothard alone, in his small festive pictures, has employed a costume which may be said to suit all ages—it is at once neat, simple and elegant; the flesh and blood of his scenes are not hidden under forty yards of puckered silk; the women get the better of their dresses; but then Stothard was a poet, not a tireman. Newton sometimes deviated from nature into the fantastic style, and others might be named who allowed themselves to be charmed too much with the gaudiness of a fashion which belonged to other times. Nature is ever right and cannot be changed; fashion is ever changing, and fame, depending upon it, will change also.



ANTONIO CORREGGIO.

CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN.

THE great merit of Correggio has been long felt in this country. "His manner," says Reynolds, "is in direct opposition to what is called the hard and dry manner which preceded him. His colour and his mode of finishing approach nearer to perfection than those of any other painter: the gliding motion of his outline and the sweetness with which it melts into the ground; the cleanness and transparency of his colouring, which stop at that exact medium in which the purity and perfection of taste lies, leave nothing to be wished for." His picture of Christ Praying in the Garden more than confirms the character drawn with equal brevity and skill by Sir Joshua.

It is easy to say what the picture contains, but who can describe its effect. The morning is brightning on the hills and trees, a dewy freshness is visibly in the air and on the ground; but the supernatural radiance beaming from the person of our Saviour, subdues the light of nature and fills the mind with awe. He is kneeling in the midst of this glory, attended by a ministering angel; the pathos and

divine resignation of his looks, with the mingled compassion and veneration in the face of his celestial visitor, seem to unite in saying "The will of God be done." The three attendant Apostles are slumbering on the ground, while in the distance a mob of armed Jews are seen hurrying to seize Jesus. We are aware that Hazlitt, for whose taste we have much respect, speaks sneeringly of this picture; but he bent the shafts of his satire against the one now in the National Gallery, which is known to be a copy: had he seen the wondrous original, captured by Wellington at Vittoria, his scorn would have risen into admiration. The size is small, some fifteen inches square or so; but true genius can work miracles in little compass. The central light of the picture is altogether heavenly; we never saw any thing so insufferably brilliant; it haunted us round the room at Apsley House, and fairly extinguished the light of all its companion pictures. Joseph Buonaparte—not only a good king but a good judge of painting, had this exquisite picture in his carriage when the tide of battle turned against him: it was transferred to the collection of the conqueror.

The family name of this illustrious painter was Allegri or Leti; he was baptized Antonio, and when his fame began to rise, men called him Correggio, from the place of his birth: as this happened to several other eminent artists, it cannot be regarded as either strange or uncommon. The obscurity of

his parentage is admitted by all his biographers : his father, if we may put any faith in commendatory rhyme, was a peasant, and the education which he bestowed on his son amounted merely to reading and writing ; but even this, for a youth born in the year 1490, must be regarded as respectable. We have no account of his early life that can be trusted ; all seems conjecture and contradiction : how a love of art dawned upon him we are not told ; his master has not been named, nor the place where he studied : all agree, however, that he became eminent while yet very young, and that neither the classical productions of ancient Greece and Rome, nor the works of the schools of his native land, had any share in the inspiration which appeared in his pictures. Nature was his guide, not nature humble and mean, but nature attired in grace and beauty, touched with heavenly light, and breathing sentiments akin to all that man reckons divine. He was possessed with what is lovely, even to excess : critics, who were unable to discover such charms on the earth, ventured to call the smiles and graces of his virgin saints unnatural, others termed them seductive ; but all agreed in admiring him.

His merits were early appreciated in his native place, and he was largely employed by the nobles of Parma as well as by the Church, in painting scripture subjects and miracles and legends. His native district, however, bears the reproach of giving the painter such humble prices, that he was

unable to escape from dependance and poverty; and to this is attributed his want of skill in scientific drawing, which a visit to Rome might have cured. The enquiries of Lanzi have thrown some light on this part of Correggio's story; it is now ascertained that he was paid four hundred and seventy-two gold ducats, or Venetian zecchins, for painting the cupola and larger nave of the church of San Giovanni, and for the cupola of the cathedral, two hundred and fifty, considerable sums in those days, but then this was for the labour of ten years. We are not informed what smaller works he sent from his easel during that period. His conception was quick and his execution slow; he wrought six months on his San Girolamo, and his payment was his subsistence during that period, and forty-seven gold ducats; he received forty gold ducats too for his celebrated picture of Night. It is probable that he painted some of his commissions by the day—the broken sums seem to render this supposition likely—while for such works as he produced on what is called speculation, he received round sums; be that as it may, after deducting the expense of colours, of models and assistants, including the maintenance of a wife and children, the prices which he received were not such as to render him affluent, though one or two writers affirm that he became a miser in his latter days and hoarded money.

The works which he produced are numerous

and mostly all of the highest excellence. He spared neither time nor expense in the richest and rarest colours to render his pictures worthy of the world's applause. "There is not a single specimen, says Lanzi whether executed on copper, on panels, or on canvas, always sufficiently choice, that does not display a profusion of materials, of ultra marine, the finest lake and green, with a strong body and repeated re-touches; yet for the most part laid on without ever removing his hand from the easel before the work was completed. Such liberality calculated to do honour to a rich amateur, painting for amusement, is infinitely more commendable in an artist of such circumscribed resources. It displays in my opinion all the grandeur of character that was supposed to animate the breast of a Spartan. And this we would advance, no less in reply to Vasari who cast undue reflections upon Correggio's economy, than as an example for such young artists as may be desirous of nourishing sentiments worthy of the noble profession which they embrace." His knowledge in colours seems to have been great; it is true that to his skill in laying them on much of their splendour must be imputed, but we are not sure that Correggio with all his mastery could have wrought such miracles of light and shade with the colder colours of these our later days. The composition of colours was in his time part of the genius of the art; a painter made his own, and delighted in perceiving as this great artist did that in

this he could be original as well as in composition. Colour making is now a trade and the splendour of our painting has suffered.

To ascertain how the great Italian painters produced this wondrous brilliancy of colouring, was a favourite study of Reynolds; he made experiments on their pictures, and believed that he had at last mastered the secret: in like manner professors abroad have gone to work with Correggio. A painter who was employed to restore one of his pictures, proceeded first to analyze the mode of colouring. "Upon the chalk" he said, "the artist appeared to have laid a surface of prepared oil, which then received a thick mixture of colours, in which the ingredients were two thirds of oil and one of varnish; that the colours seemed to have been very choice, and particularly purified from all kinds of salts, which in progress of time eat and destroy the picture; and that the practice of prepared oil must have greatly contributed to this purification by absorbing the saline particles." It was moreover his opinion that Correggio adopted the method of heating his pictures, either in the sun or at the fire, in order that the colours might become as it were interfused and equalised in such a way as to produce the effect of having been poured, rather than laid on. Of that lucid appearance which though so beautiful does not reflect objects, and of the solidity of the surface, equal to the Greek pictures, he remarks "that it must have been obtained by some strong varnish unknown

to the Flemish painters themselves, who prepared it of equal clearness and liveliness, but not of equal strength." There is no doubt that Correggio possessed knowledge in colour which he kept to himself while he lived, and allowed to perish with him; our own Wilson fancied that the mystery of his colouring lay not in his genius, and Reynolds revealed all things to his pupils, save the secret of preparing his paints.

Some of his chief works are widely scattered. The famous *Notte* or rather *Dawn* is in the Dresden Gallery, and has been admired alike by Wilkie and Lawrence; the *Leda* and the *Danae* passed from the hands of Christina of Sweden into those of the French, and with the picture of *Io* suffered much from bigotry: Spain possesses or rather possessed *Mercury teaching Cupid to read*, and England of late has acquired two of his master-pieces and placed them in her National Gallery. The *St. Jerome* is in Italy; it represents the Virgin seated with our Saviour on her knee, Mary Magdalen kneeling and pressing the Infant's feet, while *St. Jerome* offers a scroll to the attendant Angel. His altar pieces for the church of *San Giovanni*, have maintained their early reputation; one is a *Descent from the Cross*, and the other is the *Martyrdom of St. Placido*; these with the *Saint Jerome* were carried off to Paris by the French conquerors: they have since returned and resumed their places. His greatest work is the fresco in the cupola of

Parma, where the Virgin is surrounded by a choir of the blessed, with many Angels—some sprinkling incense, some singing, and a few adoring; the ascension of our Saviour is delineated by the same master-hand on the dome of the church of San Giovanni; both are injured by smoke and time, yet their still visible charms attract many devotees of art and religion. The marriage of St. Catherine was lately in the possession of Count Bruhl, a noble Pole, and the Chase of Diana painted for a monastery still exists. Wherever his pictures are found they are admired: nations almost contend for the possession of them, and when one comes into the market the price which it brings is enormous.

The drawing of Correggio is not always happy, neither is his composition equal at times to that of one or more of his brethren, but in light and shade he excels them all. This is his grand quality—his crowning triumph and distinction above all other artists; the brilliancy and the harmony, and the force of his colouring are truly wondrous; to this he united a grace and expression altogether his own, and which reflected while they exalted nature. “The harmony and grace of Correggio,” says Fuseli, “are proverbial; the medium which by breadth of gradation unites two opposite principles, the coalition of light and darkness by imperceptible transition are the elements of his style. This inspires his figures with grace; to this their grace is subordinate; the

most appropriate, the most elegant attitudes were adopted, rejected, perhaps sacrificed to the most awkward ones; in compliance with this imperious principle, parts vanished, were absorbed, or emerged in obedience to it. This union of a whole predominates over all that remains of him, from the vastness of his cupolas to the smallest of his oil pictures. The harmony of Correggio though assisted by exquisite hues was entirely independent of colour; his great organ was *chiaro-scuro* in its most extensive sense; compared with the expanse in which he floats the efforts of Leonardo da Vinci are little more than the dying rays of evening, and the concentrated flash of Giorgione discordant abruptness."

Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that when young he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, his brow coloured, his eye brightened and he exclaimed "I also am a painter!" Of the close of his days, it is said that the Canons of one of the churches, which he was employed to embellish, were so displeased with the work, that to insult him they paid the price in copper; that he had this unworthy burthen to carry eight miles in a burning sun; the length of the way, the weight of the load and depression of spirit brought on a fever which carried him in three days to his grave. It is related with more certainty, that Titian when he first saw his works exclaimed "were I not Titian I would wish

to be Correggio." He died in the year 1534 at Parma, leaving a fame which has not yet been eclipsed. He painted with a strength, sweetness, relief and vivacity which nothing has exceeded; and with such unity and clearness that his most laboured works seem to have been dashed off in one day; and appear as if we saw them in a looking glass.



PHILIP VANDYKE.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

THIS fine cabinet picture belongs to the collection of Charles Heusch, Esq.; the sweetness of the composition, the elegance of the handling and the domestic grace of the expression, would make it an ornament to any Gallery. In almost all the groups of this painter, individual portraiture has been traced; by this means he rendered his pictures what Lawrence called "half history" pieces: nor did he content himself with likenesses alone; he generally intimated the taste or occupation of his sitters, and thus introduced us to their homes and pursuits. When the names of nameless people were forgotten, the sentiment which they expressed and the graceful employments which he had given to them, made the picture valuable and kept it from the garret and the lumber room.

No biographer could have told us more of the family before us had he written a chapter on purpose. His pencil says they were fond of the singing of birds, of the flowering of roses and carnations, of the prosperity of vines, and of the sound of sweet instruments. Even in the construction of their house has the painter set forth the taste

of his sitters; the architecture is elegant; nor has he hesitated to intimate that they cherished a love of classic things; a bridal dance, where wreaths flutter and pipes sound, is half seen, half hid below the sill of the window, the glass of which is opened to let the world see an affectionate wedded pair and hear the sound of a well tuned instrument.

Philip Vandyke was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1680; he studied under Arnold Boonen, and remained with him till his own fame eclipsed that of his master. He set up his easel first at Middleburgh, and then at the Hague; in both places he painted many portraits, and wrought with such success in the manner of Mieris and Gerard Dow, that many considered him equal to these masters and rewarded him with commissions more than he could execute. "The number of portraits, conversations and historical subjects which he finished," says Pilkington, "is almost incredible; but two of his performances are particularly mentioned with great commendation. One is a picture containing the portraits of the Prince of Orange, his mother and sister in one piece; the other a ceiling which he painted for M. Schuylenburgh, representing the story of Iphigenia, in which subject he introduced the portraits of the whole family of his employer. All his subjects are well composed, neatly pencilled, and highly finished." His pictures are not numerous in England: he died at the Hague in the year 1752.



MELCHIOR HONDEKOETER.

LANDSCAPE AND POULTRY.

THE landscape of this picture is a fine one, but the beauties of hill and stream and tree are lost in the mortal and moral strife so admirably represented on the foreground. The painter has treated a difficult subject with much skill and delicacy; ordinary cock-fighting he felt was unacceptable to the world, he has, therefore, made the quarrel between the two lords of the farm-yard one of nature's own. A cock of an unchivalrous breed has attacked a brood-hen with her birds; poor "chuckie" who expected no such outrage, defends her little family, and the crumbs which had been thrown to them with much courage, but with the loss of some feathers, and what is worse, one of her own "wee birdie cocks," in a mother's quarrel bold, lies in the death flutter, but with his face to the enemy. The triumph of the aggressor is short, a cock of true game and without a cross of the dung-hill in him, summoned by the clamour of the combat comes to the rescue, and in a few decisive rounds amply avenges the injuries of Partlet and her progeny. The startled and scattered brood, the raised and

angry wings of the victorious cock, the contracting toes and humbled strength of the vanquished, the hen clucking her progeny back to the shelter of her wings, are all true to nature and executed with uncommon spirit. The picture is the property of the Rev. T. W. Salmon of Suffolk.

Hondekoeter is famed all over the continent for what dealers in the article call his "Poultry Landscapes." He is indeed unrivalled in the representation of the feathered tribes, particularly those of the domestic kind, and which are common to the pond and the farm-yard. "His pencil," says Pilkington, "was neat and delicate, his touch light, his colouring transparent, and the feathers of his fowls were expressed with a swelling softness that agreeably deceived the eye of the spectator. He is said to have trained up a cock to stand in any attitude he wanted, and it was his custom to place this bird near his easel, so that at the motion of his hand the creature would fix itself in the proper posture and continue in it without alteration for several hours."

Had he lived in England a hundred years ago, or even within living men's memories, the painter might have made a splendid fortune, for cock-fighting was in those days a sort of national mania. The true breed of the game-cock was as anxiously looked to as that of hunting hawks or race horses; the nobles of the land subscribed for a "main," as they do now for a horse-race; fortune rose and fell

as the gray cock or the iron-brown triumphed, and he who owned a conquering bird rose in his own estimation and in the regard of the country. Even among the peasantry the attachment to this barbarous pastime was very strong, they had their favourite breeds and fought their mains and lost or pocketed money in imitation of their betters. They had also their maxims for maintaining true game in its purity and some went even so far as to improve on nature. It was at least a favourite theory among the humbler cock-fanciers, that the eggs of the true game-hen when hatched in the nest of the blood-crow, produced birds which united the courage of the one to the dogged endurance of the other. All crosses of the dung-hill kind were to be avoided, though on one or two occasions the base blood triumphed over the pure to the great scandal of high descent; at a main fought in the north a cock of the half-blood breed, after an encounter or two, ran partly round the "pit," turned suddenly, like a wily warrior of old, and struck both his steel spurs through the neck of his pursuer and won a hundred pounds. He did the same on another occasion, but such feats are not to be depended on, he ran at last in his ignorance of etiquette out of the ring and had his head wrung off by his indignant owner. It seems quite natural for cocks whether game or not to fight, but then their encounters rarely ended in death till man kindly stepped to their aid, pruned

their combs, trimmed off their superfluous feathers and arming them with steel heels enabled them to kill each other to his own special amusement and profit. Cock-fighting is now seldom heard of, it has declined through the increase of knowledge and the diffusion of taste for what is graceful and elegant.

Hondekoeter was born at Utrecht in 1636, and died in 1695; his works are in great estimation and seldom fail to bring high prices.



RAPHAEL.

CHRIST GIVING THE KEYS.

THIS is one of those divine Cartoons with which the fine taste of the first Charles enriched this country; when the Parliament overthrew the King and dispersed his works of art, these pictures were sold for three hundred pounds; the restoration replaced them in the royal gallery, but they returned with their original lustre diminished. Something of the tear and wear of civil war—and worse still—the neglect of ignorance, is now too visible upon them. Unlearned men, says the satirist, assume the care of books; he might have added, men without taste or feeling assume the care of works of art. That this has been the case these Cartoons sufficiently testify. “They have felt,” says Hazlitt “‘the seasons’ difference,’ being exposed to wind and rain, tossed about from place to place, and cut down by profane hands to fit them to one of their abodes: so that it is altogether wonderful that ‘through their looped and tattered wretchedness’ any traces are seen of their original splendour and beauty. That they are greatly changed from what they were even a hundred years ago is evident from the heads in the Radcliffe Library at Oxford, which

were cut out from one of them that was nearly destroyed by some accident, and from the large French engravings of single heads done about the same time, which are as finished and correct as possible. A skeleton is barely left of the Cartoons; but their mighty relics, like the bones of the mammoth, tell us what the entire and living fabric must have been."

The Giving of the Keys has always been admired for tranquil grace and calm dignity of expression, and for the

Looks commercing with the skies

of our blessed Saviour. The truth and natural simplicity of conception is equally striking; the meaning is as visible as meaning can be made: "Ye are my sheep, and I am your shepherd," is expressed as plainly as art can ever hope to express any thing. "There is no set purpose here, no studied contrast; it is an aggregation of grandeur and high feeling. The disciples gather round Christ like a flock of sheep listening to some divine shepherd. The figure of their master is sublime; his countenance and attitude in act to speak. The landscape is also extremely fine, and of a soothing character. Every thing falls into its place in these pictures. The figures seem to stop just where their business and feelings bring them; not a fold in the draperies can be disposed of for the better, nor otherwise than it is." This is high praise—it is also just: the whole civilized world have united in bestowing the name

of divine upon the paintings of this great master ; in simplicity of conception and loftiness of sentiment he has surpassed all other artists.

Raphael was born at Urbino on Good Friday, March 28, 1483. His father, an indifferent painter, instructed him in the rudiments of drawing, while Pietro Perugino perfected him in his studies, and predicted his future eminence. He became distinguished while yet a youth ; when only sixteen years old he surprised the artists of Perugia with his *Crowning of the Virgin*, the *Crucifixion*, the *Virgin lifting the veil from the Infant Saviour*, and the *Marriage of the Virgin*, in all of which the dawn of his greatness was visible, though the manner of Perugino predominated. Of a second *Marriage of the Virgin*, Lanzi thus speaks :—" the composition very much resembles that which he adopted in a picture of the same subject in Perugia, but there is sufficient of modern art in it to indicate the commencement of a new style. The two espoused have a degree of beauty which Raphael scarcely surpassed in his mature age in any other countenances. The *Virgin* particularly is a model of celestial beauty. A youthful band, festively adorned, accompany her to the espousals ; splendour vies with elegance ; the attitudes are engaging, the veils variously arranged, and there is a mixture of ancient and modern drapery which at so early a period cannot be considered as a fault. In the midst of these accompaniments the principal figure triumph-

antly appears, not ornamented by the hand of art, but distinguished by her native nobility, beauty, modesty, and grace. The first sight of this performance strikes us with astonishment, and we involuntarily exclaim how divine and noble the spirit which animated her heavenly form."

It is related of Michael Angelo that when he first looked on the works of his rival Raphael, he exclaimed, "This excellence comes not from nature but from study and application." It would be difficult however to name an artist in whose works nature and study are so beautifully united; he founded all his compositions in nature: he wrought from the living model, but adorned it from his own wondrous fancy; all that he touched rose immediately into grace and divinity, as Ulysses rises under the wand of the goddess in the fine version of Sotheby,—

" Then Jove-born Pallas by her heavenly aid
More large, more full, his limbs majestic made,
And from his front in many a mazy fold
Of hyacinthian hue his ringlets roll'd;
As one by Vulcan and Minerva taught,
Who with the gold has silver metal wrought,
Fine perfecting his work; thus wondrous grace,
Gift of a god, adorned his form and face,
As on the ocean beach he sat alone,
Glistening with grace and beauty not his own."

This is the charm of the works of Raphael—all

is graceful and god-like ; there is nothing mean, nothing little, either in shape or sentiment ; yet all is natural though ideal ; he never rises out of the region of human sympathy ; he makes man great and noble, covers him with manly beauty, and breathes into him a spirit worthy of heaven.

Having left proofs of his genius at Sienna and at Florence, Raphael hastened to Rome, whither he was invited by Pope Julius the second, who was not insensible of the merits of a painter in whose works a higher divinity than usual was visible. He was conducted into the Vatican, and desired to imagine decorations for those superb apartments called *La Segnatura*. This agreeable task he performed with such readiness and success, that Julius ordered all the other paintings on the walls of his palace to be obliterated and replaced by the productions of Raphael. In obedience to this flattering mandate he painted in the first compartment the Dispute on the Sacrament : on the second, the School of Athens ; on the third, Justinian delivering the Civil Law to Trebonianus ; and in the fourth he has represented Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus, surrounded by Greek, Latin, and Italian poets ;—Homer is placed between Virgil and Dante. These works, and others of equal merit, filled Rome with wonder.

His last, and perhaps greatest work, is the Transfiguration of Christ. He has delineated the disciples of our Lord at the foot of Mount Tabor,

seeking in vain to relieve a youth possessed by an evil spirit; horror, doubt and pity, seem to sway them by turns; above them Jesus is revealed in a sunburst of glory, with Moses and Elias on his right hand and left: the three favoured apostles kneel in awe and astonishment on the ground. This truly divine work was all but finished when a burning fever interposed, and carried him off on Good Friday, 1520, when he had just completed his thirty-seventh year. His body lay in state in his studio; the picture of the Transfiguration was placed at his head, and Cardinals honoured him by walking at his funeral and penning inscriptions. Raphael lived and died single; La Bella Fornarina, a young beauty of Rome, to whom he was attached received as much of his fortune as made her independent. His fame, great as it was in his own day, has increased rather than diminished in ours.



GUIDO RENI.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

THE Cleopatra of Shakspeare and this fine picture seem, in some important points, to have sprung from the same imagination. Had the poet been a painter, he would have likely taken the simpler and sterner sentiment delineated so ably by the artist; and had Guido taken up the pen, he might have anticipated a page of the great dramatist—exchanging his own air of severity for the more womanly and voluptuous representation of the other. Still the conception of the painter might pass for an embodiment of this fine passage: the reader will remember that it occurs immediately after the clown has brought in the asp in the basket of figs, and departs wishing Cleopatra “joy of the worm.”

“ Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me : now no more
The juice of Egypt’s grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick. Methinks, I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

To excuse their after-wrath : Husband, I come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my title !
 I am fire, and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So;—have you done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Dost fall ?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts and is desired. . . . This proves me
 base :

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal
 wretch,

[to the asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry and despatch. O could'st thou speak !
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
 Unpolicied."

The picture is in the collection of His Majesty,
 and is considered a fine example of the graceful
 yet impressive style of the great artist.

Guido Reni was born at Bologna, in the year
 1574. While yet a boy, he became the scholar of
 Denis Calvert ; and, when some sixteen years old,
 he entered the school of the Caracci, and excited,
 by his extraordinary talents, the jealousy of the

two eminent brothers who founded that school of art. The biographers assert that Lodovico set up Guercino against him as a rival, and that Annibale, in the same ungenerous spirit, censured Albano for introducing Guido as a disciple.

The dislike of the Caracci may be accounted for in a less injurious way. The new disciple worshipped other gods, and refused to be a follower: he imitated Passerotti and Caravaggio; and this was not likely to be welcome to men who aspired to be the creators of a new style in painting. Other writers, however, affirm that, in his earlier compositions, he had the works of the Caracci in his mind, and that Annibale felt and acknowledged the originality of his genius. "In some instances," says Lanzi, "he followed Caravaggio; and in the Bonfigliuoli Palace is a figure of a sybil, very beautiful in point of features, but greatly overlaid with depth of shade. The style he adopted arose particularly from an observation on that of Caravaggio, one day incidentally made by Annibale Caracci, that to his manner there might be opposed one wholly contrary: in place of a confined and declining light, to exhibit one more full and vivid; to substitute the tender for the bold; to oppose clear outlines to his indistinct ones; and to introduce for his low and common figures, those of a more select and beautiful kind."

Such is the story of the conversion of Guido from the style of the Caracci and Caravaggio; in other words, he discovered, by accident or medita-

tion, a new way to fame more akin to his own natural taste and feelings than the old, and from that moment adopted and pursued it with success. Of the stern and the severe, he conceived the world had enough; he desired to try the effect of the sweet, the graceful, and the tender: the public acknowledged at once the loveliness of variety, and the fame of Guido was diffused over Europe. "Sweetness was his great object," says Lanzi; "he sought it equally in design, in the touch of his pencil, and in colouring; from that time he began to make use of white lead, a colour avoided by Lodovico, and at the same time predicted the durability of his tints, such as they have proved. He still preserved that strength of style so much aimed at by his school, while he softened it with more than its usual delicacy; and by degrees, proceeding in the same direction, he in a few years attained to the degree of delicacy he had proposed. In these variations, however, he never lost sight of that exquisite ease which so much attracts us in his works."

"The grace of Guido" has become proverbial. He studied youthful loveliness with unremitting care; he made himself familiar with the most natural and becoming turns of the head and positions of the body, and to all he added that softness and elegance and angelic air, which induced Passeri to declare that his faces were those of Paradise. To the admiration of living nature he united the

study of antique sculpture. The Medicean Venus and the Niobe were his favourite models. Nor did he limit his studies to these: from Raphael, Correggio, Parmigianino, and more particularly from Paul Veronese, he gathered beauties of all kinds; nor did he copy what he loved with a servile hand. In all that he touched there is observed a happy freedom of handling, an air alluring and sweet, and an original and abstract principle of beauty which belonged to himself alone; nay, it was his boast, that he could extract grace and loveliness out of the commonest form and most sordid expression. For one of his Magdalens, he caused a colour-grinder, a person vulgar almost to deformity, to sit, and, exerting his all but miraculous skill, produced a lovely creation, yet exhibiting as much of the sinner as amounted to portraiture.

The works of this eminent painter are numerous. Critics have traced his sense of the beautiful to the elegance of his own person, saying that the man is always to be found in his works. That he was handsome, may be inferred from Lodovico Caracci employing him as a model whenever he had an angel to paint. But though his pictures are to be found in every collection where the beautiful is admitted, they are seldom to be acquired by purchase. When a head with the Guido stamp upon it comes into the market, it is bought up at a high price. When Arpino was asked his opinion of Guido's performances in the Capella Quirinale, he

replied, "Other pictures are made by men's hands, but these are made by hands divine." In his latter days a love of gaming carried him too frequently from his easel; it did more—it reduced him from affluence to poverty, and brought on a dejection of spirits and a languishing disorder, under which he sunk, at his native Bologna, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.



BOTH.

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES.

THE name of Both is connected with many pictures representing sunny skies, verdant hills, pleasant vales, quiet lakes, with winding and flowery ways, and travellers on foot and on horseback. These landscapes are generally in high estimation with men of taste ; good judges, who look at art through nature say, that on these paintings the time of the day and the season of the year are impressed ; that the trees are limned each after its kind, and that all is individual rather than general. Nor will artists be silent—"To John Both, they will likely say, we owe these fine trees, these garlanded rocks, sunbright hills, and sleeping lakes, and we recognise in these stubborn asses and mulish travellers the hand of his brother Andrew ; one aided the other, they did little separate, nay, in their very lives they have been confounded, and the story of their works must be told like that of Beaumont and Fletcher."

It is even so with the two brothers ; biographers own to the difficulty of distinguishing their works, or disentangling the puzzled skein of their lives, and tell the story of two in one much to the confusion

of all those who love clear and consistent narratives. John was born at Utrecht in the year 1610; the birth-day of Andrew has not been mentioned, but both studied painting under Abraham Bloemart, and both travelled together to Rome, and taking Claude Lorraine for a master, united in producing pictures of very peculiar beauty. John devoted himself to the landscape department of the picture; "the warmth of his skies, the judicious and regular receding of the objects, and the sweetness of his distances, afford the eye a degree of pleasure superior to what we feel on viewing the works of almost any other artist." When the elder completed his portion of the work the younger took it up and introduced figures—moving groups, with so much taste and skill, that the whole picture seemed the work of one master.

"The works of these brothers," says Pilkington, "are justly admired throughout all Europe, are universally sought for, and purchased at large prices. Most of their pictures are for size between two and five feet long; and in the smaller ones there is exquisite neatness. They generally express the sunny light of morning, breaking out from behind woods, hills, or mountains, and diffusing a warm glow over the skies, trees, and the whole face of nature; or else a sun-set, with a lovely tinge in the clouds, every object beautifully partaking of a proper degree of natural illumination. By some connoisseurs John Both is censured for having too much

of the tawny in his colouring, and that the leafing of his trees is too yellow, approaching to saffron: but this is not a general fault in his pictures, and though some perhaps may be accidentally liable to that criticism, he corrected the error; besides, many of his pictures are not more tinged with those colours than the truth and beauty of nature will justify; and his colouring obtained for him the distinction which he still possesses of being called *Both of Italy*." The picture before us has such merit as maintains the high opinion and sensible criticism of Pilkington; it is in the collection of Charles Heusch, Esq.

Though John is called the "*Both of Italy*," his name has not yet found its way into the lists of artists of that country; most of his pictures were, however, the offspring of Rome, and some of them, by the classic sentiment which they assumed, intimate that he was touched with the ancient spirit of the land. Critics speak of one of John Both's pictures, six feet high, which was esteemed his masterpiece. The figures are half-size, and the subject represented that of Mercury and Argus. "The back part," says Houbraken, "is exceedingly clear, the verdure true nature, and the whole admirably handled. The two brothers mutually assisted each other, till the unfortunate death of John, in 1650, when Andrew left Italy, and settled at his native place, where he painted portraits and landscapes in the manner of his brother, and con-

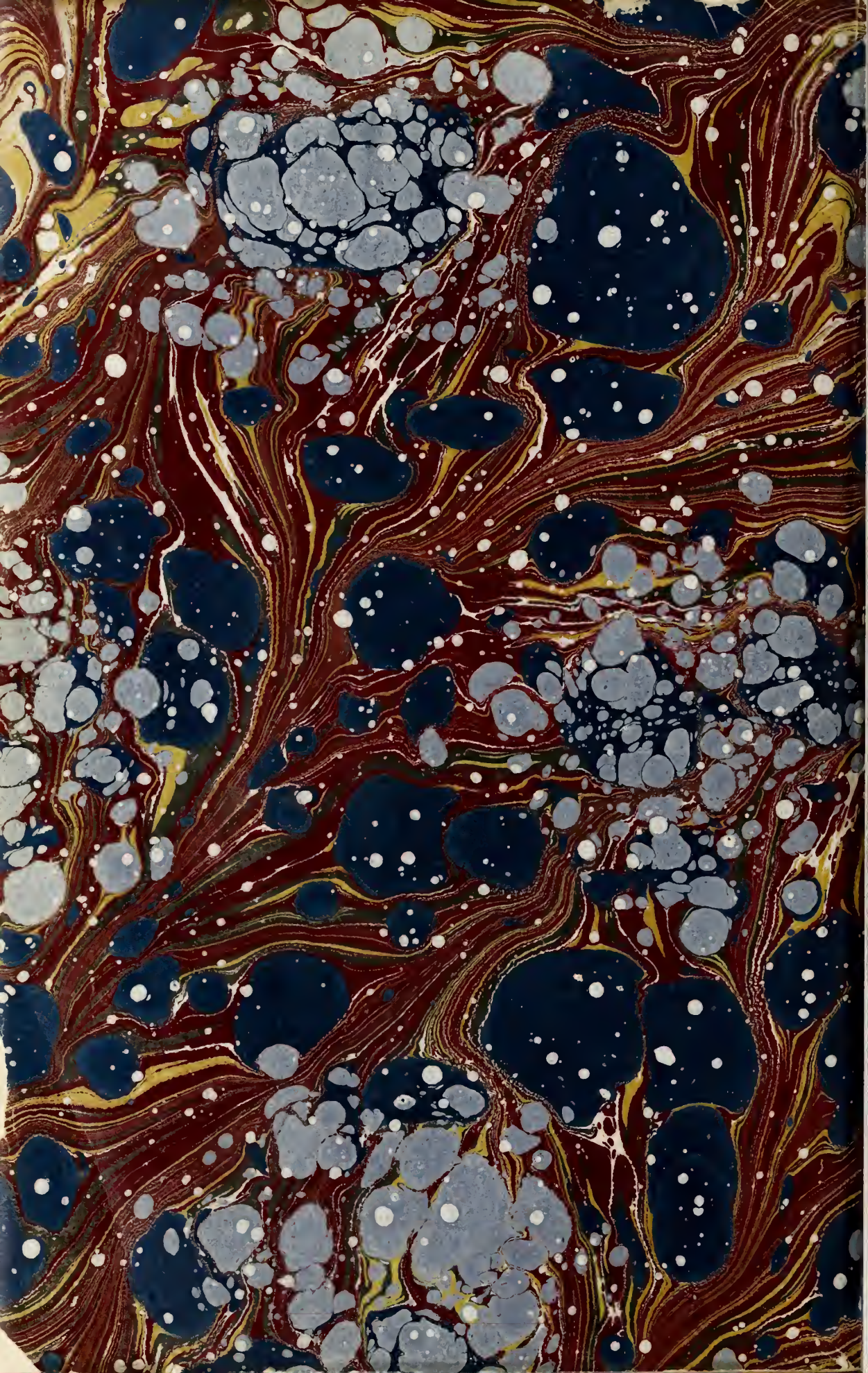
versations with players at cards in the style of Bamboccio. Both these masters had extraordinary readiness of hand and a free light sweet pencil. Andrew was so much affected by the death of his brother, that he survived him but a few years, dying in 1656."

Though Houbraken was a careful enquirer, his account has not been followed implicitly by biographers. Descamps asserts that Andrew was drowned in the canal at Venice; others say that this fate befel John in the Tiber; while a third party make the elder brother return to his native Utrecht, and end his days in peace.

THE END.

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